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BY THE WAYSIDE

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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MAY, 1903

No. 1

May Song.

Is there anything new to sing about you,

May, my dear?

Any unhackneyed thing about you,

Pray, my dear?

Anything that has not been sung

Long ago when the world was young

By silver throat and golden tongue?

Say, my dear!

So many have said that your eyes are blue,

May, my dear;

It must be a tiresome fact though true,

May, my dear.

And if I for one, my gracious Queen,

Should boldly assert that your eyes were
green,

'Twould be a relief to you, I ween,

Eh, my dear?

We know at the touch of your garment's fold,

May, my dear,

The daisies come starring with white and gold

The way, my dear.

We know that the painted blossoms all

Come starting up at your gentle call,

By dale and meadow and garden-wall,

May, my dear.

We know that your birds have the sweetest
tune,

May, my dear;

And lovers love best beneath your moon,

They say, my dear.

And I might add that your perfumed kiss

Is considered productive of highest bliss,

But you must be so tired of hearing this!

Eh, my dear?

And yet I cannot help loving you so,

May, my dear,

That the old words whether I will or no,

I say, my dear,

And how you are fair and how you are sweet,

My loving lips forever repeat.—

And is that the reason you pass so fleet?

Ah! Stay, my dear!

Laura E. Richards, in St. Nicholas.

Bravery Half the Battle.

There was once a wise old goat. One day he took refuge from a storm by running into the first cave he saw. It proved an excellent shelter, but it belonged to a lion; and soon the goat heard the lion coming home.

"Aha!" remarked William Goat to himself, "this is a place where wit is of more use than sharp horns!" And when the lion came in, he found the goat calmly stroking his beard.

"How very lucky!" exclaimed old William, just as the lion was about to spring upon him.

"Lucky?" said Leo, stopping half-way, "for me you mean?"

"Not at all," answered William. "I mean for myself. It is my business to hunt lions."

"I never heard of such a thing!" answered the lion, laughing scornfully.

"Very likely not," replied the goat. "But then I'm not an ordinary goat. I am the lion-hunting kind. We are rare, but there are a few of us still left. I made a vow that I would kill ten lions this week, but they are scarce, and so far I have slain only five. You will be the sixth."

So saying he lowered his head and charged the lion with pretended ferocity. Not expecting the attack, the lion turned and ran out.

No sooner was William the goat sure that the lion was at a distance, than he started off too, but in another direction.

Meanwhile, Leo met a jackal, and told him about the story the goat had made up.

"What nonsense!" said the jackal, bursting into a roar of laughter. "Why, I know old

William Goat well. He is no fiercer than any other goat. Come with me and we'll quickly make an end of him."

So they turned back toward the cave, and, soon finding the goat's tracks, they made after him at top speed.

William Goat luckily caught sight of them before they saw him.

"Now," said he to himself, "I must make believe harder than ever, or all is lost."

Thereupon he turned around and ran toward his pursuers at full speed. As soon as he was near enough to be plainly heard, he cried out in as angry a tone as he could put on:

"Why, Jackal, how is this? I told you I needed five lions, and here you bring me only this little one!"

At this Leo was again overcome by fright and he once more took to his paws towards the deepest part of the jungle. The jackal called after him in vain and, being really a coward, did not dare to face old William Goat alone.

So William arrived safe at home, to the great joy of Nanny and the little kids.

—Selected.

The Mission of the Birds.*

BY CLARENCE MOORES WEED.

The living things in this world of ours are related to each other in numberless ways. In the last analysis animals depend upon plants for food, but to a very great extent this food supply is indirect, animals eating animals through varying degrees before the plant-feeding animal is reached. In a general way we may say that the world of birds obtains its food from the world of insects, for while some birds live wholly upon vegetation, and others wholly upon animals other than insects, the great majority of birds find among the insects their staple diet. It is the purpose of this leaflet to indicate how close this relation is and to show how it may be made an excellent topic for at least part of a term's work in spring or autumn in Nature Study in our schools in any grade above the fourth. The special relation

between birds and seeds is reserved for a leaflet upon Winter Birds.

The topic should be developed through the observations of the children. Set aside, if possible, a part of the blackboard for this purpose, drawing upon it such a sketchy outline of the different parts of a farm as is shown on the following page. If blackboard space is not available make the sketch upon a large sheet of paper or cardboard fastened to the wall. Then ask the children to observe what sorts of insects are especially found in the different situations, and also what birds they can see in the same places. As the observations are reported write them in the proper place on the board so that after some weeks you shall get some such diagram as this. But do not copy this outline on the board; *let the children make their own discoveries*. When the topic is fairly worked out, but not before, you might, if you choose, read to them the following paragraphs. Then drop the subject and take up something else.

THE BIRDS AND THE INSECTS.

One whose house is surrounded by lawns and shrubbery, with a garden near at hand, need not go out of doors in order to see evidence of the way in which the world of birds is set over against the world of insects to keep them in check. The robins on the lawn are searching for angle worms—which are not insects—and for cutworms, which are insects. The chipping sparrow and the wren in the shrubbery are always searching for insect food. The bluebird upon the post and the phoebe upon the bare twig are on a similar quest, while the warblers and the vireos darting through the foliage are after tiny insects.

The birds likewise watch over the orchard, feeding freely upon the enemies of apple and other fruit trees. The trunks of these trees are often attacked by borers which gnaw holes in the bark and wood, causing the death of the trees. The woodpeckers are always at work hunting for these borers and bringing them from their hiding places by means of their barbed tongues. On the outside of the bark of the trunk and branches the bark-lice and twig-hoppers are at work, and these are sought for by the nuthatches, creepers, and chickadees. In winter also the bark is the hiding

*The Wayside has had so many requests for *The Mission of the Birds* that it is given in full in this number. It is reprinted by permission from Nature Study Leaflet No. 2, N. H. College Agricultural Station.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

In Air by Day		Eaten by.		In Air by Night.		Eaten by.	
Flies		Swifts.		Moths.		Night hawks.	
Butterflies.		Swallows		Mosquitoes.		Whippoorwills.	
Beetles.		Martins		Bugs			
Wasps		Kingbirds		Flies.			
Moths		Phoebe.		(Leaf-hoppers.			
Bugs.		Flycatchers.					
Leaf-hoppers.		Vireos					
Winged ants.		Red start.					
Aphids.							
Grasshoppers.							
Shrubs and Small Fruits.		Garden.		Orchard		Meadow.	
Insects: Eaten by: Rose Slug. Chipping Sparrow. Strawberry Slug. Song Sparrow. Root Worms. Bluebird. Leaf Hoppers. Wren. Aphids. Warblers. Flea Beetles. Vireos. Rose Chaffer Robin Climbing Cutworms. Sphinx Caterpillars.		Insects: Eaten by: Cutworms Robin Chipping Sparrow Worms. Sparrow. Root Maggot Phoebe. Grasshopper Wren Cucumber Beetles		Insects: Eaten by: Boaters. Woodpeckers. Moths. Bark Lice. Nuthatches. Ants. Plantlice. Chickadee. Leafhoppers. Warblers. Cankerworms. Bluebird. Leaf Caterpillars. Thrushes.		Insects: Eaten by: Grass-hoppers. Meadowlark. Cutworms. Crow. Armyworms. Robin. Crane Flies. Bobolink. White-throats. Sparrows. Root Borers	
Insects: Eaten by: Rose Slug. Chipping Sparrow. Strawberry Slug. Song Sparrow. Root Worms. Bluebird. Leaf Hoppers. Wren. Aphids. Warblers. Flea Beetles. Vireos. Rose Chaffer Robin Climbing Cutworms. Sphinx Caterpillars.		Insects: Eaten by: White-throats. Meadowlark. Wireworms. Blackbirds. Bollworms. Crow. Oats. Robin. Chinch Bug. Flicker. Root Worms. Quail. Root Lice.		Insects: Eaten by: Leaf. Chewink. Caterpillars. Brown. Aphids. Thrush. Catbird. Caterpillars. Warblers. Strick. Catbird. Bark. Plantlice. Chickadee. Warblers. Kinglets. Ovenbird. Leaf Caterpillars. Thrushes.		Insects: Eaten by: Leaf Caterpillars. Thrushes.	
Insects: Eaten by: Rose Slug. Chipping Sparrow. Strawberry Slug. Song Sparrow. Root Worms. Bluebird. Leaf Hoppers. Wren. Aphids. Warblers. Flea Beetles. Vireos. Rose Chaffer Robin Climbing Cutworms. Sphinx Caterpillars.		Insects: Eaten by: Armyworms. Water Beetles. Worms in ground. Water Bugs. Green Locusts. Young Jugs. Caterpillars. Young May. Eaten by: flies. Black birds. Woodcock. Eaten by Sandpipers. Wild Ducks. Herons. Grebes. Bitterns. Cat birds.					

The Relation of Birds and Insects on a Farm.

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place for the hibernating stages of many insects, like the plant-lice or aphides, which in summer feed upon the leaves. These are also devoured by the birds named. In a single day a chickadee will sometimes eat more than four hundred eggs of the apple plant-louse, while throughout the winter one will destroy an immense number of eggs of the cankerworm, when these are abundant. As soon in spring as the leaves begin to unfold they are attacked by the plant-lice that have survived the winter as well as by many sorts of caterpillars and other insects; the notorious cankerworm is one of the worst of these. But a host of birds



FEMALE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD.

come to the rescue of the trees; the aphides are hunted by the beautiful little warblers which go northward in early May, when aphides are thick upon the unfolding leaves. The cankerworms and other similar leaf-eating caterpillars form the favorite food of many sorts of birds: Robins, catbirds, brown thrushes, bluebirds, warblers, vireos, cedarbirds, sparrows, orioles, and fly-catchers all devour them.

Passing now to the meadows, we find a rather specialized condition as to insects. The grass plants are low-growing, and have a comparatively restricted set of enemies. These however, are sufficiently numerous to destroy the crop when not molested by their bird enemies. The roots of grasses are commonly attacked by white grubs—the destructive larvæ

of the common May beetles or June bugs—as well as by wireworms—the larvæ of the click beetles—and plant-lice or aphides which are fostered and cared for by various species of ants. The part of the plant just below the soil surface is sometimes attacked by meadow maggots—the peculiar larvæ of the crane-flies and their allies—while various crown and root borers affect clover and timothy or herdsgrass. Just above the soil surface the fatal work of the cutworms and army worms is done, while still higher up the effect of the grasshoppers and chinch-bugs is likely to be seen.

Set over against these meadow pests we have the blackbirds, crows, robins, meadow larks, flickers, sparrows, and quail. Some of these birds have specialties in their meadow diet: in early spring the robin feeds very largely upon one of the smaller species of meadow maggots—the larvæ of the bibio fly; the flicker feeds more freely upon ants than upon any other insects; the bobwhite or quail is one of the comparatively few birds that seem to esteem the chinch-bug as a source of food. The blackbirds and crows are fond of white grubs, while all these birds and many others feed freely upon army-worms, cut-worms and grasshoppers.

The condition in that part of the farm devoted to field crops is similar to that of the meadow. The insect pests are much the same and the birds that check them are very similar.

When we reach the shrubby growth along the border of the woods we come to a place where insect life is very abundant. The grassy growth scattered here and there in the more open spaces furnishes food for many sorts of insects, while the ground beneath the denser foliage is the hiding-place of many sorts that come from the bark and leaves above. The trunks and branches of the shrubs and small trees furnish subsistence to hordes of insects, while the leaves yield an abundant food to myriads of others. The most characteristic bird of these woodlawn borders is the chewink, or towhee bunting, often called the ground robin from its living so largely upon the ground beneath the shrubby growth, where it is continually searching for insect food. The brown thrasher frequents the same situation,

gleaning food also among the twigs and leaves. The catbird is also commonly present, especially if a body of water is near at hand, in which case the Maryland yellow throat will also generally be found. And in the branches and among the leaves sparrows and warblers are abundant, ever searching for the tiny foes to plant-life.

The transition from the shrubby border of the forest to the forest proper is generally gradual, and there is more or less connection between the insect life as well as the bird life in the two areas. On the whole insects exist in the forest in less variety than in the shrubby growth or the open fields. As a rule there is little food for them on the ground beneath dense woods, so that their food supply is limited to the trees themselves. Upon these, however, they are very often destructively abundant. The bark is full of the burrows of various beetles, some species of which go deep into the trunk or larger branches, while the twigs and leaves are infested by many sorts of bark-lice, plant-lice and caterpillars. Of the leaf-feeding caterpillars, some go to the ground to pupate, and there they form an important part of the food of the ruffed grouse, which is one of the few birds that searches the soil surface in dense woods. The woodpeckers look after the bark and trunk borers, assisted more or less by the nut-hatches and creepers; while the plant-lice and the leaf-caterpillars are always in danger from the hungry beaks of the chickadees, kinglets, warblers, vireos, ovenbirds and thrushes.

Even the comparatively few insects found in marshes, along the shores of ponds, and living in the water itself are not free from bird attack. The blackbirds of various kinds, the numerous sparrows that live in lowlands, the snipe, woodcock, sandpipers, plovers, and rails, the herons and bitterns, the ducks, coots and grebes, all find in these insects part of their diet. The catbird makes a specialty of catching dragon-flies just after they have emerged from their nymph stage, when they are waiting for the wings to harden before flying away. Prof. F. H. Herrick has found that the young catbirds in the nests are fed freely with these soft-bodied dragon-flies. The Maryland yellow

throat and the swamp-sparrow are especially likely to be seen in the region of running or standing water, getting much of their food from the insects found there.

Practically all of the insects that prey upon vegetation exist in one stage of life as winged adults which fly through the air either during the day or during the night. At such times they are liable to attack by certain birds which patrol the air with great efficiency. By day the general regions of the air are supervised by the swifts, swallows, and martins.



HEAD OF HAWK.

Over field, wood, orchard, meadow, lake and pond these aerial police are constantly on the alert to check the careers of the evildoers. When the insects fly high the swallows are after them in the upper air; when they fly low the swallows skim the surface of soil and water to catch them. Flies and butterflies, beetles and bugs, ants and aphides, grasshoppers and leafhoppers, mosquitoes and moths, all fall victims to these fowls of the air.

But the birds just named are by no means the only watchers of the flying insects. The space near the trees and fences, the stumps and rocky cliffs, is looked after by those birds which rest quietly on some perch until an insect comes near and then fly after it. With us the most important of these flycatchers are the kingbird, the phoebe, and the crested flycatcher, although the wood pewee and various other species also render efficient assistance. And even the space within the limits of the tree branches is looked after by the vireos and warblers, especially the redstart, the latter

bird having well been called "the flycatcher of the inner treetops."

A very large proportion of the winged insects fly by night. But even then they are not exempt from destruction by birds. In the twilight as well as the deeper shades of night the night hawks and whippoorwills are searching the air for insect food. Almost any winged insect, from the great Luna moth to the smaller flies, is liable to be taken by the capacious jaws of these silent messengers.

THE HAWKS AND OWLS.

While insects are by far the most destructive animals with which the birds have to do, they are by no means the only ones. The great group of birds of prey, of which the hawks and owls are the most familiar examples, serve a very useful purpose in keeping in check the mice and rats which otherwise would prove very troublesome. In some regions where the hawks and owls have been ruthlessly destroyed the damage from field mice has been very great. The indiscriminate destruction of all sorts of hawks and owls simply because some hawks and owls catch poultry is a foolish and wasteful practice. As a matter of fact the smaller owls and the most common hawks feed upon mice and insects and seldom or never take poultry. For example, the little screech owl is perhaps our most common owl. Most people think it a privilege to shoot it on sight. But its food, as determined by those who have studied it long and carefully, consists chiefly of mice and insects. "At night-fall," writes Dr. A. K. Fisher, "these birds begin their rounds, inspecting the vicinity of farmhouses, barns, and corn-cribs, making trips through the orchards and nurseries, gliding silently across the meadows or encircling the stacks of grain in search of mice and insects. Thousands upon thousands of mice of different kinds thus fall victims to their industry. Their economic relations are therefore of the greatest importance, particularly on account of the abundance of the species in many farming districts, and whoever destroys them through ignorance or prejudice should be severely condemned."

The commoner hawks are also beneficial, destroying great numbers of mice and insects.

It is all right to trap or shoot a hawk or owl that is known to rob the poultry yard, but it is a mistake to destroy all sorts of these birds indiscriminately.

ADAPTATION OF STRUCTURE TO FUNCTIONS.

It would be a pity to make this study of the relation of birds to insects and other animals without calling attention at the same time to the adaptation of the structure of each bird to the feeding habits which so largely determine its mode of life. There is not space here for the full discussion of this subject I should like to give, but a few lines of observation may be briefly indicated.

The bird takes its food with or in its beak: Notice the strong, solid beak of the robin, the crow, and other birds that get food on the ground; the chisel-like beak of the woodpeckers; the very wide beak of the swallows, the night hawk, and the whippoorwill; the flat beak of the flycatchers; the pointed beak of the warblers; the long, probing beak of the woodcock, plovers, and sandpipers; the spearlike beak of the herons and bitterns; the wide, flat beak of the ducks, and the hooked beak of the hawks and owls. Each of these is well adapted to getting the sort of food the bird requires.

The manner and habits of flight of the birds are largely determined by the nature of its food: Notice the comparatively labored flight of the robin, crow, and other birds with large bodies; the quick, undulatory motion of the woodpeckers; the short, strong flights of the flycatchers; the easy, light-bodied flight of the swallows, night hawk, and whippoorwill; the restless motion of the warblers; and the lazy soaring of the hawks. See how the relation of wings to body in every case is adapted to the feeding habits of the bird.

And in like manner the legs and feet are adapted to the mode of life: Notice the strong legs and well-developed toes of the birds that live on the ground in fields and meadows; the peculiar feet of the woodpeckers with which they climb vertical surfaces; the long legs of the plovers and sandpipers, the herons and bitterns; the webbed feet of the ducks, and the tearing talons of the birds of prey.

In the study of these adaptations let the children see for themselves, and let them all

work out in their own minds the adaptation of structure to function. For in all our nature study our chief privilege is to lead the *children to see and to see why*. The importance of a bit of truth is greatly increased when we are able to see its relations to other bits of truth.

HELPS TO THE STUDY OF BIRDS.

Books about birds are very numerous, although there is none yet published which deals specifically with their economic relations. Every teacher who attempts to do anything with bird study for her pupils should have upon her desk some illustrated guide to our common birds. The one that is likely to be most useful is Chapman's "Bird Life," with colored plates, published by D. Appleton & Co. at \$2.00. School authorities should provide one of these books for each desk where nature study is to be taught. Herrick's "Home Life of Wild Birds" (Putnams, \$2.50), will also be especially helpful in leading to the observations of the nesting habits.

THE LESSON IN IT ALL.

The study thus outlined of the Mission of the Birds will have failed to accomplish its most important results if the pupils do not get from it a greater respect for the world of birds, a deeper interest in their welfare, and a larger sense of the unity of that world of living things of which man is the highest example. A discussion of the methods of encouraging useful birds should follow as a natural consequence of the study,—and this should lead to the erection of bird houses, the planting of Russian mulberry or other trees to furnish food for the birds, and especially to checking the wanton destruction of bird life.

"Heard the News?"

A little bird sat on a telegraph wire,
And said to his mates, "I declare,
If wireless telegraphy comes into vogue
We'll all have to sit on the air."
—Selected.

The King of Birds.

In the garden in front of my window is a little house nearly covered by a Wistaria vine. It is old, weather worn, without win-

dows, leans over to one side, and one end of its porch has broken away from its fastenings, while the one doorway is without a door.

It is a shabby, queer-looking house, and at the first glance seems to be two-storied; but a second shows it has two roofs, with a space of a few inches left between them, in the manner that houses are sometimes built on the hot plains, to cause a current of air, that lessens in some measure the heat of the burning sun.

When this funny little house was new, it only had one roof; but we noticed that during a heated period its occupants were obliged to shove their babies out of doors to save them from being roasted, so we put on a second roof which prevented further discomfort. In this same wee home has for many summers lived a large, wide-a-wake busy family, chattering, bubbling over with cheery song—and sometimes scolding with noisy bluster all day long. With the cold days of autumn the whole household leaves for a warmer clime. The house that is always left open and full of furniture is occupied during the winter by a noisy English family; but when spring comes the other one returns from its southern tour, and after much forcible argument—sometimes the battle rages for two days—the stubborn English sparrows are driven away by the persistent little house wrens. It is said this sparrow is generally victorious in his disputes with other birds, excepting the red-headed woodpeckers. We have, however, watched this same conflict year after year, and it always ends by the sparrows flying away, leaving the wrens in undisputed possession.

In some parts of England the wren is known as king of birds. Whether it is this tiny house wren who every spring will even fight to regain the loved home and lives so happily as our neighbor, a constant source of delight to us all, I do not know, but it is a member of the wren family.

This pretty legend that is told in Dartmoor* may account for the title, for according to it, the birds wishing to elect a king, gathered together and agreed that the bird who could fly the highest should be crowned king. One after another tried, until at last the eagle in

*S. Baring Gould's *Book of Dartmoor*.

his towering flight left all behind, when the wren, who had, unfelt through the thick feathers, hopped on the eagle's back, and nestled there unseen, started on his trip, and was thus able to soar far beyond the eagle. The birds were so indignant and grieved at being outwitted by the demure little brown body, that they determined to drown the wren in their tears. A pan was obtained into which each bird wept. When the stupid old owl's turn came, the pan was nearly full, and the birds said "With such big eyes, he will weep great tears;" but to their horror he clumsily perched on the edge and upset the pan, spilling the tears, so that ever since the wren has reigned king of the birds. The Devonshire country folk have this saying:

"Kill a robin or a wren,
Never prosper boy or man."

It shows the friendly feeling there for our little feathered friends, a feeling that "makes the whole world kin."

HELEN P. HASKELL.

The Fairies' Trolley.

The Fairies laugh at mortal's folly
For boasting of their wondrous trolley,
For they were first, I know it well,
To run a line from dell to dell.

The spider spins, of course, the wire,
The fire flies make the sparks of fire;
The line is hung from tree to tree
And the motor-man is a Bumble Bee.

For he can hum and buzz as well.
As clang the gong, a big blue-bell;
His uniform is black and yellow,
He really is a handsome fellow.

The conductor's place the Wasp must take,
For he can sting speeches make.
"All aboard! Don't take all night!"
"Step lively, please. Go ahead! All right!"

So if you find the Fairy Dell,
Listen for the big blue-bell,
You'll hear the train go whizzing by,
But it's hidden, of course, from mortal eye.
—From St. Nicholas.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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Nothing in the realm of nature is more fascinating than the study of individual character among animals. We have long known that all dogs, and all horses, are not alike, but now we are discovering that among spiders of the same species one is valiant, another vain, another playful,—and that among wasps, one may be a careful, conscientious house-keeper while another is dreadfully untidy. This being true, we should not be surprised at the great variety of character among birds shown in a new book by Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, called *True Bird Stories*. No bird lover can afford to miss these charming tales, which would have been a rich mine of facts for Darwin, and which are full of delightful touches that make us feel our kinship with the feathered tribes.

A recent letter from Mrs. Oscar Oldberg of Chicago has a plea for the freedom of birds. She says: "Each summer the children bring me unfortunate fledglings that I take into my large, airy light attic where they can stretch their wings to their heart's content. They are never caged. They know me and become as tame as tame can be. Of course I love them, but as soon as they are able to feed themselves and fly perfectly I set them free. Nesting in my garden are robins, wrens, song sparrows, golden warblers and yellow-billed cuckoos. If I looked upon these beautiful denizens of my garden with a desire to trap and capture them, I should be violating a law of nature that would render me unfit to appreciate and enjoy them as their Maker intended. I should simply be coveting that which I ought not to take."

THE WAYSIDE is strongly opposed to the caging of wild birds. Even Mrs. Clas's aviary in which time, money, love, and intelligent care are lavished upon the little captives, is open to objections, although the fact that they

return to her and ask to be taken in after wintering in the south, shows that they find happiness in her protection. Children should learn to tame the birds that nest about their homes, but should never deprive them of their liberty. The lesson of the Audubon Society to the children is:

"Never to blend their pleasure or their pride
With sorrow to the meanest thing that feels."

Mrs. Clas's *Notes from an Aviary* will be continued in June and concluded in July.

Under the name of "*The Nature Calendar Series*," Rand, McNally & Co. of Chicago have published three pocket notebooks by Prof. Clarence M. Weed, for students of birds, of wild flowers, and of trees and shrubs. These will prove a boon to teachers who are conducting classes in nature study, for not only do the questions for each day suggest what the pupil should look for, but the answers to be written in the appropriate spaces will form an accurate and systematic account of what is going on out of doors, from the middle of March, to the end of June. Thus the children will be taught to see for themselves and to keep a record of their observations. The low price of these little books, ten cents apiece, or one dollar per dozen, brings them within the reach of all. The Bird Calendar is warmly recommended to the School Branches of the Audubon Society.

Birds in Their Relations to Man.

The book with the above title, which has just been published by the Lippincott Company, should be of interest to bird lovers in general, and to members of Audubon Societies in particular, for it is the first comprehensive account of the economic relations of American birds, and is likely long to serve as a book for reading and reference for those interested in bird problems.

An idea of the scope of the volume, which comprises nearly 400 good-sized pages, may be obtained from this list of chapter titles:

Introduction, The Relations of Birds to Man; The Methods of Studying the Food of Birds; The Development of Economic Ornithology; The Vegetable Food of Birds; The Animal

Food of Birds; The Amount of Food Consumed by Birds; Birds as Regulators of Outbreaks of Injurious Animals; The Relations of Birds to Predaceous and Parasitic Insects; The Thrushes and their Allies; The Nuthatches, Titmice, Creepers, and Wrens; The Warblers and the Vireos; The Shrikes, Waxwings, Swallows, and Tanagers; The Finches and Sparrows; The English Sparrow; The Orioles, Blackbirds, Crows, and Jays; The Flycatchers, Humming-Birds, Swifts, and Nighthawks; The Woodpeckers, Kingfishers, and Cuckoos; The Owls; The Hawks, Eagles, Kites, and Vultures; The Pigeons, Grouse, and Shore-Birds; The Water-Birds; The Conservation of Birds.—I, The Non-game-Birds; II, The Game-Birds; Preventing the Depredations of Birds; Encouraging the Presence of Birds.

The book is illustrated by many half-tones and line engravings and will prove a useful volume for the general library as well as for that of the bird lover.

[Birds in Their Relation to Man. A Manual of Economic Ornithology for the United States and Canada. By Clarence M. Weed and Ned Dearborn. Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.50 net.]

Bird and Boy.

We have been enjoying a pair of bluebirds which had made their home in a box put up by "The man of wrath." Everything had prospered with the family—three eggs had been laid and the little mother was patiently brooding over them, when home and eggs were destroyed by some little boys one day during our absence. Fortunately a neighbor saw a boy carrying the box and by inquiries we identified the culprits.

I sent word to them telling of the penalty attached to depredations of this sort and gave them the alternative of coming to me and owning the *crime* or of taking the penalty. In a few days two little boys came to see me and Mr. Cass and I had a good talk with them. I think they were really sorry, for they both wanted to join the bird society and help protect the birds, and I promised to get them each a Wren button.

The birds, much to our surprise and delight, have rebuilt in the replaced box, and we are very happy over it.

MRS. EDWIN T. CASS,
Whitewater, Wis.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT.

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month, Illinois Children sending to Mrs. Wm. M. Scudder, 165 Buena Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Mrs. Peckham, 646 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive a bird book as a prize.

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Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

The Phoebe.

Upper parts, grayish brown; under parts, white, washed with yellowish; length, about seven inches.

The Phoebe, like the Robin, is one of the homely, confiding birds for whom we have a peculiar affection. Like the Robin, she often comes about our houses and builds her nest in a crotch of the piazza, as if putting her brood under our protection. Though she may not be as neat a housekeeper as some, her presence is such a valuable nature lesson for our children that she should be eagerly welcomed for that reason alone. * * *

When the Phoebe does not seek the sheltering roof of a house, it often builds on a rafter of an old shed or barn, where it may be seen perching on the ridge pole with crest raised and wings and tail hanging. It may also be found nesting under bridges and on rocks or cliffs. When seen, now and then it cries out *hip, hip*, or with a jerk of the tail calls *phoebe, phoebe*. It sits turning its head and looking over its shoulder this way and that, till spying an insect, it suddenly darts into the air, snaps its bill conclusively, and then settles back on a perch, for it is a Flycatcher and makes its living from our insect pests.

Not only does it help to clear the air of the flies and wasps that annoy cattle, but it eats May beetles and click beetles, both of which injure the crops; and also helps free the trees of elm leaf beetles, and the vegetable gardens of squash beetles, bugs, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and the bean and pea weevils. When it is seen perched on mullein stalks after its arrival in the spring, it is lying in wait for the moth of the cutworm. In fact, as Professor Beal says, "It is evident that a pair of Phoebes must materially reduce the number of insects near a garden or field, as the birds often if not always, raise two broods a year, and each brood numbers from four to six young." He concludes: "There is hardly a more useful species about the farm and it should receive every encouragement and be protected from cats and other marauders, for it will repay such care a hundred fold."

From Florence M. Bailey's "Birds of Village and Field."

Letters about the Phoebe should be mailed by July 1st.

Prizes and Badges.

The honor badges go this month to Willie Cooper and Mildred Dixon. Letters have been received from Andrew Thronson, May Smith, Ida Schlick, Neal Daubner, Alvena Sazama, Norma Weiss, Ernestine Seeman, Iva McCullough, Blanche Taylor and Ruthie Gardner, in Wisconsin, and from Fred Mans, Edgar Leighty and Eva Carr in Illinois. An interesting letter from Jacob Kiser is given below.

Do not neglect to send, at the end of May, your bird notes, in competition for the June prizes of three books, to be given to Wisconsin children for personal observations through March, April and May. ..

Letters about the Mourning Dove will be noticed next month.

Good copies in color of pictures of the blue bird, the hooded warbler and the red-headed woodpecker have been received from Iva McCullough and Blanche Taylor. This is an excellent way to impress the markings of birds

upon the mind. The bird that Blanche Taylor describes is almost certainly a sapsucker.

A letter by Leo Egelberg, La Crosse, and a poem by Ben Peterson, Union Grove, written for *The Wayside*, are republished in *The Arbor and Bird Day Annual* for 1903.

DEAR CHILDREN:—The time has at last come when there is a great deal going on among our bird friends. Now we must keep our eyes open and see how many new friends we can make and how much we can find out about each one.

When we see a bird that seems new, what is the first thing we must do? Find out what his name is. Yes, that is it, then we must find out whether he has come to stay with us all summer or whether he is going on farther north to build his nest. If he is going to make his home here, then we must watch him very carefully to see where his little home is going to be placed. We do not need any books to tell us this—if we are patient and quiet and sit down somewhere near him, behind a bush or tree, we can soon find out what the little fellow is up to and whether his nest is to be up in a tree, on the ground or in a little bush.

If we scatter pieces of string, rags, horse hair and straw about the yard we will find them disappearing in a very remarkable manner, but if we should make a careful search, a little later, through all the neighboring trees, we should find all these little odd bits doing good service in the homes of our feathered friends.

I know there are many of our *Wayside* readers who know all about this, but I know, too, that there are many new friends of the birds who will be interested and we want them to just keep their eyes and ears open during these months of sunshine and see what very wise, intelligent little beings are working and playing and singing all about us, and how very glad they are to make friends with little boys and girls who will treat them kindly.

HELEN R. SCUDDER.

Illinois Prize Letter.

NORTH ALTON.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—The House Wren is a little bird much smaller than the Robin and has

not as gay a dress. They are funny birds and they creep into cracks and crevices searching for food. They have tiny nests made of grass, string, and other materials. The eggs are spotted with pink dots and there are generally three or four eggs in each laying.

The Wrens build in our area and I watch as they fly in and out. I called one of them Billy and the other Jenny. Since that time I read a story about Billy and Jenny Wren and it seems so funny I should choose the same names as those in the book and having not read it before hand. Billy Wren would sing and try to cheer Jenny when she was nesting. I could go very near to Billy when he stopped to rest on our grape arbor before he went to the nest. After nesting time is over they depart until another year. Every year they come and build in our area. (I suppose they are the same birds.) When I see them coming and hear them I put crumbs on the rock wall for them to get.

A lady that lives near us hung a pair of rubber shoes on the back porch expecting to use them when necessary. A pair of wrens came and built in them and the lady thought it so funny she never stopped to take the rubbers down any more but left them there for the birds to build in them. Every year they come and build there.

They come in April and stay and nest until October when they depart to warmer countries.

They appear to be saucy birds and they will be scolding and then break out in a beautiful song and they become so happy and pleased with their singing they forget all things around them and sing till their little bodies tremble.

I guess it is natural for me to like the birds because my mother did. She used to put cans up for them to build in when she was a little girl. I guess everybody must like the wrens because on our little Audubon buttons there is a wren.

I hope after a while all boys and girls will learn to love the birds and treat them well, because they are God's creatures just as much as we are and they need to be protected just as much as we do, and more so, too.

I think when bad boys try to shoot the birds (I guess girls wouldn't do anything like that), if they would just say, "now if I were

that bird and it were I and would shoot me, how would I like it?" I think you wouldn't like it a bit and neither does the bird.

MILDRED A. DIXON, age 13.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

HAMMOND.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—I think the house wren is a very tame bird. Its tail looks very funny. One time Papa hung his coat in a shanty near our house, and the bird built his nest in it. I saw the bird a few days before carrying sticks and straws into the pocket inside the coat. I did not know what his name was, because I was a little bit of a tot. One day when Papa put this coat on the bird tried to get out but it couldn't. Pretty soon it began to squeak and he let it out. The nest had young in it, and so he put it back until the birds left the nest. This story tells that it is very brave.

WILLIE COOPER, age 11.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR MRS. PECKHAM:—I thought that you would like to hear of the work we do in this city. I am a member of School No. 32, Audubon Society. The members are pupils of

School No. 32. The society was organized in 1901. Our present officers are Ralph Elvin, president, and Marguerite Elvin, secretary. Every two weeks we have a meeting. We take up a bird and discuss it. Several children have papers on the bird, its description, habits, etc., being discussed. Then different children are called upon for personal observations on the bird. We have a bird bulletin upon which we put clippings about birds. It was made and tastefully decorated by members of the society. We have already had one lecture on birds by Mr. Woolen. In a short time we will have a lecture by Mr. Kellogg. We have a martin box in the school yard. One day at recess everybody was startled to hear some martins singing. Soon we saw two beautiful purple martins going into our bird box. The box has sixteen rooms, and last year all were filled.

Our school takes the paper "By the Wayside." We like it very much, and it was through it that I happened to write to you. I also hope that we can establish a correspondence between our Audubon society and one or more in Wisconsin.

JACOB KISER, age 12.

Birds In Their Relations To Man By CLARENCE M. WEED and NED DEARBORN.

T

HIS book is the outgrowth of twenty years of study and experience, and deals, it is believed, more fully and specifically with birds in their economic relations than any previous publication. It has been written from a knowledge obtained at first hand of birds and their habits, and of the plant world and insect world as they relate to the same. Professor Weed is a specialist in entomology, and is connected with the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, and Dr. Dearborn is in the Department of Birds, Field Columbian Museum.

The volume is particularly notable for its collation of a large amount of the most recent information upon phases of bird life, which is to be found elsewhere only in scattered reports and periodicals.

Accurately and lavishly illustrated with full page plates and drawings in the text. 8vo. cloth, \$2.50; postpaid, \$2.65

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BY THE WAYSIDE

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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No. 2

The Good Flea and the Wicked King.

Once upon a time there was a Wicked King who made his people very unhappy. Everybody detested him, and those whom he had put in prison and beheaded would have liked to whip him. But how? He was the strongest, he was the master; he did not have to give account to anyone; and when he was told that his subjects were not content, he replied:

"Well, what of it? I don't care a rap!" which was an ugly answer.

As he continued to act like a king, and as he became every day a little more wicked than the day before, this set a certain little Flea to thinking over the matter. It was a little bit of a Flea who was of no consequence at all, but full of good sentiments. This is not the nature of fleas in general, but this one had been very well brought up; it bit people with moderation, and only when it was very hungry.

"What if I were to bring the King to reason?" it said to itself. "It is not without danger—but no matter! I will try!"

That night the Wicked King, after having done all sorts of naughty things during the day, was calmly going to sleep, when he felt what seemed to be a prick of a pin.

"Bite!"

He growled and turned over on the other side.

"Bite! Bite! Bite!"

"Who is it that bites me so?" cried the King in a terrible voice.

"It is I," replied a little voice.

"You? Who are you?"

"A little Flea who wishes to correct you!"

"A Flea! Just you wait! Just you wait and you shall see!"

And the King sprang from his bed, twisted his coverings, and shook the sheets, all of which was quite useless, for the good Flea had hidden itself in the royal beard.

"Ah," said the King, "it has gone now, and I shall be able to get a sound sleep."

But scarcely had he laid his head on the pillow, when—

"Bite!"

"How? What? Again?"

"Bite! Bite!"

"You dare to return, you abominable little Flea! But think for a moment what you are doing! You are no bigger than a grain of sand, and you dare to bite one of the greatest kings on earth!"

"Well, what of it? I don't care a rap!" answered the Flea in the very words of the King.

"Ah, if I only had you!"

"Yes, but you haven't got me!"

The Wicked King did not sleep at all that night, and he arose the next morning in a killing ill-humor. He resolved to destroy his enemy. By his orders, they cleaned the palace from top to bottom, and particularly his bedroom; his bed was made by ten old women, very skillful in the art of catching fleas, but they caught nothing, for the Good Flea had hidden itself under the collar of the King's coat.

That night, this frightful tyrant, who was dying for want of sleep, lay back on both his ears, although this is said to be very difficult. But he wished to sleep double, and he knew no better way. Scarcely had he put out his light when he felt the Flea on his neck.

"Bite! Bite!"

"Ah, zounds! What is this?"

"It is I—the Flea of yesterday."

"But what do you want, you rascal—you tiny pest?"

"I wish you to obey me, and to make your people happy!"

"Ho, then, my soldiers, my captain of the guard, my ministers, my generals! Everybody! The whole lot of you!"

The whole lot of them came in. The King was in a rage which made everybody tremble. He found fault with all the servants of the palace. Everybody was in consternation.

During this time, the Flea, quite calm, kept itself hid in the King's night-cap.

The guards were doubled; laws and decrees were made; ordinances were published against all fleas; there were processions and public prayers to ask of Heaven the extermination of the Flea, and sound sleep for the King. It was all of no avail. The wretched King could not lie down, even on the grass, without being attacked by his obstinate enemy, the Good Flea, who did not let him sleep a single minute.

"Bite! Bite!"

It would take too long to tell the many hard knocks the King gave himself in trying to crush the Flea; he was covered with bruises and contusions. As he could not sleep, he wandered about like an uneasy spirit. He grew thinner. He would certainly have died, if, at last, he had not made up his mind to obey the Good Flea.

"I surrender," he said at last, when it began again to bite him. "I ask for quarter. I will do what you wish."

"So much the better. On this condition only shall you sleep," replied the Flea.

"Thank you. What must I do?"

"Make your people happy!"

"I have never learned how. I do not know how."

"Nothing more easy; you have only to go away."

"Taking my treasures with me?"

"Without taking anything!"

"But I shall die if I have no money!" said the King.

"Well, what of it? I don't care!" replied the Flea.

But the Flea was not hard-hearted, and it let the King fill his pockets with money before he went away. And the people were able to be very happy by setting up a republic.

From St. Nicholas.

Speaking of Fleas.

Speaking of fleas, this story, which Victor Hugo used to tell to his grandchildren, reminds us of what wonderful creatures they are. The flea has, relatively to his size, such enormous mental and physical powers, that there is no knowing what he might accomplish if he were not hampered by being such an atom of a thing. As Tom Sawyer says: "The fastest man can't run more than about ten miles in

an hour—not much over ten thousand times his own length. But all the books says any common, ordinary, third-class flea can jump a hundred and fifty times his own length; yes, and he can make five jumps a second too,—seven hundred and fifty times his own length, in one little second—for he don't fool away any time stopping and starting—he does them both at the same time; you'll see, if you try to put your finger on him. Now that's a common, ordinary, third-class flea's gait; but you take an Eytalian *first-class*, that's been the pet of the nobility all his life, and hasn't ever knowed what want or sickness or exposure was, and he can jump more than three hundred times his own length, and keep it up all day, five such jumps every second, which is fifteen hundred times his own length. Well, suppose a man could go fifteen hundred times his own length in a second—say a mile and a half. It's ninety miles a minute; it's considerable more than five thousand miles an hour. Where's your man *now*?—yes, and your bird, and your railroad, and your balloon? Laws, they don't amount to shucks 'longside of a flea. A flea is just a comet biled down small.

* * * They've got ever so much more sense, and brains, and brightness, in proportion to their size, than any other cretur in the world. A person can learn them 'most anything; and they learn it quicker than any other cretur, too. They've been learnt to haul little carriages in harness, and go this way and that way and t'other way according to their orders; yes, and to march and drill like soldiers, doing it as exact, according to orders, as soldiers does it. They've been learnt to do all sorts of hard and troublesome things. S'pose you could cultivate a flea up to the size of a man, and keep his natural smartness a-growing and a-growing right along up, bigger and bigger, and keener and keener, in the same proportion—where'd the human race be, do you reckon? That flea would be President of the United States, and you couldn't anymore prevent it than you can prevent lightning."

This sounds almost alarming but it is only fair to add that, according to the trainer of the famous Flea Circus, (the whole of which could be carried about in a cherry stone) all fleas are not equally clever. Some are very apt scholars while others cannot learn, and great numbers are experimented with before a troupe is accepted.

Notes From an Aviary.

We are in the month of June, 1902, and I shall tell you of my little family of birds. No more birds were taken in, although many wished admittance. In order to compromise, I had to provide a cocoa dish with food and a trough of water to bathe close to the aviary. I named these birds my transient boarders and well pleased they were, for two pairs of robins built their nests within a block from the aviary. Without fail these four robins and many others came every day to eat and bathe, and after a few weeks we noticed them taking food into their bills and flying away, to come back several times. They did this for several days, until one bright morning we were happily surprised to see a dear little family of five young robins with speckled breasts in the yard near the vestibule. The parents were going to the cocoa dish and bringing food to them. The next day the other family came, four little ones and the parents, and many times the four parents and the nine little ones would be in the yard. After a few days the little ones would come first and the parents would follow, finally the young robins came alone. They seemed to love the place so much they would remain until late at night. They alarmed me for fear some cats would get them, and I became very much attached to them. I concluded to take them in and they were at once happy. Now twenty-nine robins were in the aviary. A few days after a neighbor brought me a tiny little robin unable to fly, evidently through a storm it had fallen from its nest. We took it and gave it food and water* and placed it in the aviary, but not out of the cage, fearing the other birds might hurt it. I soon found out much to the contrary; an hour after the little baby robin was in, I noticed one of the first robins I had caught on the top of the cage feeding it, and also another came and brought food. A third one attempted to do the same, but the first two that claimed it fought the other one away. I was so pleased with their parental love I at once let the baby free. It seems incredible, but it is true nevertheless, that the little robin followed its foster parents and the parents protected it from harm. It be-

*There is a knack in feeding young birds. Take a pinch of food between the thumb and the first finger, bring it to its bill, it will at once take it. To give it a drink always wait a few minutes after eating; dip one finger into plenty of water, let the water drip from the end of the finger into its bill. Four or five times is sufficient. Feed young birds every two hours, but not too much.

came very tame with us as we would go and feed it and talk to it. It was nearly three weeks before it could fly. When I would call him baby, he would at once answer and look for me, and when baby was full grown I let him out to see if he would come back. For days he stayed near by, and every night he came in, until one day we missed him, and a few days after I received a telephone message from a lady living four blocks away, telling me that a robin had been found on their porch with a little aluminum band on its leg marked A. C. C. Mil., Wis., and it was hurt. I told her it was our baby robin. We brought it home. The poor little bird had been fought by sparrows and other robins, and did not know how to defend itself. We bathed its head with a few drops of carbolic acid in water and it got entirely well, becoming very tame. We put him back with the others.

Everything went on beautifully for the rest of the summer. The birds gave delightful concerts, singing together, but each its own song. Jake, the bluejay, the smartest of them all, not satisfied with his inherited song, imitated the music of a scarlet bird which lived in a cage next door. It was a great pleasure to watch them, some scratching and picking on the ground, some using their bills like hammers. Their bath tub was eight and a half feet long and eighteen inches wide, and as many as ten would get into it together.—*Lueile Clas.*

The Difficult Seed.

A little seed lay in the ground,
And soon began to sprout;
"Now which of all the flowers around,"
It mused, "shall I come out?"
"The lily's face is fair and proud,
But just a trifle cold;
The rose, I think, is rather loud,
And then its fashion's old.
"The violet is very well,
But not a flower I'd choose;
Nor yet the canterbury-bell,—
I never cared for blues.
"Petunias are by far too bright,
And vulgar flowers beside;
The primrose only blooms at night,
And peonies spread too wide."
And so it criticized each flower,
This supercilious seed;
Until it woke one summer hour,
And found itself a weed.—*Selected.*

BY THE WAYSIDE

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All communications should be sent to MRS. G. W. PECKHAM, 646 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The Wisconsin Audubon Society extends a warm welcome to 81 new school branches with 2,511 members. 24,001 teachers and children have now joined the ranks of bird protectors in this state.

Apropos of the crow and hawk bounty bill, recently vetoed by Governor La Follette, Mrs. Gaffron has some very sensible remarks in the Plymouth Review. She says: Many people have the idea that but one species of hawk inhabits Wisconsin, when in fact ten kinds of hawks may be found during some season of the year within the state lines and several others may occasionally stray within its borders.

Other people believe that all hawks deserve the appellation of hen-hawks and that all should be killed. It is this belief that has cost some of the Western states dearly. After paying hundreds of dollars to rid themselves of hawks, crows and owls, they found that it cost them millions of dollars to feed the grasshoppers and mice which should have been food for the slain birds. Most of the hawks do some harm, a few do more harm than good, while others are almost entirely beneficial. The harmful ones are the sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's hawk and American goshawk. Chapman says of them: "The generally misapplied names 'hen hawk' and 'chicken hawk' should be restricted to birds of this genus, for they deserve the reputation commonly attributed to the large hawks of the genus *Buteo*."

We quote also from Prof. Weed:

"Among people in general there is perhaps a greater need of education concerning hawks and owls than concerning any other group of injurious birds, or even all of them put together. We have only one owl and three or four hawks that are not more beneficial than otherwise. This being the case, we see the folly of setting a bounty on the heads of the whole family, as has been done at various times in several States. Such a bounty takes money from both pockets and throws it to the winds."

* * *

We are inclined to believe that if farmers dealt with crows as intelligently as crows deal with farmers there would be vastly less heard about the injury they do. The boy who put his finger to the dim edge of a humming buzz-saw, with the remark, "It looks as if it were there," was accustomed thereafter to rely more on vision. The man who expects wind-mills, scarecrows, old newspapers, bottles, and sheet tin to protect his field, when he has seen them fail year after year, needs some such lesson as the boy had to make him more acute. "Br'er Rabbit" is scarcely more at home "in a briar-patch" than crows among these harmless objects, with which they have been acquainted from youth up, and which were never known to harm anything.

They soon learn what is dangerous and what is not. If one is shot or poisoned or caught, his comrades remember his misfortune and thereafter avoid the place of its occurrence. They are so apprehensive of danger that they seldom alight near one that is dead, though it may never have been a companion.

Crows are accustomed to do most of their foraging very early in the morning and on rainy days. The farmer who neglects to traverse his corn-land at these times is sure to rue it. They will take advantage of a dense fog, and attack fields they would hardly dare fly over in good weather.

Ordinarily, a field covered with a network of twine strung on poles will not be molested. The twine is usually strung along a few feet from the ground, at intervals of two or three rods. A dead crow thrown down upon the ground or suspended in the air is also almost certain to deter them from venturing near. Poultry placed in boxes heavily slatted, so that the presence of something alive will be manifested without exposing the real nature of the contents, make very good scarecrows. Two or three boxes to the acre, one fowl in each, are sufficient.

Not a few farmers are accustomed to scatter small quantities of grain—not poisoned—in their fields two or three times a week during the period when crows are troublesome. They say the crows thus obtain all the grain they want without pulling up any. They also claim that the crows pay well for the grain by destroying cutworms and other injurious larvæ that infest the ground.

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The Kingbird.

Upper parts blackish; under parts white, washed with gray on breast; head with a concealed red patch; tail tipped with a white band; length, about $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Eggs, five or six in number, white with markings of purple, brown, and red-brown.

The little gray bird so often seen leaving his perch on the roadside fence to dart after an insect, or to perform some graceful evolutions in the air, is another of the fly catchers, and perhaps the most remarkable of his tribe for the intrepidity with which he will attack birds vastly larger than himself if they approach his nest during the breeding season. Mounting in the air high above he pounces down upon the back of the Hawk, Crow or Jay, pecking furiously, and renewing the attack again and again.

The Kingbirds build in May, often in orchards, their nests being large, broad and rather shallow, of rude materials, but lined with fine rootlets and horse-hair.

They have been so loudly accused of eating bees that the examiners in the Department of Agriculture have made a special study of their food. Of 218 stomachs only 14 contained any trace of honey-bees, and nearly all those were drones; so, to say the least, the habit is much less prevalent than supposed. In addition to this negative evidence, it has been found that

90 per cent. of their food is insects, mostly injurious kinds. Among them are the gadfly, so terrifying to horses and cattle; the destructive clover-leaf weevil, rose chafer, ants, and grass-hoppers. Several asparagus beetles were found in one stomach. The conclusion reached by ornithologists is that the Kingbird is one of the best helps the farmer has in the destruction of harmful insects, and as he rarely touches fruit or grain he enjoys great security compared with many equally useful birds.

It has been supposed that the Kingbird had only a monotonous twitter, but Mrs. Miller has heard him sing to his wife on the nest.

From Mrs. Bailey, R. Ridgway, and Wilson Flagg.

Letters about the Kingbird should be mailed by August 1st.

Prizes and Badges.

The honor badges for June go to Ruth Hazeltine, Mazomanie, Wis., and Muriel Lampert, Belvidere, Ill. Forty-nine excellent letters have been received from the First District School in La Crosse, the writers being: Graec Lyman, Walter Schroeder, Mabel Tanberg, Catharine Connelley, Stella Pruetz, Ruth Dittman, Simon Johnson, Anna Tennell, Howard Gates, Ruth Bradfield, Josephine O'Connor, Mabel Call, George Kirsehnner, Leonard Streck, Ida Fialkoff, Edmund Cronon, Mayme Garrity, Willie Owen, Duncan Rowles, Eddie Weimar, Archie Keeling, Merle Savage, Bessie Close, Mary Huber, Sidney Doane, Lillie Homer, Marion MaeMillan, Emily Holmes, Robert Sidensol, Joseph Kidder, Josephine Benjamin, Marie Lehman, Harold Davis, Mildred Leithold, Or. Lewis, Helen Ash, Porter Greene, Sadie O'Rourke, Mary Dupre, Margaret Monroe, Dave Monty, Pearl Loveland, Bertha Zein, Emma Neubauer, Mabel Nice, Jessie Montz, Fred Burgh, Selma Lakowski and Myrtle McKinney.

We have heard also from William Schneider, Alta Knether, Norma Battles, Rosa Hansen, Laura and Elsie Simon, Joe Keyes, Andrew Thronson, Iva McCullough, Elsie Conrad, Wesley Hunter, Anabelle Wrightman, Harry Butz, Bennie Blacock, Clyde Hieks, Maud Mikula and Francis Tobin, in Wisconsin; from Joe Riek, Juanita Reade, Kearsley Martin, Ross

Dahlberg, Dorothy Allen and May Danielson in Illinois; and from Margaret Williams, Doncaster, Md.

The prizes for bird notes through March, April and May are assigned as follows: *The Woodpeckers*, by Mrs. Eckstorm, to Andrew Thronson, Hammond; *Upon the Tree-tops*, by Mrs. Miller, to Leo Egelberg, La Crosse; *Birds Through an Opera Glass*, by Mrs. Bailey, to William Schneider, La Crosse. Muriel Lampert, of Belvidere, Ill., who also sends a set of notes, receives a Bird Chart. Duncan Rowles, Howard Gates, Bessie Close, Mabel Call, Helen Ash, Josephine Benjamin, Joseph Kidder, Sidney Doane, Robert Sidensol, Willie Owen, Elsie Simon, Victor Wittenberg, Thuselinda Hoffman and Frieda Starke receive a year's subscription to the WAYSIDE.

Answers to Questions.

Anabella Wrightman is correct in thinking that she saw a male cow-bird. Ruth Dittman perhaps found an incomplete two-story nest of the summer yellow warbler. Mabel Tanberg probably saw a white-breasted nut-hatch. Mable Nice saw some snow-buntings in summer plumage. Emma Neubauer's birds were the water thrush (one of the largest warblers), and the Baltimore oriole. The birds with nests that Dave Monty found were either vesper sparrows, which have the outer tail feathers white, or song sparrows, which have dark spots on the breast.

A. C. W.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

MAZOMANIE, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—The Mourning Dove is a very nice bird. It is mostly gray. It is a longer bird than the robin—about 12 inches. The eggs are white and never more than two. The food of the Mourning Dove is mostly seeds of weeds. It makes a noise something like the owl, only more mournful. One season a pair built their nest in an elm tree near our house. We used to get up early to see them feed their young.

The Snipe built in our field. Their nest was an old corn stub. If we went near it they would make believe that their wing or leg was broken to draw our attention away from the nest.

We never have allowed birds to be killed on our place. Every year a catbird, robins, black-birds, sparrows, and many other kinds of birds build in our yard.

11 years.

RUTH M. HASELTINE.

Illinois Prize Letter.

BELVIDERE, ILL., May 29, 1903.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—By one of your pages I saw that the bird this month is the Mourning Dove, and I thought I would write, because last year I saw a very queer thing. It was on July 18, 1902, that I discovered it. In a low branch of an elm tree, I saw a Mourning Dove's nest. It was not by any means a common nest, for it was made of sweet clover blossoms, other common weeds with white flowers, and some carpet-weed. The nest was very *flowery*, so to speak; but it was very pretty. I am sorry to say that the young were not raised, for only a few days later the nest was gone. I forgot to say that it rained a good deal while the nest was there and that kept the flowers fresh and green.

MURIEL LAMPERT.

LA CROSSE.

DEAR MADAM:—Last Sunday afternoon I saw on a low limb of an oak tree, two English sparrows flying about. One looked like the old bird and the other a young one. Finally the big bird caught the small one, as they stopped on a limb, by the tail, and pushed the small one off the limb. Then the big one held on to the little one's tail and let it hang with its head down for about two minutes. Then he let him drop, but the little one quickly caught himself and flew away.

Age 13.

FRED W. BURGH.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

DEAR MADAM:—One day in April a woodpecker picked out a tree in our yard to make a nest. He began to work the next day. It took him about a week to finish his nest. When he got all settled down, a family of bluebirds tried to drive out the woodpecker, but they could not do it. The next day, while he was getting his breakfast, they tried to get his nest again, but the woodpecker saw them coming and went as fast as he could fly to his nest and got there just in time. The woodpecker was waiting for his chance to get one of the bluebirds alone. He succeeded, but was not quite spry enough. The bluebirds came again while the woodpecker was sitting in another tree. One of the bluebirds went into the hole and the other was going in too when the woodpecker came. After a hard battle the bluebirds succeeded in driving him away and took the nest and lived peacefully.

LEONARD STRECK.

LAUREL AVE. SCHOOL, CHICAGO, Grade 2.

A Riddle.

I am not a song bird. I build my nest in a hole in the tree. I have a short bill. My tail is short. My breast is white. My back is black and white. My head is red. My tail is black. I eat insects. I like insects. What is my name?

ROSS DALBEY.

KEWAUNEE.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—Once I was playing in the garden when I saw an old robin try to teach her young one to bathe. There was a dish of water in the garden for the birds. The little one stood on the edge and watched his mother go in and splash and scatter the water. He fluttered his wings and was eager to try it for himself, but he was afraid to plunge in.

At last the mother flew away and left him standing there, but in a moment she came back with a worm in her mouth. The young robin was hungry, as young birds always are, and when he saw the worm he began to flutter his wings and cry for it, but his mother jumped in the middle of the dish and stood there holding the worm in his sight. The youngster wanted the worm so much then he forgot his fears of the water and hopped right beside her. She fed him and then began to splash about and he liked it so well that he stayed and took a good bath. ALVENA SAZAMA, age 11.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—I have been more interested in the Robin than in any other bird. One time my little brother had some horse-hair sticking out of his pocket and while he was walking along a Robin red-breast flew down from the tree, grabbed the hair and sailed away with it to its nest in a tree nearby.

Oshkosh. ROSA HANSON, age 13.

This is one of a series of impersonations given in the Audubon Society of Miss Gowran's room, Seventh District School, Milwaukee:

What am I.

Do you know my name? Well, you must guess, for I will not tell you.

I am a rather large bird, my length being about 10 to 12 inches. I have a beautiful purple-feathered crest and back. My tail feathers are of a light blue color spotted with black and tipped with white. My breast is covered with a soft gray down, and I have a black necklace about my neck. My bill and legs are

black. I am a strong bird and I am not afraid of other birds. I am a bird that stays with you nearly all the year. Some people who do not know anything about me think I am cruel because I kill other birds, but I can assure you that it is in my nature and I am not nearly so bad as some other birds whose names I cannot recollect.

I have a wild cry which I make to scare other birds, but I also have a beautiful song which I sing to my wife while she is on the nest.

We usually build our nest half way up a tree, out on a branch; we are not afraid of birds, so why should we not enjoy the sunshine? Some people do not care about our nests because they say they are so clumsy and rude, but the truth is, we have to make them so large that we do not have time to be so very particular.

When our little baby birds are born, my time is entirely taken up feeding them. When they are still quite young we teach them to fly so that we can rest and have a gay time before they leave us and winter comes on.

We live most any place where we can find a nice home, although I like the country much better than the city.

I have just finished my morning paper and I found this written about me. See if you think it tells the truth:

"Something glorious, something gay,
Flits and flashes this-a-way!
'Thwart the hemlock's dusky shade,
Rich in color full displayed,

Swiftly vivid as a flame—
Blue as heaven and white as snow—
Doth this lovely creature go.

What may be his dainty name?

'Only this'—the people say—
'Saucy, chattering, scolding Jay.'"

ELSIE GILLETTE.

CEDARBURG.

DEAR MRS. PECKHAM:—A pair of bluejays built a nest in one of the tall trees near our house. I watched these birds during my leisure hours and think they were the sauciest little creatures I ever saw. They reared a brood of two.

These young jays quarreled among themselves almost constantly. The weaker bluejay when defeated, would scream so hard that it scared me.

One morning I heard a loud noise in our

duck yard. The bluejays were feeding with the ducks. One of the young bluejays was pulling some down out of the head of a young duckling.

This aroused my anger and I chased the bluejays away whenever they ventured into the yard where the fowls were kept. One time I saw the bluejays fight with our cat, but poor pussy was beaten and had to flee for her life. Although the bluejays are such mischevious fellows, yet I cannot help loving them for the good they do.

THUSNELDA HOFFMAN, age 10 years.

LAUREL AVE. SCHOOL, CHICAGO, Grade 2.

The robins are all pretty. I saw a field sparrow yesterday. The robins catch insects. I saw a hairy woodpecker in the woods. I saw an oriole. The flickers are here. I saw a crow. The birds eat worms and bugs and insects. I saw a bluebird. When the snow is on the ground the birds are in the South. I saw a catbird.

KEARSLEY MARTIN.

LA CROSSE, WIS., May 4, 1903.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—The Mourning Dove is a summer resident in this region. I first saw one on April 26 of this year. I think it is a very useful bird. It has a queer appearance

and is therefore easily identified. It is generally seen in pairs and sometimes in flocks. The warblers are beginning to pass. Up to this date I have seen four species.

WILLIAM SCHNEIDER.

MARSHALL, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—A short time ago I was passing a small stream when I met a pair of strange birds. They were about the size and build of a red-winged blackbird, but the head and neck were a bright yellow, the rest of the body was black with the exception of a white mark on the wing. Is it a goldfinch? Since then I have seen one of them several times but I have never found the nest. The song is not like a blackbird's. It consists of three notes, in a high musical key, and one in a lower key.

ALTA KUETHER.

The bird was a yellow-headed blackbird. The goldfinch has a yellow body, black cap, and black wings.

There once was a knowing raccoon

Who did not believe in the moon.

"Every month,—don't you see?—

There's a new one," said he.

"No *real* moon could wear out so soon!"

—Selected.

Birds In Their Relations To Man By CLARENCE M. WEED and AND DEARBORN.

T

HIS book is the outgrowth of twenty years of study and experience, and deals, it is believed, more fully and specifically with birds in their economic relations than any previous publication. It has been written from a knowledge obtained at first hand of birds and their habits, and of the plant world and insect world as they relate to the same. Professor Weed is a specialist in entomology, and is connected with the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, and Dr. Dearborn is in the Department of Birds, Field Columbian Museum.



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BY THE WAYSIDE

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How Mr. Drake Went to Court.

Mr. Drake was always pokin' 'bout in de puddles an' gullies an' he fln' lots of money; an', as he hab nowhar to spend it, he save it up, 'ca'se he no use for it in de farm-yard; an' he go roun' an' talk 'bout it, so de rest of de fowls dey soon come to know all 'bout his money, an' some way before long Mr. Buzzard he hyar ob it.

Now, in de olden time de Eagle an' de Buzzard dey bof look jes' erlike; but de Eagle was de King ob de birds, 'ca'se he was de braves' an' stronges' ob all de whole tribe.

One day, when Mrs. Hen was walkin' roun' de barn-yard, she see 'er shadder oberhade, an' she squcak out, "Oh, Mr. Drake, dar de King Eagle!" She don' know no better; an' Mr. Drake he think it de King, sho. So when Mr. Buzzard come sailin' down, Mrs. Hen scrape her foot an' drag her wing, an' so do Mr. Drake an' all de rest; an' Mr. Drake he bow low, an' he say, "Good mawnin', King Eagle." Mr. Buzzard feel mighty proud when he see dey take him for King Eagle, so he glare he eye, an' walk like he got on top-boots, an' try to hol' he bill up an' look grand, twell Mr. Drake feel very 'umble.

Den Mr. Buzzard say, "I hyar yo' got some money; don' yo' want to lend it to me at intrust? I'll pay yo' good intrust." Mr. Drake he say, "Yas; I'll be proud to 'blige yo." An' he scrapes up he money, an' bring it to Mr. Buzzard, an' he say, "Hyar's de money, King, an' I don' want no intrust; it am a great honor to lend yo' money!" But Mr. Buzzard he 'sist that he goin' to pay intrust; an' he roll he eye, an' hold up he hade, an' fly erway up in de sky, twell dey see nuffin but er black speck.

Mr. Drake feel proud an' set up. But er long time go by, an' he don' get no intrust or no money or no word frum de King. An' he git oneasy, an' he say he gwine to de co't an' ax for he money. But he wait erwhile longer twell he patience all gone, den he start

off on de long journey to de co't; an' on de way he pass er pore Mockin'-bird wid he foots fasten to er lime-tree, an' Mockin'-bird say, "Oh, Mr. Drake, my foots is stuck fast an' I can' get erway!" Mr. Drake feel very sorry for him, an' he say, "I'll help yo;" and he go an' foteh some water in he bill, an' soak de Mockin'-bird's foots twell he git loose; an' Mockin'-bird promise Mr. Drake if he eber have a chance ter do him er good turn, he will recomember.

Den Mr. Drake journey on, an' toreckly he come to de sea shore, an' dar was de co't on er big rock, and King Eagle on de throne, an' all his orsifers, Hawks, Peacocks, an' uder birds, settin' down in front ob him. Mr. Drake he walk straight up to King Eagle, an' he say, "Quack, quack, quack! I want my money back!"

De King he greatly s'prised, an' he say, "What yo' mean, sar, makin' all dat racket an' 'sturbin' de co't?"

Mr. Drake he tell him he done take he money an' promised him intrust, an' den neber send no word; and he say, "Quack, quack, quack! I want my money back!"

Den says de King, "De bird am crazy; I neber see him, nor borry money ob him;" an' he tell Mr. Peacock ter "take dat troublesome rascal off in de woods ten miles erway, an' gib him er good beatin', an' let him go."

Den Mr. Peacock and 'nother orsifer walks Mr. Drake erway, one on each side; an' when dey gits 'bout er mile erway in de woods, Mr. Mockin'-bird he sees he old friend in such trouble, an' he studies 'bout how he gwine help him. Den soon Mr. Peacock hyar er voice in de air ober hade, shoutin' "Rain, rain, rain!"

Dat was Mr. Mockin'-bird, but Mr. Peacock don' know dat; an' dey say, "We got ter be gittin home 'fore de rain; we might jes' as well let Mr. Drake go, an' hurry back;" 'ca'se Mr. Peacock ain't gwine git he fedders wet nohow, if he kin help it. So dey turn Mr. Drake loose, an' run off in great haste.

Pore Mr. Drake feel very much insulted by he treatment at co't, an' he think it 'ca'se he sech er plain, ugly bird an' all de co't orsifers so fine; an' he don' want ter go back no mo', but he want he money powerful. So he clean up he clo'es, an' take he way back to co't, an' walk in as befo', an' say, "Quack, quack, quack! I want my money back!"

An' de King he mo' mad dan eber; an' he say, "I got ter git rid ob dis crazy bird some way;" an' he call Mr. Fox, an' tell him to "take Mr. Drake off to de woods an' eat him up." So Mr. Fox he pick up Mr. Drake, an' run off to de woods. An' Mr. Drake think he time hab come.

But when Mr. Mockin'-bird see he ol' friend in such danger, he feel he bound ter help him; an' presenly a bird drap like he dade right in de path ob Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox say, "Hyar's er good mouthful;" so he try to hol' on ter Mr. Drake wid he foot while he eat de bird. But when he fin' himself loose, Mr. Drake run erway, an' Mr. Mockin'-bird fly up on de tree. Den Mr. Fox hyar er noise like er man callin' er dog, an' he think de hunters comin', an' he run off home fas' as he kin go.

Den pore ol' Mr. Drake feel so 'umble an' lost heart, an' he tell Mr. Mockin'-bird all he troubles. An' Mr. Mockin'-bird tell him, tak' courage; he know dar some mistake 'ca'se de King am honor'ble. An' so dey journey back to de co't once mo'; an' Mr. Mockin'-bird set up on de tree to fin' out what de matter.

Pore ol' Mr. Drake he walk up to de King, brave, an' he say up promp', "Quack, quack, quack! I want my money back!" De King was mos' 'straeted, an' he 'bout to hab Mr. Drake killed on de spot, when Mr. Mockin'-bird he see Mr. Buzzard workin' in de mud down back ob de co't, an' he say, "Oh, Mr. King, dar de fellar dat pass off fo' yo' Majesty an' borry de money!" An' de King was powerful angry, an' he call up Mr. Buzzard from he work, an' make him pay Mr. Drake he money. Den he order all de feddars striped frum Mr. Buzzard's neck, an' sand rubbed in he eye. So Mr. Buzzard neber try to be taken fer King Eagle since dat day.

Mr. Drake say, "Thank yo'" to Mr. Mockin'-bird, an' he journey back home, feelin' very proud, an' sayin', "Quack, quack, quack! I got my money back."

—From *St. Nicholas*.

Notes from an Aviary.

(CONCLUDED.)

In the first week of September who should come into the yard but a fine golden-winged woodpecker. We watched him for over an hour but he went away. The next day there were two of them, and you may imagine how we were wishing them to go in. We waited and waited and finally one of them walked into the vestibule; the door closed and we opened the aviary to welcome it. The other one flew to a tree above the aviary and remained there for some time. The next day it returned and kissed its mate through the wire. We called the one we had "Juliet," and the other "Romeo." Romeo kept coming three times a day, very early in the morning, then at ten, and at four in the afternoon. He would come on to the cage and they would kiss each other. This went on for three weeks and I felt so sorry for Juliet that I made up my mind to set her free; when one morning at six o'clock Romeo arrived with his mind made up to find his way in. He investigated every foot of the roof of the aviary, accompanied by Juliet within. Finally he came down to the vestibule. She stood close to the door, and he entered. Both were happy and I was more than happy.

Now came the fall, when twenty robins and many of the other birds were given their congé. It was a sad proceeding, as they all insisted upon remaining, some of them staying around the aviary for three weeks before going south. I kept in the aviary, four robins, Romeo and Juliet, Jake, two whistlers, two pheasants, and three quails. This was done to test how well-fed birds would stand our winter climate. We provided many warm nooks for them and they all kept well and happy through the cold weather. In a large room in the basement I kept six robins, two thrashers, Martha and George, two little tow-hees (the pugilists), two little whistlers, and three turtle doves. These were all taken out to the aviary early in the spring, and since then many new birds have been added. Five of my robins of last year came back, and I heard from Kentucky that a sixth had been shot there. Those that returned, with their little bracelets on, seemed to feel that they were entitled to a place in the aviary, and as soon as they were admitted began to pick their feathers and make themselves at home. The aviary has been enlarged and in its dif-

ferent sections I now have forty-eight birds of nine different species. I have again placed a bathing trough and a food dish outside, and the yard has many bird visitors every day.

—*Lucile Clas.*

What Ralph Saw.

Ralph had been sick a month; and, now that he was able to sit up, he liked to have his chair by the window, where he could watch the men work on a new house which was being built next door. He was glad the men were at work; for the days seemed long, and he liked to see the house growing before his eyes. One day the funniest thing happened. A strange workman appeared, but this workman hindered more than he helped.

Ralph was at the window, watching a carpenter who was measuring pieces of lumber. Ralph saw him take out his measure and mark the length with a pencil. He then laid the pencil down beside him while he sawed the board. Pretty soon he looked around to get his pencil and it was gone. He looked about a few minutes; then he took another pencil from his pocket. He marked another board with this and laid it down as before; and, when he wanted it again, it, too, was gone. The man now began to look vexed, and he searched all about, probably expecting to find some mischievous boy, Ralph thought. But, finding no boy and no pencil, he borrowed another pencil of one of the workmen; and this time, when he got through using it, he put it in his pocket. Presently he seemed to have measured all the boards he needed, and then he began nailing them in place. He took a handful of nails from the pocket of a big apron that he wore and laid them down within easy reach. He used a few; and, when he reached around for more, there were no more there. Then he stood straight up, took off his cap and scratched his head.

Ralph had been watching all the time, and knew where all the missing articles went; and now at the man's perplexity he laughed aloud. Mamma heard the merry laugh, and determined to go in as soon as she finished the dusting and see what was amusing Ralph. After the loss of the nails, the workman seemed to think something was wrong. He questioned some of the other carpenters, and finally went to work once more; but this time he took the nails from his pocket only as he needed them, and once in a while he would look around as

if watching for somebody. But he seemed at last to forget his mysterious losses, and to work on in his usual manner.

It was a warm day; and, as the sun rose higher, he began to feel warm, and finally he took out a large red handkerchief and wiped his forehead. Then he laid his handkerchief down beside him while he again turned to his work.

"Mamma, come quick, quick!" Ralph shouted; and Mamma hurried to his side. He pointed to the window. "Now watch that man's handkerchief," he said. "Don't take your eyes off from it."

Mamma wondered what Ralph meant, but she did as he said; and pretty soon, when the man had gone to work and turned his back to his handkerchief, down swooped a big black crow, picked the handkerchief up and flew off with it. Then how Ralph did laugh and clap his hands! "It's just too funny, Mamma," he said. And then he explained how the crow had been playing jokes all the morning. Mamma laughed, too; and then she said: "I think, Ralph, we will have to arrest Mr. Crow. Shall we tell the man who his tormentor is?"

"Yes," said Ralph, "only please wait till he finds his handkerchief gone."

So they waited; and presently the man turned to take up his handkerchief, for he had grown very warm again. His look of blank astonishment when he found it was gone was too much for both Ralph and Mamma, and they laughed till the tears stood in their eyes.

Then Mamma went out on the front steps and tried to call to the man, but he was shouting and gesticulating to the other workmen in such a frantic way that she had to go over to the building before she could make him hear her.

Ralph watched from the window. He saw the man turn at last and listen to what Mamma had to say; and he saw them go around to the further end of a pile of lumber, where there was a space between two boards, and there, safely stowed away, were the pencils, nails, and handkerchief, as they expected.

Then Ralph saw Mamma point up into the branches of a tree which stood near, and from which, as she did so, there came a cry of "Caw! Caw! Caw!"

The other workmen shouted with laughter. At first the subject of Mr. Crow's practical jokes was inclined to be angry, but at last he laughed with the rest.—*Southern Churchman.*

BY THE WAYSIDE

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In the last number of the *WAYSIDE* there is a misplacement of quotation marks. The quotation from Prof. Weed extends to the end of page 16.

The Indigo Bird.

Oh, late to come but long to sing.

My little finch of deep-dyed wing.

I welcome thee this day!

Thou comest with the orchard bloom,

The azure days, the sweet perfume

That fills the breath of May.

A winged gem amid the trees,

A cheery strain upon the breeze,

From tree-top sifting down;

A leafy nest in covert low,

When daisies come and brambles blow,

A mate in Quaker brown.

But most I prize, past summer's prime,

When other throats have ceased to chime,

Thy faithful tree-top strain.

No brilliant bursts our ears enthrall—

A prelude with a "dying fall,"

That soothes the summer's pain.

—From John Burroughs in *The Century*.

An English clergyman tells how he has been successful in taming a dozen or more varieties of birds. After many fruitless attempts he learned that the only time to tame them was in the winter. Then their stock of worms and grubs has been exhausted, and, with the trees bare and snow on the fields, the birds must beg, steal or die.

In taming a bird, he says, the same as taming any other living thing, man is merely winning its confidence. The conquest is attained not through fear, but gentleness. Thus, in taming a bird, food is used as only a means to show the feathered beggar that the giver of

it means him good and not harm. The first step which the English clergyman took in capturing the affections of his wild bird visitors was sprinkling some crumbs each morning on his doorstep. The news of his charity spread with great rapidity through the leafless woods, and flocks of robins, chaffinches, coletits, blue-tits, greattits, sparrows, blackbirds, thrushes and an occasional jackdaw came to feed. After the newcomers had grown perfectly confident of their security in hopping over the steps when the minister was indoors, they had another test.

The clergyman then spread several crumbs of cheese or cake on his palm, and rested his hand on the ground. After a great deal of twittering, one or two bolder spirits darted forward and snatched up the crumbs. The experiment was repeated, and the birds came for the crumbs with less timidity. The robins, braver than most of their brethren, led the way. After a time, the minister placed a cracker in his teeth, to find that a robin would fly into his face, and carefully, but with lightning like quickness, snatch the food in its bill and dart away.

After this time the birds did not wait to be invited. As soon as they saw their master walking in his garden, they would circle about his head, and if he stopped a moment to regard their importunities, a robin or a bluetit would hop to his shoulder and chirp in the most pleading sort of way. If he sat on his porch to read, the birds at last nipped at the paper or the pages of his book to attract his attention. A whistle at supper time would bring a responding flutter of wings from all directions. The coming of spring showed that the bonds of friendship which had been formed in the months of winter destitution, were far too strong to be dissolved by warm spring sunshine and fresh, green fields. A few ingrates disappeared, but the vast majority remained. Indeed, the custom of begging, of having their food obtained for them, of being exempt from the worry and uncertainty of hunting for it themselves, seemed to have demoralized their independent spirit. Crowds of loiterers hung about the garden watching for the clergyman, whose approach was greeted by tumultuous chirping. Some left the rectory for a time to nest, only to reappear with their little ones, to introduce them also to a life of vagrancy.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT.

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month, Illinois Children sending to Mrs. Wm. M. Scudder, 165 Buena Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Mrs. Peckham, 646 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive a bird book as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs one cent, and may be bought from Mrs. Scudder or Mrs. Peckham.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Bossert, Librarian, 719 Franklin St., Milwaukee.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham St., Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

The Meadowlark.

Description: Meadowlark (*Sturnella magna*). Adult both sexes; general appearance of back and wing coverts mixed black and brownish, each feather being streaked or barred; top of head with median line of buff; outer tail-feathers largely white, inner ones barred; line from bill over eye yellow, bordered above and below by black; sides of throat whitish, middle throat, breast and upper belly bright yellow; large black crescent on breast; sides and lower belly white streaked with black; legs strong, toes long. General aspect of head very flat from crown to end of bill. Length of males from end of bill to tip of tail 9.50 to 11 inches; females 8 to 10 inches.

Nest: Is placed beside a tuft of grass or at the foot of a weed stalk in a natural depression, or one made by the birds in a meadow or prairie; it is built of coarse grasses or weed stalks lined with finer material of the same kind and is usually well hidden by a dome or roof.

Eggs: White, spotted and speckled with brown, purple and lavender. Usual number five, varying from three to seven.

The people whose homes are among the green fields need no one to tell them of the æsthetic value of the meadowlark. It is claimed that the song of the prairie bird far exceeds in volume and sweetness that of its eastern brother of the meadows, but the wild sweet song of either leaves an impress on the

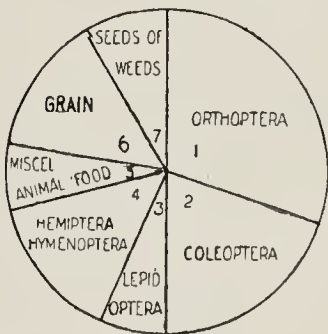
mind of the hearer that can never be effaced. However, the beauty of the meadowlark's plumage and the sweetness of its song are far less important to the human race than its value as in insect destroyer.

It is probable that there are few birds as valuable to the farmer as the meadowlark, as it is entirely terrestrial in its habits, procuring almost its entire food supply from insect life harmful to meadows and prairie lands.

An analysis of the food of the meadowlark leads one to wonder how a farmer can act so much against his own interests as to allow one of these birds to be shot on premises which he controls.

The following diagram and tables from data furnished by the Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture, give a graphic description of the aid these birds are to the agricultural folk:

FOOD FOR THE YEAR.



Months	Stomachs Exam'd	Animal Food	Grain	Weed Seeds	Total
Jan.....	13	24.36	75.28	.36	100
Feb.....	1	.00	25.00	75.00	100
March.....	12	73.14	17.00	9.86	100
April.....	28	77.51	15.10	7.39	100
May.....	8	97.99	1.88	.13	100
June.....	20	95.79	2.10	2.11	100
July.....	18	97.32	.00	2.68	100
August.....	28	99.35	.00	.65	100
Sept.....	29	99.20	.40	.40	100
Oct.....	40	94.39	.61	5.00	100
Nov.....	22	77.08	6.50	16.42	100
Dec.....	19	39.22	32.70	28.08	100
Year.....	238	72.95%	14.71%	12.34%	100%

- No. 1. Orthoptera.
Red-legged grasshoppers
Meadow " "
Other " "
Crickets

- No. 2. Coleoptera.
Weevil
Billbug
Curculio
Clover weevil
Fire-fly family
Lady birds
Scarred snout beetle
Leaf-eating " "
Flea " "
Darkling " "
Rove " "
Longcorn " "
Tiger " "
May " "
Ground " "
Click " "

- No. 3. Lepidoptera.
Butterflies
Moths
Cutworm
Armyworm

- No. 4. Hymenoptera.
Ants
Wasps
Stinging ants
Ichneumon flies

- No. 4. Hemiptera.
Stilt bug
Soldier " "
Assassin " "
Chinch " "
Spittle insects
Tree hoppers
Jumping plant lice

No. 5. Misc. Animal Food

Ticks
Snails
Thousand legs
Small batrachians
Sowbugs
Spiders and cocoons

No. 6. Grain.

Clover
Wheat
Corn
Oats

No. 7. Seeds or Weeds.

Pigeon grass
Panic "
Smart weed
Rag "
Gromwell seed
Black mustard
Bayberry

The diagram shows that nearly three-quarters of the meadowlark's food for the year is composed of insects, over 12 per cent. is weed seeds, and 15 per cent. is grain. However, an examination of the food by months shows that all of the grain that is eaten is gleaned from stubble fields in the months of January, February, March, April and December. After the month of May, when grain is ripening and is being harvested, none is eaten by meadowlarks. The favorite food is insects, when they can be obtained; for six months of the year the amount being over 90 per cent. and during August and September over 99 per cent. Even during the winter months, when insect life is dormant, the meadowlark finds enough that is hidden below the surface of the ground or secreted among the grass to furnish a very considerable portion of its diet. An examination of the table showing the actual kind of food found in the 238 stomachs gives further proof of the immense economic value of the meadowlark. Grasshoppers and crickets compose over 25 per cent. of its food, while an equally large share is made up of beetles, among them weevils, curculio, and click-beetles, these latter during the larval stage being known as wireworms, when they often destroy seed before it has germinated, thus ruining fields of corn and other grain at the outset. Meadowlarks also destroy cutworms, armyworms and numbers of the pest known as the chinch bug. This latter pest has destroyed in the United States during the last half century grain to the value of over \$330,000,000. In some of the Southern States, notably in Georgia, the meadowlark is called the wheatbird, as it is claimed it destroys wheat; however, the scientific study of its food proves this to be an unfounded and erroneous claim. Fortunately the meadowlark is protected by law in all parts of the country except in the following States, viz.: Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee, Missouri and Idaho.

The agriculturists of these States should insist that this valuable bird be given absolute protection, for by doing so millions of insect

pests will be destroyed daily, and hundreds of thousands of dollars will be saved which would otherwise be lost.

Study Points for Teachers and Scholars.

Is the meadowlark found with you in winter? If not, when does it arrive in the spring and depart in the autumn? Does the lark associate in flocks? Describe its flight. Describe its song. Does it sing while on the ground, or while flying? Does it walk or hop? Can you identify any of the insects named in the food table, either in the larval or adult stage? Can you name any other insects that the meadowlark feeds upon?

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Letters about the meadowlark should be mailed by September 1.

Prizes and Badges.

The honor badges for July go to William Schneider, La Crosse, and Eva Carr, Upper Alton.

In September a book will be given to the Wisconsin child who writes the best letter about what the birds are doing in August. The letters must be mailed by September 1.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

LA CROSSE.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—About the middle of April while tramping across the country, I found a phoebe's nest under the eaves of a shed. I was a nest that had been repaired from last year's use. In about two weeks there were five whitish eggs. The nest was near the road and it was robbed.

But the birds again went to work to repair it and about the middle of May there were again five eggs in the nest. After about two weeks the eggs were hatched. A few days later the young were photographed by one of my friends. When I visited it on June 18 they were ready to leave the nest.

WILLIAM SCHNEIDER.

Illinois Prize Letter.

UPPER ALTON.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—In summer we find a great many birds flying about in the trees and on the ground. They are busy all the day long

as they can be, hunting food for the little ones. Sometimes they are destroyed by the sportsmen who collect their eggs and kill them, and then take them to the large millinery firms to be dressed for hats, which seems a very wicked thing and all for pride, too. Some of us girls and boys have a society for their protection. In winter when there is snow on the ground they cannot find anything to eat and will soon starve and die if they are not fed. I sometimes put out things for them to eat, and they are very glad to get it.

EVA MAY CARR, age 11.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—The Phoebe is quite a small bird, and is often called the "Water Pewee." Probably it was given that name because it loves to build under a bridge or in a rocky bank near the water. The Phoebe is a great cooer. If you are anxious to find its nest, look about the woodshed and if there is any little nook you will be likely to see a couple of nervous little birds flitting about a nest. These nests vary quite a good deal. If they are near the rocks, the material chosen blends perfectly. In barns, it is built of mud and moss, lined with soft grass.

Once, when walking under a bridge, we came upon a nest built at the end of a plank. As we did not see any birds near, we noted the eggs, which were white with faint spots of brown. After we had consulted our bird books, we concluded it was a Phoebe's nest, and so it was. For when we went back again we found the mother bird on her nest.

One spring, quite early, I found a Phoebe dead under some telegraph wires, which it must have flown against in the storm the evening before.

La Crosse. HELEN J. FERRIS, 12 years.

FRANKSVILLE, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—There are four swallow nests on our farm, there are two in an old shed. Now the sparrows have the old swallows' nests for their house.

There is one nest on the eaves of our barn; it was built last year and part of it fell down, and the swallows have built some more on it.

Once there were some nests under the eaves of my friend's barn. There used to be about twenty nests there, but there aren't so many there now. One summer one of the nests fell down and there were some little birds in it, and one of my friends took all of the little

ones in the house and kept them and they grew to be very tame. They would follow the people all around the house.

Swallows have large wings and their tails are forked. They can fly swift and they fly most all the day. They lay five or six eggs and raise two broods every year.

WESLEY HUNTER.

The Pewee.

The Pewee is a bird that makes a nest out of mud, sod and roots, and sometimes they take chicken feathers to line their nests. This year there were some Pewees that built their nest on the side of our barn. They laid three eggs in the nest, and they all hatched. They can fly now.

ANDRE MELBERNE FISHER, age 8 years.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—One hot day two years ago last summer, I walked across a field of timothy towards the woods. It was so hot everywhere that the cool woods seemed especially inviting. All at once when I had got only a few rods into the woods, I was startled by the noise of what sounded like the wings of a large bird. Upon going a little farther, I saw a large brown bird which I knew was a partridge. I cautiously approached the spot from which the bird had flown, but I saw nothing. I pushed away the leaves, and there I saw fourteen little brown spotted eggs. How cunningly the old bird had scratched the leaves over the nest with her wings as she spread them and flew away! It was the last place I should ever think of looking for a bird's nest. The ground was bare of everything but short grass and leaves were scattered about. Over the nest was a limb that had been blown down by a wind storm. This was all there was to hide it, for the limb had no leaves on it.

MABEL CALL.

The Pewee.

The Pewee is gray on its back and white on the breast. Its tail sticks up between her wings. It makes a crack with her wings when she wants us to go away from her nest. They make their nests out of mud, roots, horse hair and other things. The color of the young birds is yellow on top and underneath a slate color. The pin feathers on top of the birds grow very fast.

Necedah. DE WAYNE ADELBERT FISHER,

DONCASTER, MD.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—As I am fortunate enough to have received a year's subscription of "By the Wayside," I think it my duty to write at least one letter about the birds of Maryland. Owing to the early spring the birds came sooner this year than usual. The robin redbreast and brown sparrow were the first to come. The robins build their nests here in April, and bring out their young ones in May, then it is very interesting to watch the old mother bird carry food to her young ones. Often on my way to school I stop to hear the birds sing. When there is snow on the ground the little snow birds come to our windows for something to eat—we scatter meal for them.

It is wonderful to see how many come when they see the others pecking in the snow. In May we have the prettiest bird that I ever saw. It is called the Baltimore Oriole. It is yellow with a black ring around its neck; black and yellow are the Maryland colors. We have a variety of birds, but the birds that sing the prettiest are the Linnet and English Mocking Bird.

MARGARET WILLIAMS, age 11 years.

YORK, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—A robin built its nest in a poplar tree near our hen house. When I went over there it was afraid and flew off from her nest. I watched it pick bugs and worms for its little ones. She chased a crow away from the tree; for she was afraid that it would hurt its young ones. I saw another bird when I went home from school after it had rained. It walked along the creek bank. It had a long bill, little black head and long neck; gray breast and brown back and wings. Its feet were long and slim. It had a long body like a dove.

The school went out Arbor Day to look after birds.

CLARENCE P. DAHL, 11 years.

Your strange bird was one of the rails or sandpipers.

There once was an Ichthyosaurus,
Who lived when the earth was all porus,
But he fainted with shame
When he first heard his name
And departed a long time before us.

—From St. Nicholas.

Birds In Their Relations To Man By CLARENCE M. WEED and AND DEARBORN.

THIS book is the outgrowth of twenty years of study and experience, and deals, it is believed, more fully and specifically with birds in their economic relations than any previous publication. It has been written from a knowledge obtained at first hand of birds and their habits, and of the plant world and insect world as they relate to the same. Professor Weed is a specialist in entomology, and is connected with the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, and Dr. Dearborn is in the Department of Birds, Field Columbian Museum.

The volume is particularly notable for its collation of a large amount of the most recent information upon phases of bird life, which is to be found elsewhere only in scattered reports and periodicals.

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BY THE WAYSIDE

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AUGUST, 1903

No. 4

A Robin Story.

Last spring I was interested in a robin who built her nest where I could see her every day. The robins returned from their winter absence about the first of March, as they usually do, and this particular robin set to work at once building her nest. Everyone knows that it is not usual for robins to begin house-making until the uncertain March weather is past, and everyone knows that the proper place for a robin's nest is in a tree; but this particular robin is an unusual bird. Not only did she begin nest-building three or four weeks before the other robins, but she chose as the place for her nest the upper edge of one of the shutters of my bed room window.

The window shutters remain open day and night, but the edge of one of them is a very narrow support for so large a thing as a robin's nest. My robin went diligently to work; she carried sticks and rags and bits of mud and placed them on the shutter-edge; but her task was not an easy one, for when she had accumulated a handful of material her foundation would give way and the whole would tumble down between the shutter and the wall of the house. This occurred again and again, but in spite of repeated failure she kept at work, and I do not doubt she would have persevered until she had filled the space behind the shutter with her sticks, had not another difficulty arisen. My mother is an exemplary housekeeper, and when she found what a mess the robin was making—and I admit it was a mess—she interfered, removed the peck or more of material collected behind the shutter, and left the shutter swung out from the wall of the house.

Further building on that shutter was impossible, but there are other shutters on the house. The robin immediately went to work, gathered material, and placed it on the edge of another shutter on the other side of the house. Her work was dislodged again, and she at once chose another shutter. This strange

persistence lasted for about three weeks; it seemed that she waited about with a bill full of material until she could find a shutter swung back against the house wall, when she would begin again as diligently as at first. The family had grown quite interested in this robin's unfortunate efforts, and my mother was persuaded to let the bird have her own way, when we found that she had yielded at last, and was building her nest like any ordinary robin in a maple tree just opposite my window and perhaps twenty feet from it. This nest was duly completed, and in it our robin raised her first brood. Early in June the chicks were fledged, and then a second nest was built in another maple tree near by.

I felt satisfied at the time that this robin was new to the art of nest-making, else she would have acted as other robins do; and I was glad that my mother had insisted in dislodging her, because a nest on a shutter would have been in constant danger of falling and besides—had she been allowed to begin house-keeping so early—cold weather might have destroyed her eggs.

This year the robins returned at their usual time, and since the first of March have been abundant. Within a week after their return, I found to my surprise and interest that a female robin was again at work building a nest on my window shutter. The vicissitudes of last year were repeated exactly; the bird was driven away from one window only to begin again at another; and on the twenty-third day of the month I saw when I returned home in the evening that the robin was at work building her nest in the maple tree, in the identical crotch where she had placed her first nest last year.

These incidents have given me something to think of. In the first place, there seems scarcely room for doubt but that this robin and the robin of last year are one and the same bird. If that be so, consider that she left us last November; that she spent the winter—say in North Carolina, four or five hun-

dred miles away; and that she has returned again at the same season, on nearly the same calendar day, to the same locality, neighborhood, to the identical spot where she raised her broods last year. What surprising conclusions follow upon this chance observation. It seems to me very likely that this particular bird was hatched from the egg in a nest in our own door-yard and that so long as she lives she will return each year to this nesting-place.

This robin has allowed me to see many matters of domestic life which I had never seen before. I have seen that the female does all the work of nest-building; I have seen how she tramps down the mud and straw to a hard platform, and how she molds the walls of the cup-shaped nest upon her own red breast; I have seen that the duties of the male bird begin when the eggs are hatched, and I think that he has the care of the youngsters when they are quite grown and the female has begun a new nest for her second family.

The Professor and the White Violet.

The Professor.

Tell me, little violet white,
If you will be so polite,
Tell me how it came that you
Lost your pretty purple hue?
Were you blanched with sudden fears?
Were you bleached with fairies' tears?
Or was Dame Nature out of blue,
Violet, when she came to you?

The Violet.

Tell me, silly mortal, first,
Ere I satisfy your thirst
For the truth concerning me,
Why you are not like a tree?
Tell me why you move around
Trying different kinds of ground,
With your funny legs and boots
In the place of proper roots?
Tell me, mortal, why your head,
Where green branches ought to
spread,
Is as shiny smooth as glass
With just a fringe of frosty grass?
Tell me—why he's gone away!
Wonder why he wouldn't stay?
Can he be—well, I declare—
Sensitive about his hair?

—From *St. Nicholas*,

Tommy in Spiderland.

Not so very long ago I used to think that I knew all about spiders. I thought they were little gray things that made webs in the corners of the porch. I have learned a thing or two since then. When I came out to Delafield to visit Aunt Sally and she told me that there was one part of her garden that she called "Spiderland," it didn't sound very pleasant to me, but now I like to go there, though I suppose no girl would dare to, girls are so awfully afraid of spiders. Aunt Sally has brought in a lot of different kinds that make webs, some round, and some flat, and they have settled down and live among the bushes. The biggest one is *Argiope riparia*. (It's funny that every spider has two names, just like a child.) She is just enormous, black and yellow, and she hangs in her web with her head down. I guess any girl would be scared stiff to see her, she looks so big and poisonous—at least that's what I thought at first, but now I don't mind her a bit. Aunt Sally says that the biggest spider in Wisconsin can't bite as hard as any common mosquito. *Argiope's* web is very large and round and has some white darning up and down the middle to make it strong. There are long threads running out to the grass in front of it and when you come near and touch one of these she shakes herself back and forth so fast that she disappears entirely. I think that this is very smart of her, for it protects her from enemies, such as birds. Her mate is a tiny little black spider who lives up in a corner of the web and when they talk they do it by telegraphing on the lines. I've seen them. Aunt Sally says that in August we shall see her make her cocoon, and that she will lay about 2,000 eggs in it! You would think they would be pretty thick at that rate, but when they are little the wasps catch them by dozens. Once I opened one of these mud nests that that pretty blue wasp, that is always hanging around the pump, makes up in the barn, and it was crammed full of little spiders with a wasp egg on top.

The very prettiest web in the garden belongs to a little black and white spider named *Linyphia*. (We call her by her first name for short.) It is something like the shape of a bowl upside down, made of millions of lines, and when the sun shines on it it is just exactly like a soap bubble covered with rainbows. It is mighty pretty, too, when the dew is on it, but when there is no dew and no

sun you can hardly see it, and I suppose that protects her from her enemies. She hangs on by her slim little legs with her back down. Then there is Agalena, who sits in a hole in the grass with a wide sheet of web in front of her. When a fly gets on that sheet, Zip! like a streak of lightning she is out and in again and the fly is gone. There is one very jolly little bow-legged yellow spider that sits all day in a yellow flower and catches flies. He moves sideways like a crab. There are other crab spiders but they are brown, and not so pretty. The best of the whole lot, I think, are the jumpers. They aren't a bit afraid of you and if you take one on your finger (of course a girl wouldn't dare), and hold up another finger he will jump across to it and will keep going back and forth. The jumpers are pretty, I can tell you. Some of them are red, some are bright shining pink and green and blue, and some are black with three white spots. They hold their heads up high and look so knowing. My favorite is black with black horns on his head and eight perfectly white legs. The jumpers are all called Attus, just the way all of our family are called Smith. Then there are the wolf-spiders that run on the ground. Their name is Lycosa. They are dull-colored but they are very quick and clever. The mother carries her eggs around with her tied up in a white bag, and when the little ones hatch out they all get on to her back, about fifty of them, and ride around so cunning and comfortable.

Wasn't I a silly to have gone all my life without knowing one spider from another?

—T. S.

Helping the Birds.

I had watched this pair of bushtits from the very moment when they agreed to hang their pocket nest on the depending branch of a pepper tree no higher than my upstretched hand. The initial was a bit of plant-fiber laid across a slender twig. It took the two all day to find sufficient fiber to lay over the twig for the breadth of two inches. It was rough and tough and clung as it was laid. Then came spider web over and under the fiber strongly woven, more fiber and many lichens. Long searches were made in pear and apple trees where delicate mosses and lichens grew, on the under side of boughs where garden spiders had concealed round little white disks full of eggs. The eggs were eaten but the round soft disks went into the pensile nest. A thou-

sand things went into that nest, things no mortal eye ever saw nor mortal mind dreamed of. It was made of atoms added bit by bit, and cemented with moist spider web of an early morning. Thinking to aid the birds in their long task, at the end of the second week I placed a pinch of absorbent cotton in sight. No sooner did the bushtits spy it than they made inquiries, testing the nature of it by a pull with the beak, tossing it in the air as if to see if it were light or heavy, weighing it on scales invisible to our gross sight. Then they decided in favor of the cotton. They pulled at it from morning to night, taking it in atoms to the nest. At last six eggs were laid and incubation began.

One day there came a storm, a hard, driving rain, but the bushtits kept to their business. Suddenly between the showers I understood that the eggs were birdlings; for forth the birds flew when the clouds parted, returning with minute insects which comprise the food of young bushtits. The storm continuing, I would have placed an umbrella above the nest, as I often had done for the humming birds; but I thought, "This nest is covered, and only a little water can find its way in at the doorway." It was my mistake.

Next day when the clouds lifted I knew there was trouble. Both birds went in at the door one at a time; both birds came out and looked at each other in sorrow. I climbed up to see, and what met me was a tragedy indeed! My womanly instinct to meddle with what concerned other folks had led me to a fatal error. The cotton closely packed atom by atom in the nest bottom had refused to filter the rain, as natural building materials always do, and there, in a little pool, lay the dead birdlings, drowned. I could have cried. But my bushtits took heart of sorrow. They would try again, and they were wiser. They took to tearing that nest away, bit by bit, and weaving it on a higher bough. Every atom of it was taken save the cotton. Not a fiber of it would they touch. It hung all summer in tatters from that old pepper tree, reminding them and me of misfortune. And, though I still placed cotton all about the yard, never have the bushtits, this pair or any others, touched it. I truly believe that they gave information. Humming birds, goldfinches and yellow warblers take the cotton; save for looking it askance the bushtits are indifferent. Nor have they ever nested quite within my reach since.—*From Sunset Magazine.*

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the fifteenth of each month.

The official organ of the Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

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All communications should be sent to MRS. G. W. PECKHAM, 646 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis.

For the next three years the birds of North America are to be left in comparative peace and safety, and the protecting care of the bird lovers in this country stretches beyond our own shores. The Millinery Merchants' Protective Association has pledged itself not to import, manufacture, buy or sell, gulls, terns, grebes, humming-birds and song birds. After January 1, 1904, the same safety will be given to herons and pelicans.

It has taken a surprisingly long time to arouse in women the feeling that they ought not to wear feathers, but at last that feeling has developed. Perhaps one aigrette is seen to-day in gatherings where a hundred waved ten years ago, and the woman who wears that one has usually an apology for it ready on her lips. The reform is accomplished, but whether it is to be lasting or not depends upon the attitude of the thousands of young people who are growing up all over the land. It is comforting to think that the band of WAYSIDE readers will stand ready to fight against the cruel fashion of feather-wearing when next it comes to us.

From the milliners our birds are safe for the present. What other danger threatens them? Thirty-one states have Audubon Societies, but only seventeen have passed the model law for bird protection. The low standard of public opinion in the southern states is nothing less than appalling. When our songsters, loved and protected in the north, leave us in the fall, what reception awaits them in the south? Take the robin as a good example of what happens to them all. Mr. Dutcher says: "In central Tennessee are large tracts of cedars, the berries of which serve to attract myriads of robins in the winter. One small hamlet in this district sends to market annually enough robins to return \$500 at five cents per dozen, equal to 120,000 birds. My informant naïvely says: 'They are easily caught at night in the roost in young cedars; we go to the roost with a torch and kill them with sticks, others climb the trees and catch

them as they fly in.' One of the officers of the Louisiana Audubon Society furnishes the following information regarding the robin slaughter in his own state: 'They are commonly killed for home consumption and for marketing, a conservative estimate of the number killed annually being from a quarter of a million in ordinary years to a million when they are unusually plenty. During the past winter one gunner killed over 300 robins in one day, and in one village in the state the boys and young men are vying with each other for a record in robin killing, the present high record being 200 birds in one day.' " (*Ed. Leaflet No. 4.*) Ought we not to send down a band of our young people to civilize the boys of the South?

Mrs. Ida E. Tilson, of West Salem, writes: "A pair of wild canaries are here the second year after our salsify seed, of which they are fond, and we are willing to divide. Two orioles nested two years near our peas. Again we were willing to divide. As they missed their opportunity this year we fear they are shot. They eat pea weevils and thus help pay their way. Have both male and female of the red-headed woodpecker red heads? There is a difference in other woodpeckers. How long before the young get red heads?"

Both male and female have red heads, but the young ones have gray heads through the first season.

A curious instance of bird death is recorded by W. E. D. Scott in his recently published "Story of a Bird Lover." He tells a story of a Kingfisher who was shot, pursued his flight, apparently unhurt, for two hundred feet, and then dropped dead. Still, when the body was examined, there was no mark of a wound upon it, which gave rise to the possibility that a wild bird could be frightened to death. "I have seen the same thing happen many times since," continues the story. "I know now the reason for this. A single shot striking a bird in flight, penetrating the thin side of his body and entering his lungs, makes a very small hole and no external hemorrhage ensues. There is little or no shock to the bird; I fancy he hardly feels pain, but presently the internal hemorrhage from the great blood-vessels that have been severed makes him suddenly unconscious, and in a moment he is dead. The time, however, between the penetrating of the shot and the internal hemorrhage is sufficient to allow the animal to travel a very considerable distance, seemingly uninjured."

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT.

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month, Illinois Children sending to Mrs. Wm. M. Scudder, 165 Buena Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Mrs. Peckham, 646 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive a bird book as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs one cent, and may be bought from Mrs. Scudder or Mrs. Peckham.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Bossert, Librarian, 719 Franklin St., Milwaukee.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham St., Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

The Sparrow-Hawk.

Adult male, upper parts reddish brown and bluish, barred with black; tail reddish brown, with a broad black band near end; black stripes on sides of head; underparts reddish brown, somewhat spotted with black. Female, back, wings and tail barred with black; under parts streaked with brown. Length, 10 inches.

Nest, in hollow trees. Eggs, three to seven, finely and evenly marked with reddish brown.

Every boy or girl who has lived or visited on a farm knows the sparrow hawk. He is the smallest of the birds of prey, but unlike most of them, he lives in the fields and meadows rather than in the forests. One may often see him perched on a dead tree top, a telegraph pole, a fence rail—any point from which he can look down upon the field below, or flitting from one perch to another, or again poising on fluttering wings and swooping to seize a hapless mouse in the grass beneath. His shrill, rapidly repeated cry is a familiar sound in the country, and has gained for him in some places the name "Killie-hawk."

I have been greatly interested in a pair of sparrow-hawks which have for several years spent their winters in town. I find them each year in the busiest part of a busy city; and they seem quite indifferent to the noises and bustle of the crowded streets.

I may see them any day from November to April. At times they are about day after day, and again I miss them for weeks together. My office is on the twelfth floor of a high

building; from the window one may look down upon the roofs and towers of several public buildings, while a church spire near by rises to the level of the eye. The towers and peaks of these buildings are the perches of my hawks; I hear their shrill calls as they pass my window, flying to and from the weather vane which surmounts the steeple.

A flock of pigeons lives in the neighborhood. There are fifteen or twenty of them. They frequent the roofs below my window, and have a habit of pattering along the eaves and fluttering across open areas. I have repeatedly seen one of the hawks, perched on some pinnacle above, wait until one of the pigeons takes wing, then dash down on it with wonderful swiftness, passing the pigeon and flitting off to another look-out point. Meantime the flock of pigeons rises in alarm, and after circling above the roof settles again. Soon another opportunity comes, and the hawk darts down again, and again the pigeons are in the air. After a few repetitions, the pigeons seem to become thoroughly frightened, and rising in the air they fly in a compact body far out over the city and above the river beyond; they remain on wing for a long time and settle at last on some house top a quarter of a mile away or more. I have watched these encounters carefully, and I have not yet seen the hawks actually strike a pigeon; I think that the hawk is playing merely—that he takes a sort of pleasure in harrying the pigeons.

I do not feel sure that I know why these sparrow-hawks come to town each year; but I think it is because they find more to eat there than in the country. As a rule, hawks do not go far away to the south in winter as many birds do, though they do travel southward when deep snows come. Their principal winter food is of mice and other small animals, and these in winter are hard to find in the country meadows, for they have tunnels beneath the snow and do not often venture outside in cold weather. I think that these particular sparrow-hawks (and probably many others of their kind) have learned that there is plenty for them in the city, even in winter, and so they come back each year. Fortunately for them, they come to a place where dangers are few.

One thing more remains to be said about these city hawks. For three succeeding years I have seen them in town about the middle of June; and last year I saw them there in August, and again in September. I do not think they make their nests in the city; but it seems that when the nesting time is past and the little hawks have learned to care for themselves, the parents make visits from time to time to their winter quarters.

I want to say a good word for the sparrow-hawk. I have no doubt that it is a common idea that sparrow-hawks are called sparrow-hawks because they kill and eat sparrows. That is not the reason for the name. Many years ago, in England and France, hawks of various kinds were trained to catch and kill birds and small animals; this kind of hunting was called "hawking," and the training of the hawks was called "falconry." The sport was as great a pastime as gunning is to-day. Different kinds of hawks came to be known as "duck hawks," "goshawks," etc., because they were used to capture ducks or geese or other birds or animals. After this custom in naming, the smallest hawk of all was called "sparrow-hawk" because it was flown at sparrows and other small birds. All this came about years before America was discovered by Europeans. When our own country became settled, people naturally gave to the plants and animals of the new world the familiar names of like animals and plants of the old world. Thus our robin got its name, though as a matter of fact the European robin is a very different bird; and thus our smallest hawk was called "sparrow-hawk," and the name has stuck, though naturalists find that the European sparrow-hawk resembles other American hawks more closely than it resembles our sparrow-hawk. It is said that sometimes our sparrow-hawk kills small birds. I have never seen one do this; but by far the greater part of his diet is of mice and grasshoppers. Instead of being destroyed because people think they kill birds—as they seldom or never do—sparrow-hawks should not be harmed, for they are very useful in killing vermin and farm pests.

Letters about the sparrow-hawk should be mailed by October 1.

Prizes and Badges.

The honor badges are won this month by Olga Lier, York, Wis., and Muriel Lampert, Belvidere, Ill.

In September a book will be given to the Wisconsin child who writes the best letter about what the birds are doing in August. The letters must be mailed by the first of September. On the first of October a year's subscription to *Bird-Lore* will be given for the best set of notes on birds made during the month of September.

Secretary's Letter.

DEAR CHILDREN.—What has become of all our little letter writers? Are they watching their little feathered neighbors so hard that there is no time left to write to the WAYSIDE about them? I hope that is it, and that this fall as soon as we all get back from our vacation trips we will remember about all those birds and nests that we saw during the summer and will try to tell each other about them. for we are all interested in hearing what everyone else has seen.

It is getting pretty late for nests and eggs now, but I have found some nests with young robins in them, and one nest in which a red eyed vireo has laid her eggs and in which she hopes soon to have a little family hatched out. I wonder if you all know the red eyed vireo. This is a friendly little bird and lets me go very near to her while she is on the nest. The nest is built of fine grasses and rootlets, about three feet from the ground in a wild cherry tree, and woven carefully into the nest is some embroidery paper, such as comes on the inside edge of candy boxes. The little bird evidently intended to make her home pretty as well as useful.

The red eye's eggs are about 4-5 inches long and are a pinkish white with a few small brown spots on the larger end.

HELEN R. SCUDDER.

Illinois Prize Letter.

Notes from the bird world in Belvidere, Illinois, for March, April and May, 1903.

March 3. The weather was warm like early May. Chickadees and bluejays and a brown creeper were seen eating some suet.

March 10. My first robin was seen in a cedar tree in front of our house.

March 13. Some junco's were calling cheerily.

March 16. I heard a bluebird, but, although I looked hard, I couldn't see it.

March 18. I heard a queer call note, and, after looking, I saw a junco singing. This

was the warmest day for March for seven years, it was said.

March 19. A robin was seen bathing in an old dripping-pan set out for the purpose.

March 20. The water in the robin's bath tub froze to-day.

March 22. Mamma and I heard a mourning dove.

March 23. Snow fell thick and fast, but, notwithstanding, I saw a flicker.

March 24. To-day mamma put out some lard and corn meal and a robin was seen there quite a number of times. I told mamma it was the very same bird.

April 1. I saw a brown creeper and a sapsucker; in the evening I saw a bluebird in an apple tree at the back of our house.

April 3. Mamma saw three bluebirds at once.

April 10. I saw a thrush, which, I am sure, was a hermit.

April 17. Mamma saw a very large flock of wild geese going northeast. She thought about one hundred.

April 21. The little white-throated sparrows get under our barberry bush and try to scratch like chickens.

April 24. Our white violets in full bloom make quite a bank of white.

April 30. There were so many warblers, redpoll, magnolia, chestnut sided and redstarts, and a red-breasted nuthatch.

May 5. I saw my first catbird of the season and also my dear friend, the rose-breasted grosbeak.

May 8. I saw my first ovenbird and cowbird, although the latter had been reported before at school.

May 12. Mamma saw a scarlet tanager, some baby robins, and I, the first oriole.

May 24. My first humming bird of the year.

MURIEL LAMPERT.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—I think the king bird does not look as pretty as many other birds; it does not have so many bright colors. They have a long body and a black head. Their back is dark gray; their breast light gray; their bill is long.

This year a king bird built her nest on a sickle that was laid across two boards in our wood shed. She laid four little eggs. Now they have four little birds. She is not a bit

afraid. If we go in after wood, sometimes she will sit on the end of the nest and look in it.

This year, early in April, our teacher and all the scholars went into the woods and there we saw a phoebe sitting in a tree. We tried to watch after it. We followed it a little way, then she flew away. It is a very small bird; the upper part is dark, the under part is light gray, washed with yellowish.

The oriole is black and orange. All its body is orange and its head and wings are black. I found an oriole's nest in an oak above our house. They do not build their nest like other birds, but build it in the top of trees, of wool and cords. They tie it to the tree by a cord.

York.

OLGA LIER, age 13.

The Hunt for a Noise.

One day not long ago, I went to see some of my playmates, and they have two chickens and I had not seen them before, so Stella took me to the woodshed where they stay. All at once we heard a little noise as if it was a bird's call, for it was in the shed, and we looked for it all over. At last we saw an old piece of stove pipe and thinking it was in this pipe, although we did not take it down, for we were afraid, we called my brother and Stella's brother, and they took it down and then I shook it out right carefully, but it was not there. The wind blew wild and every time the wind would blow right hard it would go chee. chee. Then Lock and I went into the house and lit a lantern. Then we looked in a trunk, but we could not find it any place. Then it was getting dark so I went home. Yesterday morning at school Stella's sister Irene told me that it was only a little mouse, and when I told mamma, papa, and my little brother, they all laughed at us.

CORA WUERKER, age 10 years.

Alton, Ill.

OSHKOSH, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—Enclosed please find 25 cents in stamps for which please send me "THE WAYSIDE," commencing with the May issue. I have every one from last year and I would not like to miss one. I will give them to a member of the Audubon Society in a few days.

The 21st of June I took a ride of about five miles and then I saw 29 vesper sparrows,

2 bluebirds, 5 robins, 1 meadow lark, 12 swallows, 6 bobolinks, 6 goldfinches, and 32 that were so far from me that I could not recognize them, making 93 birds in all. It was early in the morning and it had rained only a few hours before.

In spring I saw a crow under a tree. He was holding something in his bill; he must have been looking for a place to hide it, for he would drop it and then walk around awhile, always looking closely to the ground. Then he would pick it up again and walk around with it. In about five minutes another crow came to this place and then the first crow flew away as fast as he could.

I have seen only one mourning dove, but I never found a nest yet.

ERWIN G. PFEIFFER.

A Bird.

A couple of years ago when we had our house built, papa built up a place to put his tools. One morning we saw a bird carrying straws to the place. In the evening papa saw a nest. We left it there. The next day we saw nothing in it, but the third day there were three eggs in the nest. Every morning we gave him rice to eat. At first he was frightened and would not eat till we had gone in the house, then he would eat.

Soon two little birdies were hatched; and the eggs that did not hatch she rolled out of the nest. Soon the birdies were learning to fly, and soon they left the nest.

HILDA HANSON, 8 years old.

Member of Nelson Dewey Audubon Society,
Superior, Wis.

HAMMOND, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—When I was going over town one day, I saw a robin in a puddle of water. The robin was splashing about for nearly five minutes when a sparrow flew down from a tree up over the water and went into the water. When the sparrow got into the water they began splashing the water all over each other. My brother had a bird house in one of our apple trees. There was one little blue bird in the nest. One night something knocked the bird house out of the tree and ate the little bird and tore the nest out. Some blue birds are building another nest in the bird house. About every day I put bread crumbs on the ground for the birds. At our

next neighbor's house two robins built their nest in the eavespout. There were four little robins in the nest. When the lady painted her house, about two weeks ago, she left a place where the nest was built, until the little birds were old enough to fly away. One day my mother found a little robin, and my brother caught it and let it go, and some more robins came and took it back to the nest.

GEORGE McCULLOUGH, age 9 years.

CEDARBURG.

DEAR MRS. PECKHAM.—One calm, sultry day last summer I sought the cool shade of some tall, leafy box elders that stood near our house. I heard something stir. I looked up and saw two goldfinches flitting about some six feet above my head. On further search, I discovered that they had built a nest in this tree. I could see that there were little goldfinches in the nest. How proud and anxious the mother seemed to be!

The next day when I paid a visit to my feathered friends I felt very much disappointed, for not a bird was in the nest. Evidently the two strongest ones had flown away. Looking around I saw the weak one lying helpless in the grass about ten inches from my feet. He tried to fly when he saw me. I took the helpless little creature and put him back in the nest for fear my kitty should espy him. As soon as I was on the ground again down tumbled my little goldfinch. I then took him into the house and cared for him until supper time when I put him back into the nest once more.

The next day I saw a very interesting sight and one which I shall always remember. The mother goldfinch was teaching her prodigal birdlet how to fly. The mother bird had an insect in her mouth and perched on the bough above the nest. The baby goldfinch opened his mouth as wide as he could get it, expecting to swallow the morsel immediately. But mamma goldfinch deliberately flew to the next tree. Her tiny infant, eager to get the delicious morsel, flew after the prize. I think the little goldfinch did not try to exert himself.

Every morning before I go to school I feed the birds. Then I conceal myself so that they cannot see me. This enables me to study birds and their habits.

IRENE KBESSIN, age 10 years.

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VOL. VI.

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No. 5

Professor Chipmunk's Surprising Adventure.

The oak tree selected by the committee was excellently adapted for the purpose, being deep in the woods, shady, and yet not so thickly leaved as to obstruct the audience's view of the sky, in case of hawks or other unruly members of society.

Professor A. Chipmunk, though a little dingy in coloring and somewhat thin, as indeed was natural, considering his experiences, appeared to be fully conscious of the importance of the occasion and ready to do his best.

Precisely at noon he climbed to his place on one of the smaller branches, took a dainty sip of rain water from an acorn cup, waved his tail gracefully to the audience, and began:

Quadrupeds and Bipeds: Your committee has told me that there is much curiosity among you in regard to my experiences during my recent captivity in the hands of that grasping and selfish race which converts our happy woodlands into desolate farms, and prefers to the sprightly and interesting dwellers of the woods the overfed and stupid slaves of the farmyard. For the benefit of my younger hearers, I will say plainly that I refer to the ordinary Homo, commonly known as man. (Applause.)

Most of you know that it was my misfortune to fall into the clutches of these strange animals, and my good fortune to return again to my bereaved family, and to you, my neighbors. And I am sure that I can find no more fitting occasion than the present to thank you all for having supplied my wife and children with acorns and walnuts during my absence. But for the sake of the few who may not know how it was that I became the prisoner of the slow-moving animals to which I have already referred, I will explain that I entered, in the interests of science, a sort of inclosure or artificial burrow known in their tongue as a "trap." My purpose in entering the inclosure was to ascertain whether it was a safe place

for a squirrel to reside and I am quite convinced by my experience that it is *not*. The trap is commodious, dark and well sheltered; but it has the serious defect that the entrance does not always remain open. Indeed, in the case of the one I examined, no sooner had I entered it than something fell over the end, shutting out the light. As it fell I heard a peculiar sound from a bush near by, sounding like "*Igothim*."

Some of you may ask why I did not push aside the obstruction and escape. The same thought occurred to me; but no matter how hard I pushed, it would not move. I then began to gnaw my way out, when a remarkable thing occurred. You have, many of you, been upon a branch when it was violently swayed by the wind. In the same way did this trap behave. It seemed to be raised from the ground and to be shaken violently, so violently, in fact, that I had to cease my attempts at gnawing my way out.

This continued for quite a time, and when it ceased the cover was opened. Glad to escape, I sprang through the opening. But to my surprise I found that I was not free. I found myself in another inclosure made of thin straight twigs, without bark, and harder than any wood. I think I may say without presumption that my teeth are as good as those of any rodent who may be present, but try as I might, I could make no impression upon even the smallest of those cold gray twigs.

[At this moment two blue-jays in one of the upper branches, who had already been chattering in rather an audible tone, burst into a peal of mocking laughter. A king-bird flew at them and gave them a good pecking, whereupon they flew away toward the swamp, and the audience settled down again and begged the professor to go on.]

As I picked up a few words of their language, I can inform you that this contrivance was called a "*cage*," and seemed to have been

made for the purpose of retaining such wood dwellers as might fall into these creatures' power.

Several of the young animals gathered around it and examined me closely, apparently to determine whether I was good to eat. Indeed, the youngest of them—what they call a "Polly"—tried to seize a piece of my tail, but was prevented by the older and greedier ones.

They seemed to think that I was not fat enough to be eaten, for they furnished me a variety of food. Among the things offered were bits of apple, a kind of sweet stone they call "*sugar*," which was very like clean ice or hard snow, a dusty sort of dry stuff known to them as "*crackers*," and a few poor walnuts. Of course I did not feel like eating, but they would not leave me alone. They poked me with bits of stick, until, seeing a good opportunity, I bit the young animal called a Polly on the end of one of her soft claws. Then she wanted to hurt me; but a larger one of the animals, known as a "Papa," interfered and tied a soft white leaf around her elaw, probably so that she might not scratch me.

By this time I heard a curious jingling sound and I was soon left alone. The jingling sound was evidently of much importance to these curious creatures. I heard it always early in the morning, at about midday, and after dark; and whenever it was heard, the animals, big and little, would leave me for a time long enough for eating perhaps a dozen hickory nuts.

Except the continual staring and poking, nothing was done to me the first day. But at night there was a great slamming and banging, the lights were suddenly taken away, and the whole place became dark.

Then how I suffered! The air became very heavy and close. I could not sleep. The hole in which these queer animals sleep was terribly warm and oppressive, and I longed to be in the woods again.

When the light returned the jingling sound was repeated. The Papa and the Polly and the rest entered the big hollow where I was, and repeated a form of words until I was able to remember it. They said: "Good morning, Papa." "Good morning, Polly," and then went out of the hollow.

After another long time a third one of them came in and looked very pleasantly at me.

The Polly and the Papa came and stood looking in too. Then the larger one said some words to the others, and repeated something like "*Lethimgo*."

The Polly said, "*Whymama!*"

The other said again, "*Lethimgo*."

Then the cage was picked up and carried out of the hollow and into the field where they lived. Next the Polly worked over one side of the cage until she had made an opening in it.

Strange to say, none of them seemed to notice this opening, and of course I did not call their attention to the oversight. (Laughter.)

I waited until the Polly had run away to where the other creatures stood, and then I made a quick jump through the opening, and away I went!

It did not take me long, I promise you, to make my way back to the woods.

My observations while in captivity may be summed up as follows:

I should advise you to avoid entering any of those peculiar square, hollow logs known as "traps," as it is much easier to enter them than to escape from them. I am sure few would be clever enough to escape as I did.

If you should be so unfortunate as to find yourself in a "cage"—which, you remember, is made of hard gray twigs—bite the soft elaws of the creatures who poke you.

Do not eat the stange foods known as "*crackers*" or "*candy*," as they do not agree with any but men.

Large men are known as the "Papa" or "Oh-Papa," and the smaller ones as "Polly" or "Bobby." The worst kind, I believe, is the "Bobby," and the best and kindest seems to be the "Whymama."

These curious creatures all have a means of putting out the stars and moon at night, and prefer to sleep in very hot and bad air. They also run away somewhere whenever they hear a jingle, which happens three times a day.

I thank you for your attention, and hope to be in my usual health soon.

After a vote of thanks the meeting adjourned, much impressed by the boldness and learning of Professor Chipmunk.—*From St. Nicholas.*

About Some Wasps.

I suppose any country boy would know all about such things, but in the city a fellow doesn't learn anything interesting, and so I always thought that wasps were either yellow-jackets or hornets, and lived in big nests all together, and when you threw a stone at a nest and they all came zizzing out it was fun if they didn't catch on to who did it, and when I found out that there were about a thousand kinds of wasps that lived all alone, each one by itself, I didn't know how to believe it. I got interested in them this way. I was moseying round the boat-house one day and I happened to notice a little thing with brownish wings that kept coming and coming, every minute or two, and creeping under an old bathing suit that hung there. Finally I pulled it away from the wall and looked, and here, fastened to the flannel, were some tiny little tubes made out of mud. Two of them were shut at both ends, but the other wasn't quite finished. I called my Aunt Sally to look and she said that the little thing was a wasp, named *Agenia*, and that she was making nests for her babies. I thought I would watch and see what happened, and after awhile *Agenia* came running along over the floor with a spider in her mouth. She crammed it into the nest, and it was a tight fit, and then she laid an egg on it, and then she brought little crumbs of dirt and closed up the end of the nest. I thought this was pretty wonderful, but when I began to hunt for them I found queer wasps everywhere. Of course Aunt Sally helped me and told me about them. Wouldn't you think the mother-wasp would look after the young ones? No. She lays an egg and puts in something for it to eat, and then she is done with it. When it hatches it isn't a wasp but a little wormy thing, and after it has eaten up the spider, or whatever its mother has given it (different kinds have different things for dinner) it spins itself up the same way a caterpillar does, and then it changes into a wasp. Now the loneliest thing I ever heard of is that new wasp when it gnaws itself out. Nobody to welcome it, no mother, nor grandmother, nor aunt to tell it what to do, no society to take an interest in it, not even an orphan asylum. You'd think it would be discouraged enough to lie down and die, but instead of that it goes ahead and does everything that it ought to do quite nicely. It knows what to eat and what kind of a nest

it ought to make, and what particular thing it must catch for its young ones. *How does it know?* Its brain is no bigger than a pin head. They say *instinct*, but that doesn't tell you anything. *What is instinct?*

These wasps kill all sorts of things. A good many of them take spiders, and I'm sorry for that, they are so pretty and interesting, but "they chiefly use their charm on creatures that do people harm," as the Pied Piper said. I think they must be nearly as useful as birds, and ought to be protected by the Audubon Society. There is one kind with yellow marks, named *Cerceris* that lives in the vegetable garden and takes all sorts of beetles that injure things; and another, a very thin one with a red belt, takes hundreds of caterpillars that the farmers want to get rid of. Others take flies and bugs and plant-lice and crickets and grasshoppers and most everything. There is one that makes its nest in straws, so you can see it is pretty small, and some go into raspberry stalks, and holes in trees, and lots of them dig in the ground. I saw a cunning little black one with white spots, named *Pompilus*, digging in the ground, and how she did kick! The dirt just fairly *flew*! She dug down out of sight. Then when the hole was done she flew to a weed, and there, all the time, her spider had been hanging. Just as she came for it an ant was tackling it by one leg, thinking to carry it off, and gee, whiz! how Mrs. *Pompilus* pounced on that ant! Mad wasn't the name for it! The reason that the spider hung there waiting so patient and nice was that she had stung it and it could not move a bit. Well, after she had sent the ant flying, she took it into the nest and in a minute she came out and filled up the hole, and swept all the loose dirt away, and brought some sticks and pebbles and dead flowers to scatter around and make things look natural. It was pretty to see, I can tell you.

When I think I've got to go back to school next week and learn to diagram sentences, and figure how many minutes since George Washington died, and such rubbish, when I might be here in Delafield finding out about real things, it makes me tired!

T. S.

A Hungry Customer.

Quoth the Lion, "My mane is a bore,

For I live in a tropical clime.

I have called upon barbers galore,

But they never can get through in time!"

—Selected.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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The official organ of the Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

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All communications should be sent to MRS. G. W. PECKHAM, 646 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis.

When Nebraska passed the model law for bird protection and organized an Audubon Society, the meadow-lark was chosen to appear upon the button worn by the bird lovers of the state. Thus it happened that when the Rev. R. E. L. Craig, one of the prominent clergymen of Omaha, went shooting, he was particularly unfortunate in choosing meadow-larks for his victims. Twenty-two of these lovely songsters fell before his gun, but they were quickly avenged, for Mr. Craig was arrested and fined \$110 for violating the law. This shooting incident, which but a few years ago would have aroused no comment, has brought a storm of indignation, reproach and ridicule upon Mr. Craig. That a minister of the gospel should find amusement and pleasure in killing songbirds is a state of things that shocks the public conscience, as is seen by the severe comments of the papers throughout the country, East and West. The sinner who has been so overwhelmingly condemned, is probably wondering what all the fuss is about, for the secret of the whole matter is that he is from the South, where shooting meadow-larks, or robins, or anything that lives, is a method of acquiring merit in the eyes of one's fellow citizens. One who did not know might suppose from this, that the people of the South were a lot of hard-hearted barbarians, but this is so far from being true that few Northerners can sojourn among them without learning lessons in gentle-hearted kindness. We are no better than they are, but we have awakened to a realization of what we owe to all beautiful and harmless life on the earth, while they are still sleeping.

Dallas Lore Sharp, writing in the *Atlantic* about "Birds from a City Roof," says: "We need some birds just to sit around, look pretty, and sing. We will pay them for it in cherries or in whatever they ask. But there is also great need for birds that kill insects. And first among these are the Nighthawks. They seem to have been designed for this sole purpose. Their end is to kill insects. They are

more like machines than any other birds I know. The enormous mouth feeds an enormous stomach, and this, like a firebox, makes the power that works the enormous wings. * * * But if he never caught an ant, never one of the fifth story mosquitoes that live and bite till Christmas, how greatly still my sky would need him! His flight is song enough. His ery and eerie thunder are the very voice of the summer twilight to me. And as I watch him coasting in the evening dusk that twilight often falls,—over the roofs, as it used to fall for me over the fields and the quiet hollow woods."

The Stranger Cat.

A little girl with golden hair
Was rocking in her grand-ma's chair,
When in there walked a Stranger Cat—
(I'm sure there's nothing strange in that.)

It was a Cat with kinky ears
And very aged for its years.
The little girl remarked, "O, scat!"
(I *think* there's nothing strange in that.)

But presently with stealthy tread
The cat, which at her word had fled,
Returned with eane, and boots and hat—
(I *fear* there's something strange in that.)

"Excuse me," and the cat bowed low,
"I hate to trouble you, you know,
But tell me, have you seen a rat?"
(I *know* there's something strange in that.)

The little girl was very shy—
"Well really, I can't say that I
Have seen one lately, Mr. Cat."
(I'm *sure* there's something strange in that.)

"O haven't you?" the Cat replied;
"Thanks, I am deeply gratified.
I really couldn't eat a rat."
(We *all* know what to think of that.)

And then the Cat with kinky ears
And so much wisdom for its years
Retired, with a soft pit-a-pat,
(And that was all there was of that.)

—From *St. Nicholas*.

La Crosse has a teacher's Audubon Society, the first of the kind in the state. It is led by Miss Rohan, and the active members are the Misses Bradley, Brayton, Becker, Bosshard, Brigham, Caldwell, Gallagher, Heydon, Higgins, Sidensol, Shuman, Irerorrow, and Wood.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT.

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month, Illinois Children sending to Mrs. Wm. M. Scudder, 165 Buena Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Mrs. Peckham, 646 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive a bird book as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs one cent, and may be bought from Mrs. Scudder or Mrs. Peckham.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Bossert, Librarian, 719 Franklin St., Milwaukee.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham St., Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

The Osprey, or Fish Hawk.

Upper part brown; head, nape and under parts white. Length, about 23 inches.

Nest on the top of trees. Eggs, two to four, variable in color, usually creamy white, blotched with brown.

This species lives in colonies, and also in pairs, returning year after year to the same nesting ground. Its food consists solely of fish which, as a rule, it captures alive. Winging its way slowly over the water it keeps a keen watch for fish which may appear near the surface. When one is observed it pauses, hovers a moment, and then closing its wings, descends with a speed and directness of aim that generally insure success. It strikes the water with great force, making a loud splash, and frequently disappears for a moment before rising with its prey grasped in its powerful talons. As a rule, it carries its food to some favorite perch, there to devour it. When protected, fish hawks, like many other birds, to a large degree, lose their fear of man. In the Adirondacks a pair had a nest for many years, and though sportsmen's boats passed under their very tree on the way up the lakes, the birds, protected by the chivalry of the guides, were so tame they would perch beside the nest unmoved while the gunners looked up at them. It is said that these birds sometimes combine to drive away the bald eagles, but never attack them singly.

When the nest is visited the male is des-

perately courageous in defence of the young. They are very devoted in their attentions to their mates and supply them with food while on the nest. Wilson relates a touching instance of this devotion, when a female that had lost one leg and was unable to fish for herself, was abundantly supplied by her mate.

The osprey sometimes nests in large colonies and when a new nest is to be made the whole community has been known to take part in the work. They are remarkably tolerant toward smaller birds and permit the Purple Grackle to construct its nests in the interstices of their own.

The nests are composed externally of sticks, piled to a height of four or five feet, and are lined with softer material. They are so large that one would nearly fill a cart, and would be a fair load for a horse.

The foot of the osprey is remarkably adapted to holding its slippery prey, the toes having pads with horny spikes, in addition to the sharp, curved nails.

From Ridgeway, Chapman, and Mrs. Bailey.

Letters about the Osprey should be mailed by November 1st.

Prizes and Badges.

The honor badges for September are awarded to Wesley Hunter, Franksville, Wis., and Mildred Dixon, North Alton, Ill. The prize offered for the best study of August birds is not given, as no letters have been received in competition. On the first of each month, hereafter, a subscription to *Bird-Lore* will be awarded for the best study of birds made during the preceding month. This competition is open to teachers and children.

Secretary's Letter.

My Dear Children: The protection of birds is rapidly becoming a custom in most civilized countries, but did you ever think that a small part of the world is civilized? When it comes to a proper regard for the animal creation, certainly of the bird creation, Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden probably take the lead. After them come the countries in which the English language is spoken, and then Germany and France. Spain and Italy are very low in the scale, and the rest of the world is in a melancholy state as yet. In India, thanks to the

English influence, good laws have been passed, and now from far Australia comes the good news that great efforts are being made to save the native birds and to prevent the trade in feathers. The colonies of egrets in Victoria are being rigorously protected, and the government of Queensland will soon have certain islands reserved for the nutmeg pigeons. Action has also been taken to reserve chains of lakes in Victoria as breeding places for wild fowl.

Both you and your teachers should be interested in the monthly prize, offered in this number, of a subscription to *Bird-Lore*. This magazine is beautifully illustrated and is full of interesting things.

ELIZABETH G. PECKHAM.

Wisconsin Prize Letter—The Flicker.

A great variety of names does this bird possess. It is commonly known as the Golden-Winged Woodpecker, Yellow-Shafted Flicker, Yellow-Hammer, and less often as High-Hole or High-Holder. Around here we call it the Fliker or High-Holder. It lives around in the United States and in Canada. It usually comes in April, sometimes in March.

It is interesting to watch a Fliker. The Fliker is very useful; it destroys multitudes of grubs, larvae and worms. He loves berries and fruit, but the damage he does to cultivated fruit is very trifling.

Flickers build their nests about two weeks after the bird arrives from the South; it prefers open country or any old stump or partly decayed limb of a tree along the banks of a creek.

My uncle built a barn and didn't build his house right away, but after a while the Flickers came there and pecked a great many holes in the barn and one day they went out and killed some of them. There was a Flicker that built a nest in a hole in one of our apple trees and laid nine eggs as white as snow.

WESLEY HUNTER, age 14.

Illinois Prize Letter.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—The meadow-lark is about as large as a robin. Its back is brown and its breast is yellow. It has a black crescent on its breast. Just below the wings is white spotted with black. The lower side of its head is also white, spotted with black. The top of its head is brown, while below its eyes and behind its bill is buff. Its outer tail

feathers are mostly white, while the inner ones are barred. It builds its nest in tall grass in the meadows. It is sometimes covered and has its entrance at the side. Its eggs are white, spotted with brown, purple and lavender. There are from three to seven, but generally five.

The meadow-larks are very cunning, because when they want to go to their nest they do not fly right down to it, but they light a little distance from it and creep along in the grass till they come to it.

Their song changes with the seasons. In winter a peculiar lisping, long and sad note is heard once in a while. In spring-time its clear and flutelike whistle rings out from the trees and is very sweet.

The meadow-larks are very valuable to farmers because their food consists mostly of insects which are harmful to the meadows and prairies.

I once read a story about a meadow-lark whose nest was in a farmer's meadow. When the men were cutting the grass they noticed a meadow-lark flying about, but when they went to look for the nest it was not to be found. One day the meadow-lark flew very near the mower and the men stopped the mower and hunted for the nest and this time they found it. The mower was stopped just in time to save the young birds' lives. The farmer cut the grass all over the meadow but the place where the meadow-lark's nest was. No doubt the bird was thankful for the farmer's goodness.

Much would be saved if the meadow-lark's lives would be spared, as they kill many insects.

MILDRED A. DIXON, age 13.

North Alton, Ill.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

DEAR MADAME.—This morning was our teacher's visiting day, and Dunean Rowles and I went to the cemetery, looking for birds. We started at half-past eight. When we got to the park at the entrance to the cemetery we saw our first bird, the yellow throated vireo. Then we entered the cemetery and saw four brown thrashers. One of these kept us looking for nearly fifteen minutes, when we discovered it at the very top of the tree into which we had been looking. Another one was inside an evergreen tree. We then heard a song a little way off, and went to see what kind of a bird

was singing. It turned out to be a redstart. While we were returning we saw a chipping sparrow. The robin was seen next, pulling a worm out of the ground. Soon a red-winged blackbird rose out of the marsh, the red on his wings looking very pretty. A bluejay soon came flying over the trees, followed by a bronzed grackle. Next we saw a myrtle warbler, and close by was a white-throated sparrow. Above our heads circled some chimney swifts. We saw a song sparrow next, singing very sweetly. Then we saw the prettiest bird of them all, the Baltimore oriole, of which we saw quite a few. Next we saw the least flycatcher. Then we were attracted by a curious song. We could not find the bird that was singing it. We saw instead a black and white creeper and a golden crowned kinglet. As we were crossing the Green Bay tracks we saw a bluebird. Then we went into a pasture where we saw a red shouldered hawk and a warbling vireo. Our attention was then diverted by a nest up in a tree. Duncan climbed the tree and peeped into the nest. It contained two little birds and an egg. Then he climbed down and we sat awhile on the grass. The father bird soon came and fed them. Then we went over into Lake Park, where we saw a flicker. As we went down to the pump to get a drink, we saw a ruby crowned kinglet. In the marsh were several kingfishers and a jack snipe. These we watched for a while and then started for home, but had not gone far when we saw a vesper sparrow. Our next bird was seen between 7th and 8th streets on Vine. It was the purple martin. Then we went home, for we were very hungry. We had seen twenty-five different kinds of birds.

HOWARD GATES, age 11 years.

RETREAT, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—One morning when I was going to school I saw two robins carrying bits of dry grass and little pieces of cord, and I stopped to watch them and see where they went. Soon they flew to a berry bush and hopped into it. When they went away I went to see the nest, but they only had it half done.

At night when I went home from school they had it all done. Now the mother robin is laying the eggs and I hope they will hatch. Our teacher has just organized an Audubon Society of which I am a member, and this week we are studying about the robin.

NORMA BATTLES, age 11.

YORK, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—A little while ago a robin built her nest in a tree near our house and she had four little eggs and now there are four little birds. I watched them one night. The male was out in the field and found a worm and he flew over to the tree and sat under it. Then the female flew down and took the worm and flew up again and the little birds opened their mouths wide and she dropped a little into it. Then the male flew out in the field again to find some more.

MABEL ANDERSON, age 11 years.

BURKHART, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—I found a bird's nest in my father's barn last summer. I watched it every day till I found the old bird on the nest. Then I knew it was a robin's nest. I got her so tame I could almost lay my hand on her. I watched her every day till after the eggs were hatched. I happened not to look at her one day and when I looked again they had flown away. But they used to come back and sit by the nest every night.

FRANCES TOBIN, age 12.

BELVIDERE, ILL.

MY DEAR MRS. PECKHAM:—I am very much interested in birds. To-day I have seen crows, thrashers, robins, grosbeaks, mourning doves, black-birds, chimney swifts and a hawk and bluejays. I love to watch the old birds feed the young.

I think that baby bluejays are so white where they are white and so black where they are black and so blue where they are blue. They have such a pretty "tweet tweet," too. I have two pet pigeons and two canaries. My doves are slate-colored with a many hued neck. One of my canaries is very much like a sparrow. The other is a whitish yellow.

MURIEL LAMPERT.

CEDARBURG.

DEAR MRS. PECKHAM:—One bright day last summer we amused ourselves by playing tennis. I looked up and saw a robin flying over the tennis court with an earth-worm in his mouth. A bluejay saw the fat worm in the robin's mouth. He darted at the robin and succeeded in snatching the worm from him. The robin was not discouraged, as I supposed he would be, but went in search of another worm and found one.

When he wanted to fly away with it, the bluejay darted at him again and stole the worm. In this fight the bluejay broke the robin's wing. The robin fell to the ground and I surely thought he was going to die. I took the wounded robin and put him in a manger which was lined with soft hay and the robin nestled on this. The hired man, not knowing this, tied my ponies in front of the manger and fed them with oats and corn. I was afraid my ponies had killed the robin. I looked, my robin was eating corn with my ponies. I was very glad that my pets had made such good friends.

VICTOR WITTENBURG, age 10 years.

The Story of a Robin.

The robin is a great favorite wherever he goes. When the ground is mellow with moisture and the angle worms have worked their way to the top, leaving little loose hillocks all about the yard, then we may look for a visit from the robin. The robin does not harm other birds' nests.

LAURA SIMON, age 9.

Boardman.

Billy is a small boy of four. Dr. Ogden is a friend of the family who takes an active interest in living things.

Billy's mother saw him approaching with a garter snake dangling from his hand.

"Why, Billy, what are you going to do with that?"

"Going to send it to Dr. Ogden. We naturalists exchange specimens!"

The Migration of Birds.

It is difficult to ascertain the time occupied by migrant birds in performing their journeys and the pace at which they fly. Indeed, as to their speed we have scarcely any positive evidence. There are several instances reported, supported by good testimony, of enormous distances being traversed by birds in a single flight; and, did we know how long birds can exist on the wing without alighting, we should be able at all events to estimate approximately the time occupied in these flights. The American golden plovers, for example, seem to accomplish at a single flight the enormous distance of one thousand seven hundred miles. The birds breed in the Arctic regions between Alaska and Greenland, and when autumn comes they pass through Nova Scotia and strike boldly out to sea on the way to their winter quarters to the West Indies. A glance

at the map will show that the Bermudas form the only land on which they could alight; but they are only seen there occasionally during unfavorable weather, and many witnesses have declared that they have seen flocks of these birds flying southwards many hundred miles to the east of the Bermudas. It seems incontestable, therefore, that the American golden plover usually covers the distance in a single flight.—*From Chamber's Journal.*

Glimpses of wild life in the city are not infrequent, so any summer day nighthawks and swifts may be seen circling high above the streets; nighthawks sometimes lay their eggs on the flat roofs of city homes. Ducks and geese pass over cities when migrating; and one winter day I saw a little band of ducks, storm-bound, resting on the river, where city and bridges and steamboats hemmed them in on every side. I have a red-tailed hawk, too, a bluebird, and a pair of bluejays on my list of city birds. No animal is more shy than the fox; yet I know of a wild fox which made its den in a rubbish pile behind a warehouse in the heart of town, where he was discovered and killed—and a poor, sooty fox he proved to be.

One bright day in March, when the first softness of spring was in the air, a city florist placed his potted hyacinths and tulips in rows along the sunny pavement; the sweet odor of the Easter flowers filled the air. As I passed, I saw honey bees, not one or two, but twenty of them, humming from flower to flower. Where had the bees come from, and what had guided them here? How many blossoms may one find in the town in March?

In the Country.

Sunshine for the robin's song,

Night for the whippoorwill's;

The morning hours

For the scent of flowers

And joyous chirps and trills;

And all the day from dawn till night

For warbling birds and flowers bright.

Dark hours for the whippoorwill,

Light for the robin's voice;

And all the time

For lilting rhyme

That makes the woods rejoice;

And all the time and all the hours

For song of birds and bloom of flowers.

—*From St. Nicholas.*

BY THE WAYSIDE

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The Birds of George Sand.

George Sand tells in the story of her life of her love for birds, and of what a wonderful power she had over the little wild creatures. Her grand-father was a bird seller in Paris, and she thinks he must have chosen this business because he had the same power that she possessed of attracting and taming them. Her mother too, the daughter of the bird seller, was always accompanied when walking in the garden, by flights of little birds who lived at liberty in the trees, and who would boldly alight on the hands that had fed them. So George Sand inherited this strong love for the feathery race, and here is the story she tells of her bird friends:

"I raised two warblers of different species and from different nests; one had a yellow breast and the other a gray. The yellow breast, named Jonquille, was fifteen days older than little grey breast whose name was Agathe. Fifteen days for a warbler, the most knowing and precocious of our little birds, is equal to ten years in a child's life. Jonquille was a nice little creature, still thin and poorly feathered; she could not fly from branch to branch and could not even feed herself; for birds raised by man develop much more slowly than those that are left wild. The mother warblers are much severer than we are and Jonquille would have eaten alone fifteen days sooner if I had been wise enough to leave her to herself, and never to yield to her importunity.

"Agathe was an insufferable little creature. She would only hop about, cry, ruffle her growing feathers, and torment Jonquille, who was beginning to reflect, to state problems to herself, one little foot drawn up under the down of her dress, her head drawn in between her shoulders and her eyes half closed. However she was still a very young child, very much of a gourmand, exerting herself to fly down that she might gorge herself the moment I was imprudent enough to look at her. One day I was writing a story in which I was warmly

interested. I had placed at some distance a green branch on which my two pupils sat in friendly fashion. It was cool, and Agathe, still half naked, huddled close up to Jonquille and crouched under her breast. Jonquille played mother very generously. They both kept quiet for half an hour, by which I profited in my writing, for they seldom permitted me so much leisure in the day.

"But at last, appetite awoke, and Jonquille jumping on to a chair, and then on to my table, blotted the last word at the end of my pen while Agathe, not daring to leave the branch, beat her wings and stretched out her half opened bill with cries of despair.

"I had reached the most interesting part of my story and for the first time I was cross with Jonquille. I pointed out to her that she was old enough to eat alone; that close to her bill was a good dinner in a pretty saucer, and that I would no longer shut my eyes to her laziness. Jonquille, vexed and obstinate, concluded to sulk, and returned to her branch. But Agathe would not give up in this fashion, and turning to her companion she demanded something to eat with incredible persistence. No doubt she was very eloquent, or if she did not yet know how to express herself in words the accent of her voice was enough to lacerate a tender heart. I, barbarian, looked and listened without moving, studying the emotion plainly visible in Jonquille, who seemed to hesitate, and to undergo some extraordinary mental struggle.

"At last, armed with resolution, she flew with one sweep to the saucer, cried a minute, hoping that the food would rise to her bill. Then she decided and began to peck it.

"But, O prodigy of feeling! She does not think of her own hunger, she fills her bill, returns to the branch and feeds Agathe with as much address and skill as if she had already been a mother. From that moment Agathe and Jonquille troubled me no longer. The little one was fed by the elder, who succeeded better than

I could have done, for Agathe became trim and shining and fat and learned to eat alone.

"So this poor little creature, a mere child herself, took her companion as an adopted daughter, and would not have fed herself except as she was forced to it by motherly love for her little comrade.

"A month after this Jonquille and Agathe, always together although of the same sex and of different species, lived at liberty in the big trees of my garden. They did not go far from the house, and chose for a home the branch of a great oak. They were slender and glossy. Every day, as it was summer and we took our meals out of doors, they flew down to the table and sat with us like friendly guests, sometimes on a near branch and sometimes on our shoulders, sometimes flying before the servant who brought the dish of fruit to take a taste before us. In spite of their confidence in all of us, they would permit me only to catch them, and at any time they would come down from their tree at my call, which they knew perfectly and which they never confused with that of anyone else.

"I had also a redbreast, who for intelligence and memory was a wonderful creature, and a royal kite, who was savage toward everybody, but who was on such intimate terms with me that he perched on the edge of my son's cradle, and with his great beak, sharp as a razor, he would, with a tender and roguish cry, nip off the flies that settled on the baby's face. He did this with such skill and caution that he never awoke him. This fine fellow however was so strong and self-willed that one day he threw down and broke the immense cage in which we had put him, because he was dangerous to those who displeased him, and flew away. We had no chain whose links he could not quickly cut and the largest dogs were terribly afraid of him.

"In Venice I once lived in very friendly fashion with a charming starling, which was drowned in the Canaletto, to my great grief, also with a thrush, which I was obliged to leave behind me, and from which I parted sorrowfully.

"The Venetians have remarkable skill in educating birds, and at the corner of the street was a young fellow who accomplished marvels in this way. One day his lottery ticket brought him, I don't know how many sequins. He spent them all in one day on a great feast that

he gave to all his ragged friends. The next day he went back to his corner of the street, on the steps of a landing place, with his cages filled with magpies and starlings which he sold, already taught, to the passers by, and with which he amused himself from morning to night. He felt not the least regret that he had spent his silver on his friends. He had lived too long with the birds not to be an artist. It was on that day that he sold me my thrush for five sous. To get for five sous such a pretty, good, gay, and learned companion, who need live with you only one day to love you all his life, it is really too cheap.

Ah! the birds! how lightly they are esteemed, how little appreciated! E. G.

The Leaf-Cutter Bee.

The roses in their different varieties occupy a prominent position in the flora of our gardens, and it is with much regret that throughout the summer months we frequently find the foliage of our rose-bushes more or less destroyed by insects. A close investigation reveals the fact that several kinds of insects or their larvae participate in this work of destruction. To the majority of these insects the leaves serve as food. But there is one among them that utilizes pieces cut out of the leaves as material for the construction of its nest. This is the leaf-cutter bee, *Megachile*. If, on looking over your rose-bushes, you discover that circular pieces about one-third of an inch in diameter, or oval pieces more than half an inch in length have been cleanly cut out of the leaves, then you have unmistakable evidence of the visits of a leaf-cutter bee to your garden. The work of this bee is a masterpiece of neatness and accuracy. There are several species of *Megachile* in our surroundings, and these differ somewhat in their habits. The leaf-cutter that usually visits our rose-bushes, very often constructs its nest in some hollow space below a board on the outside of our dwellings. As a rule a site for the nest is selected not far from the plants that furnish the nest-building material. At first long, oval pieces are cut out of the leaves, and placed together, so as to form a thimble-shaped cell, which is closed at the bottom. This cell consists of several layers of leaves, the innermost of which are fastened together with a glue-like secretion from the bee's salivary glands. After

he cell has been completed the leaf-cutter visits different kinds of flowers, in search of honey and pollen. The pollen is stored away in the cell, mixed with honey, and this mixture serves as food for the future bee-larva. In this way the cell is partly filled up, an egg is placed on the top of the food supply, and the bee starts out anew for the rose-bushes. This time she returns with a round piece of a leaf. Five or six of these are placed on top of each other, and form the lid which closes the opening of the cell very tightly. A second cell is added to the first and in this manner a straight row of several cells is formed. If there is sufficient room an additional row of cells is constructed, and occasionally several rows are found. In one instance the number of cells in a single nest amounted to thirty, and the number of leaf fragments used was estimated at nearly one thousand. And then it must be taken into consideration that this respectable number of cells had to be supplied with pollen and honey. This represents an enormous amount of work on the part of a single individual, and we can easily understand that the building of the nest as near as possible to the plants visited by the bee is of great importance to the latter as a time and labor saving factor.

Megachile is not always fortunate in the selection of the place where she builds a home for her offspring. One forenoon in the middle of last July, at one of our summer-resorts, a number of ladies were greatly excited over the repeated appearance of a leaf-cutter bee in their midst. The ladies were sitting near a table on the porch. There was a pile of old newspapers on the table, and the bee in question had discovered a space between the folds of a newspaper which she deemed fit for her purposes. Accordingly she went to work, and came flying in every few minutes, holding her leaf between her legs. Every time she was greeted with the words "there's that nasty wasp again," whereupon a general and hasty retreat on the part of the ladies followed. The nest was broken up, and was found to be in the initial stage, consisting of eight or nine leaf-fragments only. In this manner quiet was restored among the female population of the resort, and fortunately nobody had come to grief, except the poor leaf-cutter, who had worked industriously for nothing, and was

obliged to start out in search of a more suitable spot for her nest.

Last year in the month of September, a nest of a leaf-cutter was found near Whitefish Bay in an old partially decayed branch of a birch, which had been tossed up on the beach of Lake Michigan by the waves. The branch was dry, and was lying on that part of the beach which is usually not reached by the waves of the summer months, but is certainly washed by the severe storms of winter and spring. This too was a rather dangerous place for a bee's nest, for although the thick, waterproof cocoon of *Megachile* is able to withstand the effects of wet surroundings to a great extent, it is more than probable that it would have been crushed between the masses of ice that are thrown upon the beach in the course of winter.

Undoubtedly the greatest danger that threatens the existence of the leaf-cutter bees comes from the activity of several parasites. A parasitic bee *Coelioxys*, is unable to build and supply a nest of her own, and is therefore in the same position as the cow-bird or the European cuckoo among the birds. This bee enters the nest of the leaf-cutter during the absence of the latter, and deposits an egg in the pollen-mass, which has been stored away for the future leaf-cutter. The larva of *Megachile* is killed by the larva of the intruder and the latter makes himself at home and grows fat on the ample supply of food in the nest. Quite different is the method employed by a tiny parasite belonging to the family of Chalcis-flies. It lays numerous eggs on the body of the leaf-cutter larva, and the young parasites develop inside of the body of their victim. When the time comes for the leaf-cutter bee to emerge from its nest, numbers of these parasites make their appearance through a small opening on the side of the cocoon. This parasite has been named *Melittobia magachilis*. It furnishes an example of a very small insect with a big name. S. G.

A fairy's broken wing,
How piteous a thing!
Quick Devil's-needle mend it,
And elfin nurses tend it,
With tiniest fingers bathe with dew,
And cobweb bandages renew;
And all its filmy strength restore,
To skim the wide blue air once more.

—From *St. Nicholas*.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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All communications should be sent to Mrs. G. W. PECKHAM, 646 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis.

In the Plymouth Review, Mrs. Gaffron tells of a find of giant puff-balls, one of which measured 46 inches in circumference. Her story recalls an incident that happened at the residence of Mrs. C. A. Lenthstion, of Hartland, Wis. The members of the household were astonished one afternoon to see the boy of the family drive up with a carriage load of these beautiful mushrooms. He looked as though he were sitting in the midst of an enormous, snow-white featherbed, that came billowing out all around him. The largest specimen was a true giant, measuring nine feet in circumference, and weighing ten pounds. When cut open it presented a delicious ice-creamy appearance. Slices fried in batter tasted like egg-plant, and were eaten with enthusiastic delight by some members of the family.

A Sad Tale.

In 1901 a pair of phoebes built their nest above the side door of our cottage in the country. The little family came into the world and went off into the world in apparently excellent condition.

In 1902 probably the same couple started housekeeping in the old nest. Four eggs were laid, four little birds came out, but by and by one fell or jumped out of the nest on to the veranda. We took it up and found it covered with thousands of little lice. We looked into the nest and found the others in the same sad condition. I brought insect powder from the city in the evening to sprinkle over them, but on looking into the nest the young birds were all dead! Did the lice kill the birds or did the lice come because they were sickly and going to die at any rate? Was it the result of the old birds being too lazy to build a new and clean nest? I am told that nearly all wild birds have lice on them; it is true?

J. OVERTON.

Mr. Frank M. Chapman, editor of *Bird-Lore*, says:

"I fear I cannot answer these questions

definitely. However, it is a common thing for the nest of the Phoebe to be infested with parasites which sometimes become so abundant that they apparently kill the young. Why parasites should be more abundant in Phoebes' nests than in the nests of other birds I cannot say. Possibly the nature of the nesting material may make a favorable home for them. At any rate they inhabit the nest after the young have left it. It is true that nearly all wild birds have external parasites of one kind or another and there are some very interesting cases of relationship in widely separately (geographically) nearly allied birds. You will find this subject discussed in Vernon Kellogg's 'Mallophaga,' published, I think, by the California Academy of Sciences."

The First Rose of Summer.

"Oh, dear! is Summer over?"

I heard a rosebud moan,
When first her eyes she opened,
And found she was alone.

"Oh, why did Summer leave me,
Little me, belated?"

Where are the other roses?

I think they *might* have waited!"

Soon the little rosebud
Saw to her surprise
Other roses opening,
So she dried her eyes.

Then I heard her laughing
Gayly in the sun,
I thought the Summer over;
Why, it's only just begun!"

—From *St. Nicholas*.

God's poet hid in foliage green
Sings endless songs himself unseen;
Right seldom come his silent times.
Linger, ye summer hours serene!
Sing on, dear thrush, amid the limes!

Thou mellow angel of the air!
Closer to God art thou than I;
His minstrel thou, whose brown wings fly
Through silent æther's sunnier climes.
Ah, never may thy music die!
Sing on, dear thrush, amid the limes!

—From *Mortimer Collins*.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT.

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month, Illinois Children sending to Mrs. Wm. M. Scudder, 165 Buena Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Mrs. Peckham, 646 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive a bird book as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs one cent, and may be bought from Mrs. Scudder or Mrs. Peckham.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Bossert, Librarian, 719 Franklin St., Milwaukee.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham St., Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

The Ruby-Throated Humming Bird.

Adult male, upper parts bright green; throat, metallic ruby red. Female and young, similar, but without red on throat. Length, about $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

The Ruby-throat is the only representative of the large family of hummingbirds that is found in Eastern North America, its range extending from Florida to Labrador, and from the Atlantic to the Plains. It arrives in Milwaukee about May fifteenth and becomes abundant when the horse chestnut trees are in full bloom. At this time we see the fairy creature among the beds of flowers, poising itself in the air for several seconds, with a humming noise made by the rapid motion of its wings, thrusting its long bill into the flowers in search, not only of nectar, but of tiny insects, and then suddenly darting off with a rapidity so great that the eye cannot follow it. It flies forward and backward and to the side with equal ease and dexterity. It does not remain on the wing long at a time, but frequently takes a short rest, choosing for this purpose, usually, a small twig at the extremity of a tree or shrub.

The nest of the hummingbird is, like its builder, the smallest of its kind, a thimble of plant-down coated with delicate green lichen, formed and decorated with wonderful skill, and saddled so dexterously to a bough that it would seem but a part of the tree itself. When the eggs are first laid their shells are so

thin as to be almost transparent, and when the young come out of the little white pearls it seems a seven days' marvel that such mites can ever become birds. The hummer feeds the young by regurgitation, plunging her needle-like bill into their tiny throats—"a frightful-looking act," as Mr. Torrey says. When the brood is ready to leave the nest her anxiety becomes so great that her nerves quite get the better of her. One mother bird Mr. Torrey was watching at such a time went so far as to leave her tree and fly tempestuously at an innocent sparrow, driving him well out of the tomato patch.

While the mother is so devotedly caring for her little ones, what is the father doing? That seems to be the question. Out of fifty nests reported to Mr. Torrey only two were favored by the presence of the male, as far as the evidence went. Here certainly is a mystery worth clearing up. Such conduct must not pass unchallenged. Let each field student hie forth with glass and book, and wrest from these unnatural Benedicts full accounts of themselves.—*From Henry Nehrling and Mrs. Bailey.*

Letters about the Hummingbird should be mailed by December 1.

Prizes and Badges.

The honor badges for September are awarded to Hattie Davis, Necedah, Wis., and Pauline Suhs, Tinley Park, Ill.

A subscription to *Bird-Lore* for one year is given to De Wayne Fisher for the best account of what the birds are doing in September.

Letters have been received from John Davis, Agathe Desbouillons, Andre Fisher, Clarence Sutton, Elsie and Anna Burns, Frank and Ettie Luse, Wilson and Rosco Van Meter, Harry and Mabel Sawin, James and Nellie Pratt, Freda Fisher, Bert and Annie Williams, and Ray Burns.

Four copies of *Bird-Lore's* Bird Chart will be given away this month to Wisconsin School Branches, upon request of teachers. On the first of each month a subscription to *Bird-Lore* is awarded for the best study of birds during the preceding month. This competition is open to teachers and children.

Secretary's Letter.

MY DEAR CHILDREN—Those of you who have read the story of Hans Brinker will remember that Janzoon Kolp was shut out of the race for the silver skates because he had killed a stork and robbed a bird's nest. This was written long before the people of this country had begun to take an interest in saving the lives of birds, and shows that the Dutch are more developed than we are, in one way at least. Here is another stork story told by Lady Elizabeth Villiers, upon whose property, in Holland, the incident occurred.

On a tree close to the house, within a short distance of the river or canal, there was a stork's nest, with young ones. The roof of the house caught fire one day; and though the flames did not actually reach the tree, the heat became scorching. So the mother stork flew down to the water, got into it, and drenched her breast; then, returning to her young, she spread the mass of cool wet feathers all over them. This she repeated over and over again, flying to the river, going down into the water, and returning, her plumage drenched with wet. And thus the nest was saved, and the tender nestlings were preserved alive until the fire had been got under and all was safe. The truth of this remarkable story was vouched for by more than one eye-witness.

I hope you have all come back to school determined to keep track of what the birds are doing around your homes through the fall and winter months. Winter is the time to tame birds. When food is scarce they are grateful for suet, meal, crumbs and nuts, and for fresh water. In Mrs. Clas's aviary the birds bathed every day, even in cold weather.

Let us have some good letters about what the birds are doing in October!

ELIZABETH G. PECKHAM.

Prize Paper==Birds in September.

The Chickadee has come out of the thick woods now. The robins are in flock now and they are getting ready to go away. The bluebirds are coming back from the thick woods. The groundbirds are singing. Yesterday I saw two robins on a tree by our playhouse. The blue jays are flocking now, and singing songs to us. The blackbirds are going away. The whippoorwills are nearly all gone now. The mourning dove is here yet. The waterbirds

are not gone. The hawks are here and the quails are in our field. The chewinks are down by the river yet. All of these birds are very useful to us. The chickadee takes the pine and oak borers, and the robin takes grasshoppers and other bugs too. Sometimes when other little birds get hurt the robin and the blue jay and the blackbird all come and help him as much as they can, but they can not help very much.

DEWAYNE ADELBERT FISHER, age 10 years.
Necedah.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—One morning on my way to school I saw a flock of little wild canaries. They seemed to be very cold, as they were flying from bush to bush, and some were sitting on the ground.

That evening going home I saw a large flock of jaybirds and also a flock of robins; the robins were singing very happy. I thought they were getting ready to go south, because they were so happy.

I have seen a number of crows, hawks and chickadees lately.

Today I saw a jay bird on a shock of corn, trying to get some corn to eat. He would pick the husks and then pull at it, but he did not have the husk off when I left him.

HATTIE DAVIS, age 16.

Illinois Prize Letter.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—I saw a woodpecker build its nest in an apple tree. His head was red and his back was black. When I came close he flew away. The woodpecker picked a deep hole.

PAULINE SUHS, age 9 years.

Tinley Park.

KEWAUNEE, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—Birds of passage are birds which are migrating, passing regularly with the seasons from one climate to another. Birds which breed in the United States and go South in the fall, returning to the North in spring, are called summer birds of passage; while the wild geese which breed in the Arctic regions and visit the United States in autumn, flying North again in spring, are winter birds of passage. Most of the migratory birds of the western United States pass the winter in Mex-

ico. Birds of the Eastern states pass the winter in the South, West Indies, Central America, and even in Brazil.

ERNESTINE SEEMAN, age 14 years.

POY SIPP, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—The wren is smaller than a robin and dislikes the stillness of the woods. It has been known to choose strange places for building its nests as in unused carriages and old shoes. The color of the wren is a sort of grayish brown and it is fond of fighting and ruling other birds.

Yours respectfully,

MAY E. SMITH, age 12 years.

MAZOMANIE, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—As I was walking out in the woods one day, I saw perching at the very top of a tall tree a bird with black wings and tail, rest of body a very bright red.

The bird I found afterwards to be a scarlet tanager. It is a shy bird and lives mostly in the woods. It does not sing much. It lays four or five greenish-blue eggs speckled with purple or brown. The scarlet tanager is a beautiful bird and hard to tame.

Yours truly,

NEAL DAUBNER.

CEDARBURG.

DEAR MRS. PECKHAM.—One of our neighbors gave me a crow. When he first came into my possession he did not care for me at all.

In about three weeks he began to take a queer notion about my puppy, Blackie. He would peck at him and pull his hair with such a force that tears rolled down my puppy's cheeks.

When I went out to dig for worms, my crow whom I now called Jim would follow me. He would pick up the worms and eat them almost as fast as I could dig. When he had his fill he would pick up the worms and put them into a tin can, which I always carried with me. To this can Jim would go and help himself whenever he became hungry.

Jim was very fond of fish. When Jim saw me with my fishpole he would flutter his wings and hop on one leg.

We would go fishing almost every day. Whenever I caught a small fish Jim was there sure to claim it. I generally cut the fish in

small pieces, but sometimes Jim would run away with it before I could do so.

Jim grew very fond of my two dogs. Whenever another dog came into our yard Jim was sure to go for him and make it rather a warm affair for the unwelcome visitor, so he was glad to flee.

FRED FREUND.

LA CROSSE.

DEAR MRS. PECKHAM.—I used to go about half blind, as you may call it. I never noticed the birds at all. The days did not seem so pleasant as now. But now I see every bird, nearly, and hear every new bird-call.

There was a very interesting little incident that happened in our yard. Two little sparrows built their nest in our house. The water spout used to run down through the eaves. It began to leak, and the men could not get at it to mend it, so they pulled the pipe out and built it out around the eaves. They forgot to close up the hole the pipe was in. The little sparrows are usually hated and driven away. But I have no hatred for them, so I let them stay there. I watched every day for a long time.

The male bird did not sit around and let the mother bird do all the work, but pitched right in and helped too. First the mother would sit off at quite a distance from the hole on a wire, then the father bird would fly a little closer and a little closer. Then, after a while, he lit on the roof. He was talking away to his mate all the time.

The next day I saw the little birds getting some straws to build the nest. They did not take just one straw and make a trip to the nest. Oh, no! they were too wise for that. They both piled up a neat little pile of straws on a chip that was hollow through the center. They laid the straws from side to side, so they could put their little bill under the straws and take more than one at a time. At length they got their nest built, and had four little eggs to hatch. I do not know whether the male bird helps to hatch the eggs or not. I hope he does. Or, if he doesn't, he ought to, or else bring food for his mate. The eggs were hatched and there were four little birds. I know this because I took the ladder and felt in the nest. I was very careful not to disturb the eggs before they were hatched. The next time I felt in the nest, I felt some things that squirmed. They thought it was the mother and peeped louder than ever.

MERLE SAVAGE.

BOSCOBEL, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—A bluejay is a very interesting bird to study. The other day I was standing near a large tree and I heard a noise. It sounded like two parrots chattering together in their own language. I looked up in the tree and saw about a half a dozen bluejays. They were having some kind of conversation. They would hop from branch to branch chattering all the time. They seemed to be scolding each other. The bluejay is about 11 inches long. It does not migrate south in winter, but stays in these regions. They lay up food in the fall for winter. And I think some times they steal of the woodpeckers when their food gives out. It does not have much of a song in the winter, but in summer it has a very pleasant note. It nests once a year. The eggs are green with brown dots. It lays about five eggs.

ARTHUR A. DENNIS, age 13 years.

From Mrs. Wheelock's *Nestlings of Forest and Marsh*, we take this account of the Marsh Wren, which should be especially interesting to Wisconsin children, as this is the dainty, saucy little bird that appears on their button.

"The nest we had chosen to watch was in the center of a little island of rushes separate from the main marsh by a passage just wide enough to punt a duckboat through. Here we lay, partly concealed, while the anxious little father scolded and sang by turns, and then, with deliberate intention to deceive, commenced to build a dummy nest in full view of us. Evidently his heart was not in his work, or our presence made him nervous, for it was not well done and he left it one-third completed to commence another a few feet farther away. This was repeated day after day, until four had been started and two finished in a radius of ten feet by the same industrious builder. All the material brought was wet, having just been picked from the water.

"Not once did he go near his real treasure. The four beautiful tiny brown eggs were housed in the oldest, most tumble-down house of them all. One would never suspect it of being selected for a home among so many fresh green ones. The doorway was on the inland side, so that it looked to be only a ball of dried water-grass among the rushes. The doors of the dummy nests, on the contrary, were usually in plain view from the lake and invited inspection.

"It took fifteen days for the eggs to hatch, and afterwards such a long, long time before the first downy head peeped through the doorway. The mother was not a close sitter, whether because of our presence or because she knew the warm sun would help in her task. It was certainly steaming inside that round ball, and the tiny eggs felt like hot pebbles to my prying fingers. She left for two hours at a time, and this, with an open nest in a tree, would certainly prove fatal to the eggs after incubation had begun. . . .

"On the morning the first egg hatched, . . . we cautiously pushed up to the doorway, and on finding there were young, cut a slit in the top of the nest to look at them. Four naked pinky nestlings, with wee heads, mere knobs for eyes, and buds for wings, lay cuddled down within. After satisfying our curiosity, we tied the slit up with rushes and left them. Before we could push the boat away, the little mother had entered the nest, not two feet away from us. . . .

"As in the case of most young birds, we had to teach them to perch, and a comical task it was. The tiny claws had never learned to clasp, and yet by instinct they fastened to the rushes, and the little ball of down tried to balance itself on its uncertain little legs. . . . They liked to cuddle down on our fingers or hop up my arm to the shoulder, and took especial delight in hiding inside my shirt-waist sleeve, entering at the wrist, which the heat had compelled me to unfasten. . . .

"During the hour or two we were playing with the babies, the father and mother remained within a few feet, calling somewhat anxiously, but not greatly alarmed. I held a little one out on my hand and went almost up to the mother before she took wing. Had not the great heat (106 degrees) driven us out of the marsh, I am sure more patience in waiting would have conquered her fear of me, and she would have fed him on my hand. Before we were four feet away, she had returned to them with a fat June bug in her beak, and all was serene again in the little home."

DEAR WAYSIDE:—I saw a robin redbreast. He was in a cherry tree. He was eating cherries. Robins like cherries. Robins build their nests with strings and mud and hay. Robins' eggs are blue. Robins lay four eggs.

EDDIE BAUER, age 11.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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VOL. VI.

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No. 7

The Wind Brooms.

The wind has many big strong brooms

To sweep the dead leaves in the fall;

He sweeps up all the forest rooms,

He tidies up the roadsides all.

"Huff! Huff!

Puff! Puff!

It's cleaning time!" he seems to call.

He blows the sky of clouds all free,

He dusts the bushes clean and bare,

He strips the leaves from every tree

And sends them flying through the air.

"Huff! Huff!

Puff! Puff!

I'm cleaning now," he cries. "Take care!"

You feel the wind-brooms work and shake,

Although they never meet the eye;

But some fine morning when you wake,

You see a clean, bare earth and sky.

"Huff! Huff!

Puff! Puff!

We're off till spring," they call. "Good-by!"

—From *St. Nicholas*.

Olive and Her Friends.

One day in the early spring Olive was on the lawn watching the chippies and robins, when she heard a cat mew. She at once began a search for it, as she knew her mother wished no cats on the grounds for fear they might molest the song birds, whom she loved to have build their homes there. She continued to hear a peculiar mew coming apparently from the trees, but found no intruder, when suddenly her bright eyes spied something that caused her to call "Mother! Mother! please come and see this bird that mews like a cat." There, sure enough, was a gray bird, perking its long tail, and uttering a cat-like cry as it peered down at them from the large elm tree. To Olive's delight her mother told her "it was one of our familiar birds, and called a cat bird from its mew; and of such a friendly

nature that perhaps if she were kind and gentle toward the little creature she could make it her friend." Olive, who was becoming interested in birds, decided to try, and then and there began a charming friendship between a little girl and two dear birds that lasted until cold weather drove the birds to a warmer clime. Their "little tummies" received her first attention by the scattering of crumbs on the lawn. She was at first disappointed to have only sturdy English sparrows and fat robins pick them up, but it was not long before one and then a second cat bird joined the flock. In a few days a nest was begun in the syringa bush under the elm tree, and Olive noticed how the bird whose long tail spread out like an open fan, seemed too busy with the daily continuous concerts it gave from the elm tree to help much in the building of the house; while the slightly smaller one with a long, thin, narrow tail was perfectly happy to do the work and listen to the other's sweet music. Then Minnie, as Olive named the worker, who proved to be the mother bird, began her brooding, and with seemingly no fear allowed Olive to stand close by and talk softly to her, as she sat patiently on the nest, while Charlie from above sang his joyous melody.

It was not very many days before three little heads with open mouths appeared above the edge of the nest clamoring for food. Both birds soon learned Olive's whistle, and came in response to it, and by the time cherries—their great dainty—were ripe, so eager were they for them that the two came on the grass or fringe tree by the veranda and mewed until Olive placed cherries on the railing, when after a few minutes of silent looking Minnie would hop shyly along, pick them off one by one and carry them to her teasing babies, and either by accident or design, she managed to drop some on the grass for Charlie to pick up. The sweet little mother also came, regardless of anyone on the veranda, and would hop up the steps to the corner where the cherry box was

placed, and work diligently at the paper covering, until she succeeded in making a hole large enough to pull the fruit through, and sometimes she perched on the chair by Olive to eat her mouthful, keeping up a soft mewling, very different from the shrill cry from the trees.

By this time Minnie left to Charlie the responsibility and care of the family, and constructed another nest near the first one. The second brood was growing finely, when one morning no Charlie came in response to Olive's whistle. As the three birdies were also missing Olive hoped he had gone to start them in life somewhere, and not fallen a victim to either a wandering cat or careless boy. For several days the little mother was taxed to the utmost to provide food for herself and nestlings. One morning, however, Charlie's clear call sang out and on the elm tree was the missing one. Tired Minnie flew quickly to him, and for some time they perched side by side, fluttering their wings and rubbing their bills together and cooing softly. Was it after all a family quarrel and this the grand reconciliation?

The dish of water Olive kept under the elm tree was at first shared by all the birds; but Charlie evidently decided it was a private bath for himself and family, constituted himself policeman and drove the others away. It was amusing whenever the cat birds indulged in a bath to see the circle of interested bird spectators gathered around, not one venturing in, while the only trace of selfishness shown by Charlie toward his little mate was one day when she was enjoying a fine spatter, he caught her by the tail, pulled her out and jumped in himself. Minnie seemed the more trustful of the two; as she was known to come to a distant room and perch by the window, attracting attention by her chuck, chuck—or alarm call, then after the enemy, generally a cat—was driven away, returning quietly to her nest.

They all disappeared in September, although Olive, who still continued her morning call, was pleased after some days to hear an answering mew in the distance, and have Charlie appear for one more breakfast and bath. To Olive the summer, besides being a happy one, has been an instructive one, for she has received from her pets lessons in patience and perseverance. Moreover, she has learned not only the habits of the cat birds, but of other birds attracted there by the food and water.

In fact she thinks birds much like people in many ways and with strong likes and dislikes. Now she is studying about them in books and waiting for next summer, when she hopes to see again Charlie and Minnie and teach them to eat from her hand or perhaps even take them in her hand.

HELEN P. HASKELL.

Ornithology in the Schools.*

BY WILSON TOUT.

The solution of the bird protection problem can never be reached by courts, laws, or officers. The small boy is one of the chief offenders, and those in authority seldom attempt to cover or even reach his thoughtless acts of destruction. If all boys could be shown the harmful results of killing birds or destroying their nests, what an army for bird protection there would be within a few years. If the girls were taught the folly of pandering to the demands of fashion when it calls for the sacrifice of countless innocent victims, the game wardens now needed to protect our birds would have to seek some other vocation if they would still prosper. The school is the foundation of reform movements in other lines—why not in this?

In a former paper I gave the why and where; in this one I shall attempt to give the how and when of bird study.

The first objection offered to a proposal for having bird study in the schools is that the course is already crowded and no room remains for a new study. The objection would be rational if it were proposed to introduce a new study. Birds cannot be studied from books and very few schools have access to mounted specimens. Saturday excursions, observations on the road to and from school, and in country schools, even at recess and during school hours, will furnish subjects for conversation lessons and also much needed material for language and composition work. One school I know of organized itself into a club for the study of birds. The children met at four o'clock twice a week and compared notes for about twenty minutes. This did not detract from school work, but on the other hand increased the interest in the regular studies.

Bird study should be begun as soon as the child begins to attend school. The seeming in-

*Leaflet No. 2, Nat. Com. of Audubon Societies.

terest of the little tots in their reading and number lessons pales before the glow of wonder and enthusiasm as they tell of finding a bird's nest while on the way to school or hear the story of the birds from their teacher. Let a teacher mention finding a sparrow's nest and the school turns into an experience meeting; each little one having a story of his own to tell. In the country school this is especially true, as the pupils have a better chance to observe birds than the children of the cities.

I have had to work out my own plan of bird study in the schools, as I have never chanced to get another's plan. I have had some successes and some that were not successes, but from these experiences I have formed a plan that I believe overcomes most of the difficulties.

In primary grades social talks with the pupils is the best method. Let the pupils talk as much as possible. Take a single bird for a lesson and show a picture. By a judicious use of questions and statements bring out the distinguishing features of the bird you are studying. I have no patience with the teacher who asks such questions as: How many feet has a bird? What is its body covered with? How many eyes has a bird? What is a bird's nest for? etc. The dull pupil does not learn anything and the bright boy is disgusted. The pupils will tell about the habits, food, nesting places, eggs, call, etc., of the common birds.

If you are studying a woodpecker, call attention to the peculiarities that distinguish it from other birds; consider its stout, sharp bill, its peculiar feet, its short, stiff tail feathers, its habits of drumming, and its undulating flight. Tell the story of how one species of woodpecker got its red head and black and white dress, and have the pupils learn a verse or two from the many that are to be found in the readers and in teachers' journals. Before the interest lags close the period, always leaving something for the next lesson. At the next lesson, if during the right season, you will have several facts from pupils who have seen and observed a woodpecker during the interim. Never fail to treat of the good points of a bird and by a vote have it declared either a "good bird" worthy of protection or a "bad bird" deserving extermination. The teacher

can mold the opinion of the school in accordance with established facts.

In the grammar and high school grades a different plan works better. Here each pupil should have a note-book in which should be recorded his own observations. These should include the time of arrival, numbers, food, departure, acts of depredation, value to man, etc. Every note should be dated to be of value. In the course of a year the pupils will find several dead birds; these should be brought to school for specimens. *Shooting birds for specimens should not be tolerated.* Last year we had twenty-two birds brought to school for study. Among those brought alive were the barn owl, coot, horned grebe, meadowlark, barred owl, and flicker. Several different kinds of ducks were brought and a number of dead birds, among them a blackheaded grosbeak, golden-crowned warbler, Bohemian waxwing, downy woodpecker, and bittern. I mention these to show the actual possibilities in this line.

At the end of the year we made a table like this:

	Seen.	Seen.	Reported.	Seen.	Seen.	Seen.
Accidental.	:	:	:	:	:	X
Migrants.	:	:	:	:	:	X
Permanent Residents.	X	:	:	X	:	:
Winter Residents.	:	:	X	:	:	:
Summer Residents.	:	X	:	:	:	:
Nesting.	X	X	:	X	:	:
Especially Valuable.	:	X	:	X	:	:
	Rare.....	Common.....	Uncommon.	Common.....	Common.....	Common.....
1. Barred Owl.....						
2. Baltimore Oriole.....						
3. Ruby-crowned Kinglet.....						
4. Bob-white.....						
5. Canada Goose.....						
6. Bohemian Waxwing.....						

BY THE WAYSIDE

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The table needs but little explanation. A list is made from the notes of all the pupils, but each marks his own. One pupil will see the northern shrike and mark it "seen," while another can only mark it "reported." No bird is put on the list without the approval of the teacher. Last year we had seventy-three birds on our list, and I can answer for every one of them.

Now I believe this to be true bird study and its utility and common sense are its defense. Only fifteen minutes twice a week was needed to keep the notes, and the time was not missed. An interest was aroused and the diversion from regular school work was pleasing. Many pupils reported an added pleasure in verifying their notes and observations during the summer vacation, and all voted for a continuation of the study during the present school year.

I have never taught a school where I did not have bird study, and I have never heard an objection. It is not a good plan to announce the first day of school that you intend to introduce bird study. Such a course will arouse a storm of opposition. Start it very gradually after you have the school well under control and no one will suspect an innovation until you have the pupils converted and the patrons realize the value in the added interest of the children in their school work. *And remember that bird protection should be the keynote.*

The state laws protecting game and song birds should be discussed and better ones proposed. Spring shooting of migrants should be discouraged. Superstitions about birds should be exposed. Errors in popular ideas should be corrected. Prejudices should be overcome, but truth must prevail. A love of the birds must not blind one to the fact that some are destructive to the agricultural and horticultural interests of the state. A healthy sentiment in the schoolroom in favor of the birds will down the boy who shoots meadowlarks "just for

fun," and he will be an outcast until he reforms.

I urge every member of the Audubon societies to think upon this matter and do something to encourage the study of birds in the schools. This is one of the objects for which the societies are founded, and yet I fear little has been done for the children of our public schools. Every year hundreds of boys and girls finish their studies and leave school, yet they know nothing of the value of birds. In their strivings to become real men and women they imitate the vices as well as the virtues of their elders and join the ranks of bird destroyers, the men for sport and pleasure, the women for decoration. As students of bird life and champions of bird protection our duty is plain. The school is the field and we are responsible for the harvest. What shall it be?

The Turkey's Nest.

"If you find the nest," said Farmer Brown,

With a twinkle in his eye,

"You shall have the nicest thing in town

That a dollar bill will buy.

But, mind you, it won't be children's play,

For that sly old turkey-hen

Has often stolen her nest away,

And has puzzled all my men."

Across the fields and into the wood,

And down by the running brook,

Among the logs where the old mill stood,

Into every kind of nook;

And, one by one, they gave up the quest—

Bobbie and Jack and Fred:

"We never could find that turkey's nest,

If we searched a month," they said.

The fields were wide and the hills were steep

And the baby's years were few,

And she lagged behind and went to sleep

Where the alder-bushes grew.

And the turkey did not see her guest,

As she sought her eggs, to set;

So baby awoke and found the nest—

And the folks are wondering yet.

—From St. Nicholas.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT.

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month, Illinois Children sending to Mrs. Wm. M. Scudder, 165 Buena Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Mrs. Peckham, 646 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive a bird book as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs one cent, and may be bought from Mrs. Scudder or Mrs. Peckham.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Bossert, Librarian, 719 Franklin St., Milwaukee.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham St., Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

Black-capped Chickadee.

Top of head, nape, and throat black; rest of body gray; under parts lighter; wing and tail feathers edged with white. Length, about $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

He who knows the chickadee only by name is an enviable person, for he has still before him the initial pleasures of one of the choicest of all bird friendships. When seen in a clearing as the pretty bird flits from one tree to another, his short wings and long tail give him a bobby flight by which we can recognize him at a distance. But when he clings to the gray branches, his soft, grayish suit, with its black cap and the trimmings that cut the bird form, hide him as well as the brown suit of the little wren protects him when hunting in the dark crevices of the brown earth. In many respects the wren and chickadee are as unlike as their livery. This is especially true of their songs, for while the wren lives up to his family connections—being related to the catbird and the mocker—the chickadee is no musician. Still every note he utters is dear to his friends, and he has a varied repertoire. There are the sweet chickadee call which gives him his name, the soft sunny *day-day-day* he coos over to himself, the sweet, sad *phæ-be* whistle of spring and summer, and the pleasant conversational *chick-a-day-ah-day-day-day-day*. Both wren and chickadee are cheering, trustful little tots,

eminently good for the blues, evoking every bird lover's gratitude and affection.

In the spring, when the feathered tourists are coming back and the excitement of nest-building is absorbing our attention, we do not think much about the chickadee except to notice its clearly whistled *phæ-be* occasionally coming from the woods; but some day we are given a thrill of pleasure by the appearance of a pair of the fluffy black-caps leading around a family of young, grown almost as big as themselves, quite unknown to us.

From that time on until the following spring we can have the society of the friendly chickadees if we but offer them a little food when cold weather comes, and their good cheer is so grateful that we are glad to do anything to keep them about us. A piece of suet nailed to a tree pleases them very well, but they also like the fat of fresh pork; and it is a good idea to fasten bits of pork at intervals along a clothesline, for the cord is strong enough to make a steady perch for the birds as they peck at the meat.

But though the birds are glad of the dainties we may offer them, they are quite capable of finding food for themselves, even in the bleakest winter weather, for they live on grubs, and on the eggs of moths hidden under the bark of trees. They are particularly fond of the eggs of the canker worm moth. Mr. Forbush of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture calculated that one chickadee in one day would destroy 5,550 eggs, and in the twenty-five days in which the canker worm moths run or crawl up the trees, 138,750 eggs. He was so impressed with the value of the birds' services that he attracted them to an infested orchard by feeding them there during the winter; and the following summer "it was noticed that while trees in neighboring orchards were seriously infested with canker worms and to a less degree with tent-caterpillars, those in the orchard which had been frequented by the chickadees during the winter and spring were not seriously infested, and that comparatively few of the worms and caterpillars were to be found there." * * * The bill of the chickadee—a sharply-pointed little pick—is admirably suited to this work of excavating for

grubs and eggs under the bark. It also makes a good carpenter's tool, and one that is much needed; for when the chickadee cannot find an old woodpecker's hole to rent, he has to go to work to tunnel out a hole for himself.—*From Mrs. Bailey's Birds of Village and Field.*

Letters about the chickadee should be mailed by January 1.

Prizes and Badges.

The honor badges for November are awarded to Charlie Koehler, Tinley Park, Ill., and Laurretta Simon, Boardman, Wis. The prize for the best study of October birds, a year's subscription to *Bird-Lore*, goes to Leo Egelberg, 703 State street, La Crosse. This prize is given with every issue of THE WAYSIDE for the best study of birds during the preceding month, and is offered to teachers and children.

Good letters have been received from Rosco Van Meter, John Davis, Harry Sawin, Clarence Sutton, Bert Williams, W. N. Williams, James Pratt, Erwin Radloff, Elsie Simon, Leonard Germain, Mamie Germain, and Francis Tobin.

Secretary's Letter.

My Dear Children:

Here we are, all back at work again. THE WAYSIDE is waiting to hear from you all and wondering what you have been doing during this migration season.

All through Chicago now we can hear the chickadees—they are here in great numbers, hopping about the branches doing all their little acrobatic feats of hanging by their heels and examining all the little crevices in the bark of the trees. They always seem to go about in little flocks and usually when one is seen there are others to be found in the vicinity.

I hope we are all going to put out some food and drinking water for the little birds this winter. If anyone will try it they will not be sorry, for when the ground is all covered with snow and everything is frozen up our little winter friends sometimes have a hard time to find anything to eat and will be very grateful to any little boy or girl who will help them out.

HELEN R. SCUDDER.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

BOARDMAN, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE: We never see crows by the house, we always see them in fields where there is corn. Crows like corn. The crows are found in all parts of Wisconsin.

During the winter the crows feed together in rather small flocks, flying from one field to another in search of food. The crows start to build their nest the last of March and the first of April. The crow's nest is made of roots, fibres, moss, shreds of bark, hair, feathers, twine, and lined with dead grass.

The usual number of eggs is four or five and they are hatched in about fourteen days.

The young crows grow rapidly and they are eaters; they are well grown by the end of June. During the year a crow kills a great many mice, moles, gophers, young rabbits, and cray-fish, with a small per cent. of beneficial animals, as frogs, and lizards. He also eats a great many injurious insects and may often be seen walking soberly over a freshly-plowed field picking out cut worms and larvæ. During the summer he consumes great quantities of grasshoppers, beetles, cut worms, weevils, tent caterpillars, and canker worms. Its chief damage is to the corn. It can generally be overcome by various devices, and his hen-house depredations, which are seldom, are not apt to continue when there is a king-bird on the premises. The crow is one of the most interesting birds that we have. The crows are all black. The farmers do not like crows because they eat the corn up; they shoot crows whenever they can.

LAURETTA SIMON, age 9 years.

Prize Paper.--Birds in October.

DEAR WAYSIDE: On the second of October I noticed a small flock of chickadees feeding on the sunflower seeds in the yard. They would peck a seed from the pod, and placing it in a crevice in the bark of a neighboring tree, split open the husks and eat the insides. On the fourth, while taking a walk in Pettibone Park, I found a little green heron feeding in a ditch beside the road. It flew into a low tree and watched me with upstretched neck and twitching tail. Numerous flocks of ducks flew overhead, but at quite an elevation. White-throated sparrows and myrtle warblers were numerous, as were also grackles and red-winged

blackbirds. In a puddle of water I found a mottled sandpiper with one of its legs hanging limp and useless. It was wading out on some partly submerged boards, and feeding on things floating in the water.

On the ninth, we found winter wrens very numerous in Lake Park and the marshes near it. Small flocks of bluebirds were gathering, and numerous tree sparrows had arrived. On the way home I saw a large flock of coots. On the eleventh, a few golden-crowned kinglets and a catbird were seen in Pettibone Park. Two days afterward while walking on the Green Bay tracks we saw a sora rail. We heard them all over the marsh, but so well were they hidden that we saw only this one. Then nearly dark we saw a bird with a heavy bill and darkly streaked on both back and breast which we think was a female or immature purple finch. We occasionally heard bobwhites, especially toward evening, but saw very few of them.

LEO J. EGELBERG.

Age 15.

Illinois Prize Letter.

TINLEY PARK.

DEAR WAYSIDE: I will tell you about some blackbirds. When I went home one night I saw a flock of blackbirds about three blocks long. They were flying as fast as they could. Once I was sitting in the corn-house and a flock of blackbirds flew to a maple tree and sang.

CHARLIE KOEHLER.

Age 11 years.

DEAR WAYSIDE: About two weeks ago one night when I was going home from school I saw a bird about as big as a robin, it had a black head, black body, black wings with a white spot on each and a black tail with a white margin; it is the first one I ever saw.

A few nights ago I saw a bird about five inches long from the tip of its tail to the tip of its bill. It was light slate color underneath and a dark slate color on top. Its head, back and tail were all the same color. I have seen those small birds quite a number of times. They are seen mostly in the fall here.

This summer we had quite a lot of sunflowers and when they got ripe this fall the little chickadees came and picked the seeds from the sunflower heads and put them in the bark of the trees.

I have seen lots of white-breasted nuthatches;

one took sunflower seeds and hid them in the clothesline post for winter food. This morning I saw a black-capped chickadee; it was very pretty.

Last spring the boys of our school put up some bird houses and this fall after the summer birds had left it I saw some chickadees carry some bread, straw and sticks to one of the houses and then it came out without any. When do the chickadees nest? This fall after papa planted his rye a flock of quails stayed there and ate some of it, but he says, "let them have it, they don't do any hurt." I think they do more good than bad. I wish some one would tell me what a red tanager looks like.

FREDA FISHER, age 12.

Necedah.

MADISON, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE: To-day during recess we saw a strange looking bird and we did not know the name of it, so we write to ask you its name. It was a trifle larger than a sparrow. Its body was a bluish-gray; its wings were the same color as its body, striped with black and white. The tail was quite large and wide, and the same color as its wings. The bill was long and peaked. It had a small head, long legs and long-peaked toes. Hoping you will know the name of the bird, I remain,

MALINDA HEIDENREICH.

DEAR WAYSIDE: Freda Fisher must have seen a night hawk, the "black bird with white on wings and tail." It is common throughout the state and flies late in the afternoon. But it was late in the season, as they migrate south usually in September. This bird is black as Freda says, but is speckled with brown, white and yellowish, so it does not look so black unless seen in the sky.

The only other bird it might be is the young of the yellow-headed blackbird, which has a dull, black-brown head, white on wings, but no white on tail, so I think we may conclude it is the nighthawk.

The little bird "dark slate colored above and lighter on breast" must be the slate-colored snow-bird or junco; it is very common in the autumn in flocks of from a dozen to hundreds. But I wonder Freda did not notice its white tail feathers; the two outer ones show white when the bird flies or flits on the ground, and

it has a sweet little trilling song. It is valuable as a destroyer of weed seeds.

The chickadees have been more numerous here than ever before that I know of. Not a block in the city but one hears them and in the parks they are still more numerous. They nest early in May.

The scarlet tanager is a glorious scarlet all over except its wings and tail, which are jet black. Its note is a clear, beautiful whistle and its mate is a soft yellow-olive—very unlike the male, and the young are a little like both, and so are very gay sometimes with their red and black and yellow and green.

I should say Melinda Heidenreich's bird was a solitary sandpiper, excepting that she describes it as having a large tail. She should look this up in one of Chapman's books and see whether she has made a mistake.

Remember to tell more about what the birds you describe are doing.

ANNABEL C. WHITCOMB.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 10, 1903.

To the Editor of The Wayside:

It may interest the members of the Audubon Society and readers of THE WAYSIDE to know what is being done in this vicinity to protect birds.

Taking in the district north of the railway track, crossing Farwell avenue and east of the river, purple martin houses are up, that is on poles, to accommodate from 100 to 150 pairs, and an estimate that 75 pairs nested and reared broods in 1903 is low.

My twenty-six room martin house contained twenty pairs. A friend has a house with twenty-four compartments, he had probably fifteen pairs. Another house has twenty rooms, one fifteen, and so on down to single rooms.

I also had a pair each of tree swallows, blue birds and house wrens.

In the same district I knew of five blue birds' nests. Blue birds did not nest at my place until last year, although ten years previously I had one pair. Last year they did not build a nest until May, this year apparently the same old pair arrived March 25th.

Owing to the severe weather, when the young of the first brood left their house, close observation resulted in only one being about with the parents, when they renested, although six eggs were in the nest. When the second

brood was hatched and the young birds were about half grown, I missed the male bird of the pair, and then noticed the grown young blue bird assisting the mother feeding the birds still in the nest. As this kept up each day, and all day for a week or more, there is no doubt about this and it may never have been observed before. Who told the blue bird youngster that he or she must help?

I have three entrances in my house in the attic for purple martins, and each year the past six years, one or two pairs have raised a nest of young birds in the house. Peep holes through the boxes give full view of the interior, and all that is going on therein, such as nest building, breeding, feeding and the young.

It is certainly a novel sight to see a nest full of freshly hatched purple martins.

I wish to report that a few Sundays ago, while in the woods near the Downer College, at least 25 boys were noticed each armed with a sling shot, which they keep hidden in their pockets, likewise stones, which they produce and shoot at any bird coming near. I warned two boys at least 17 to 18 years old of the heavy fine for killing song birds, which had some effect. But who is there to arrest them? Grown people about don't seem to notice anything, excepting street cars or other people, buildings, etc., but birds, no! The fact that droves of boys go to these nearby woods shooting birds, each Saturday and Sunday, and possibly every day, goes to show that they feel perfectly safe in so doing. One day I saw two boys with air guns. This same thing, I am told, is going on in the woods in Bay View, and no doubt in all outlying portions of the city. A few arrests and heavy fines paid would put a stop to this nefarious work.

FREDERICK WAHL,

591 Frederick St.

Floral Enigma.

My first for each one of us
 Carpets the earth;
 My second in Scotchman's name
 Tells of his birth;
 My whole with rich color
 Warms forest and field,
 And oft to the artist
 True pleasure doth yield.

—From St. Nicholas.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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DECEMBER, 1903

No. 8

Almost a Tragedy.

(A True Story.)

"Christine! May we come in and see you to-night, Christine?" The children, peeping in at the kitchen door, pushed it wide and danced over the threshold, delighted at the smile which greeted them.

There were three of them. Sylvia Hastings and her little brother Charlie, and Archie, a boy of fourteen, at home for the winter holidays. Dearly they loved to visit Christine in her bright kitchen, and no wonder, for both the place and its occupants were most cheerful, to say nothing of the charms of Minzie, the sleek Maltese cat that lay basking on the mat in the red glow of the fire, and the absurd old gray parrot that sat muffled up in his feathers on a perch in a corner of the room. It was early dusk of the winter day, sharp and cold; a thin crisp layer of snow covered the ground without, and made the warmth and brightness within more delightful. And as for Christine, the Norwegian maid who kept the house, she was as refreshing as morning sunshine, with her rosy cheeks and milk-white skin, and rich hair piled in a beautiful red-gold heap at the top of her head. The children adored her and her employers blessed the land of Norway for having produced anything so charming and so satisfactory.

"Now, what are you doing, Christine?" asked Sylvia, as they stood by the table and peered into a dull red earthen dish filled with water, in which lay potatoes peeled as smooth as ivory. "What are those things? Potatoes? Aren't they pretty, Archie? They look just like ivory!"

"Take me up and show me!" cried little Charlie, and Archie lifted him so that he could peep, too. Christine laid a clean towel on the table, spread the potatoes on it, rolled them about in it till they were quite dry, then put them into a shallow tin pan which she had buttered, and shook them till they all shone with a thin coat of butter.

"What are they for?" asked Sylvia.

"To bake for your supper, Miss Sylvia," answered Christine.

"But why do you butter them?"

"Oh, so they may bake a lovely light brown, and the skin you will not have to take off at all!" answered she.

"Oh, yes, I know," said Sylvia, "they are so good!" and while Christine went on with her preparations for supper, all three sat themselves down on the neat braided mat beside Minzie, the sleepy comfortable cat. She stretched her long length out slowly, and really seemed to smile at the children, as she lay in the ruddy firelight with her eyes half shut, lazily responding to their caresses. She put out her paw, its sharp claws softly sheathed, and with a deprecating gesture gently patted their hands as if she were boxing her pet kitten's ears.

"Pretty Minzie!" Archie said, "you are so good-natured and you know so much!"

* * * * *

"Ship ahoy!" cried a harsh voice from the corner. "Good morning, dear! How do you do? What have you got in your pocket? Polly wants a cracker! Good gracious! Wish you a happy New Year!"

They all broke into laughter, Christine's merry voice mingling in the chorus. Minzie rose from the mat, stretched herself, slowly crossed the room to where Polly sat chattering on her perch and began to play with the chain by which the bird was fastened, giving the loop a push with her paw where it hung down, striking it every time it swung within reach. The parrot watched her meanwhile with the greatest interest. "Miaw!" cried Polly suddenly. Minzie stopped and looked up. "Ha, ha, ha!" shouted the bird, as much as to say, "Did you think it was another cat?" and forthwith began to scream afresh, crowing like a cock, barking like a dog, imitating the creaking of a door, and then suddenly going into a frenzy of sneezing, and coughing and

snuffling, like a person in the most desperate stages of influenza.

Minzie sat still, looking up at the bird as if she enjoyed the performance; and as for the children, they laughed till they were tired.

"Truly, they are the best of friends, the two," said Christie. "I don't know what one would do without the other; they play with each other by the hour together."

"Come, Sylvia, being Charlie up-stairs, it is time," called mamma's voice, and away the children skipped.

Christie went to and fro about her work—the pleasantest picture imaginable. "I think I'll set my bread to rising before supper," she said to herself; "then I shall have more time to write my letter home this evening." So she worked fast and busily, and when the bread was made she put it in a large wooden bowl and covered it up with a nice white towel, and left it to rise on the dresser. The cat and the parrot watched all these operations with an interest that amused her,—it was so human.

After supper, when she had done all her work and everything was in order for the night, she bade good evening to Minzie and Polly and went up-stairs to write her weekly letter to her dear far-off Norway. Her room was very warm and comfortable and as tidy as herself. She set her lamp down on the table, took out her little portfolio from the drawer, and began to write. She wrote slowly and had been busy about an hour when she heard a loud, distressed "Miaw!" outside her door. She looked up. "Miaw! Miaw! Miaw!" sounded quickly and anxiously from Minzie. Evidently something unusual was the matter. She had never heard so anxious a cry from that comfortable cat before.

"Why, what is it?" she cried, as she rose and opened the door. Minzie sprang in, apparently greatly excited, with her tail upright and curling at the top; she ran round and round Christie, rubbing herself against the girl's ankles and looking up into her face with a most curious expression of solicitude and agitation. "What is the matter? What is the trouble, Minzie?" Christie kept asking, as if the poor dumb creature could explain her distress in words. But Minzie only "miawed" more distractedly than before; she went toward the door, looking back at Christie, then

ran to her again, took hold of her apron with her teeth and tried to drag her toward the door. "Yon want me to go down stairs?"

The cat frisked before her, turning to see if she was following; then, as if satisfied, she fled lightly and swiftly down the stair and into the kitchen, Christie coming after, bearing the lamp in her hand. When she reached the kitchen door she heard a cry from the parrot.

"Come, come, come!" cried Polly. "Good gracious! Won't you take a walk?"

The voice did not proceed from the bird's accustomed corner, and looking about, the first thing Christie saw was the linen towel she had spread over the bread, on the floor, and Minzie standing up on her hind paws with her two white-mittened fore-feet at the edge of the table, craning her head forward and crying piteously. There, in the middle of the large pan of soft dough sat Polly, sunk to her shoulders in the sticky mass, only her neck and head with its huge black beak and glassy yellow eyes to be seen. She had pulled the towel off the bread and in process of investigating it had become fastened in the thick paste, sinking deeper and deeper till she was in danger of disappearing altogether.

"Ship ahoy!" cried Polly. "Come! Poor Polly! What does Polly want?"

Christine burst into laughter, and greatly to Minzie's distress, lost no time in going to call Sylvia and Archie before rescuing the prisoner from her perilous position.

"Oh, dear!" cried Sylvia. "How dreadful! What shall we do, Archie?"

Archie, with shouts of merriment, helped Christine disengage the poor bird, and they set her into a basin of warm water to soak. She was perfectly quiet and let them do as they pleased with her, only ejaculating now and then, "Good gracious! What does Polly want? Oh, my! Won't you take a walk?" with other irrelevant remarks, which sent her deliverers off into fresh peals of laughter.

"It's all very well to laugh," said Christine, "and nobody could help it; but if it had not been for Minzie, poor Polly *would* have been smothered in the dough, and that would have been 'Good gracious!' I think!" Then she told the children how Minzie called her, and insisted on her coming down stairs. They petted the cat and gave her no end of praise

"Oh, you naughty bird!" cried Syl to the parrot. "Now you see what it is to meddle with things that don't concern you! Just think of it! All Christie's nice bread must go to feed the chickens, and you came near losing your life! Don't you ever meddle again, Polly; do you hear?"

Polly looked too comical. They had washed her as well as they could, and tried to dry her, and had set her on her perch as near as they dared to the fire. She was so bedraggled and forlorn, with her wet, ruffled feathers, and her lean, shivering body! Minzie sat and looked up at her with sympathetic eyes.

"Bless my soul! What does Polly want?" battered the poor bird.

"I should think you wanted to be punished if you weren't punished enough already," laughed Christine, as she fastened the chain more securely about the parrot's leg.

Then she proceeded to make a fresh bowlful of bread in place of that which had nearly made an end of poor Polly; and presently left the two occupants of the kitchen to take care of each other till morning—*Celia Thaxter, in St. Nicholas.*

A Wee World of My Own.

There once used to be
At the foot of a tree,
Where the moss grew across and the violets
were blue,
A wee world of my own,
Where I played all alone,
My small naked fingers all dabbed with dew,—
A green little world,
Where the tansy uncurled,
Small weeds dropped their seeds in the palm
of my hand,
And the snail in his castle
Was my humble vassel,
And the cricket in caves—I was heir to the
land!

I would creep
Soft asleep
To that wee world of mine,
Subduing myself to the stillness of flowers,
Breathing low,
Hoping so,
I might grow fairy-fine,

And steal my long days out of other folks' hours.

I hoped to grow smaller
As others grow taller,
To brew draughts of dew in a brown acorn-cup,
And sit in the shade
That the white pebble made,
But I never grew down, and I always grew up.

The weeds have outgrown me,
The crickets disown me,
The snail moved away, I never knew where to,
And it falls out today,
In my big stupid way,
I'm so blind I can't find that Wee World I am
heir to.

—*From St. Nicholas.*

Our Needy Wild Neighbors.

In the absence of organized relief among the animals themselves, it seems reasonable to suggest that those of us who love them might at this season give them substantial evidence of our love. Few of them need shelter; most of them have snug homes of some sort, and about all of them have jackets of feathers or fur which under ordinary circumstances will withstand very severe cold; but food as a rule is scarce in winter, and a little trouble and very little expense on our part will save a great deal of suffering.

In giving our attention to this subject, naturally most of us think of the birds first of all. Indeed, it is often difficult for even thoughtless people to avoid feeding the birds, for when the snow comes and covers up their natural food supply, they come to our door-yards and hop about beneath the windows, or sit in flocks upon the naked shrubs and trees, as though to remind us to do the decent thing. And it is not much they ask, these little prisoners; they will be grateful for the sweepings from the tablecloth, if that is all we have. But most of us can do at least a little better, for cracked oats, sunflower seed, and canary seed are cheap, and a cent's worth will give many birds a breakfast. At a pinch, these seeds may be thrown out on the bare ground, or if there is deep snow a place may be swept clear. But it is better, perhaps, to serve them on portable trays which may be fastened in the

BY THE WAYSIDE

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All communications should be sent to MRS. G. W. PECKHAM, 646 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The editor of the *WAYSIDE* will send packages of Audubon leaflets to persons who care sufficiently for spreading an interest in bird protection, to pay postal or express charges.

Bird-Lore for December publishes the first plates of a series designed to illustrate the warblers of North America in color, from drawings by Louis Agassiz Fuertes and Bruce Horsfall.

At the annual conference of Audubon Societies, in November, it was reported that steps have been taken to secure protection for birds in the Philippines and other American islands in the Pacific.

trees, to piazza railings, or even to the windowsills. If in addition we can spare a lump of suet or the trimmings from the meat, they may be tied upon the trunks and branches of trees for the benefit of woodpeckers, chickadees, nuthatches, and other birds which might not come for the seeds. Among my bird pensioners last winter were juncos, tree sparrows, song sparrows, and chickadees, all of which came on the piazza; nuthatches and bluejays, which patronized the suet tied to an old tree stump, and goldfinches, which condescended to pick up the seeds which we scattered on the ground under the windows.

But the birds are not by any means the only creatures which need help at this season; many of the four-footed animals find food dreadfully scarce, and we can often help them with little trouble to ourselves. Ears of corn, bundles of wheat, or other grain, also in the ear, tied in the trees, will make a fine feast for the squirrels, and the bundles of wheat tied to the trunks of trees in the woods just above the snow will be a boon to the grouse, not to mention the wood mice. The idea of voluntarily feeding mice will no doubt seem very funny to many people, but I am

very fond of wood mice. All through the year they give me pleasure in my walks, and the least I can do to repay them is to give them a square meal now and then at a season when square meals are apt to be scarce with them. So, when I am passing their way, I just call and leave a handful of nuts, a slice of bread, or an apple or two, and I have reason to think that sometimes they enjoy their Thanksgivings and Christmases, rather more than if I had left them to forage for their dinners in the cold. And the muskrats, too, earn all they get in the way of food when the snow is deep and the thermometer low. A muskrat would go a mile for an apple if he knew where to go for it, and if you are out for a walk it is not much of a task to carry down a few apples in your pocket. I only mention the apples because he is so partial to them, but I assure you he will not turn up his nose at turnips, parsnips, carrots, beets, or roots of any kind at this time of year.

Of course it is little that any of us can do towards feeding the needy among our wild neighbors, but if each one of those of us who really love them will take a little trouble every winter, we shall not only save many lives which would otherwise be lost to us, but we shall get a better understanding of the creatures whose biographies are so closely interwoven with our own.—*Ernest Harold Baynes, in The Evening Post.*

The Notional Nightingale.

King Hubert, he went to the forest in state,
In glitter and gold, on a sun-shiny day,
And commanded his train in the shadow to wait.

While a herald proclaimed in the following way:

"His Imperial Majesty, Hubert the Second,
Since the nightingale's voice is quite musical
reckoned,

Is graciously pleased, as the day seems too long,

To command that the nightingale sing him
a song!"

The court all stood waiting for what might befall;

But somehow, no nightingale answered the call.

—*From St. Nicholas.*

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT.

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month, Illinois Children sending to Mrs. Wm. M. Scudder, 165 Buena Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Mrs. Peckham, 646 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive a bird book as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs one cent, and may be bought from Mrs. Scudder or Mrs. Peckham.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Bossert, Librarian, 719 Franklin St., Milwaukee.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham St., Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

Brown Creeper.

Bill curved: upper parts brownish, streaked with white; rump pale reddish brown; one light wing bar; under parts white; tail feathers stiff and sharply pointed. Length, about $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This is one of the unique little birds whose ways are all his own. To be sure, the Nuthatches and Black and White Creeper affect tree trunks, but not so exclusively that their dress and tools declare their trade. The Brown Creeper is bark color to begin with, and then his bill is curved to better reach the insects and eggs under the bark of tree trunks; his hind toe-nail is elongated to better bear his weight; while his tail is so sharply pointed for bracing at his work that it places him with the Woodpeckers and the other sharp-tailed birds.

The Creeper's way of hunting differs essentially from that of the other tree trunk birds. The Woodpeckers hop up a trunk and may back down if they wish to retrace their steps; the Nuthatch goes head down; the Black and White Creeper zigzags up a trunk, hopping gaily along, branching off as his fancy dictates; but the Brown Creeper rocks sedately up the bole, getting its insect and larvæ dinner in formal fashion as it goes. It often circles around the trunk, in corkscrew style, till it gets near the top, when it shoots obliquely

down to the foot of the next tree and begins to rock up again.

It is such an interesting bird that we would be glad to have more than a mere passing woodland acquaintance with it, and Doctor Mearns assures us that by hanging a bit of pork from the balcony we can attract it to our houses.

The nest of the Creeper is one to be searched for diligently, it is such an oddity in bird architecture. It is tucked in under a bit of loose bark on the side of a tree trunk where it has a ready-made Mansard roof to keep off the rain, and a cosy home of it in all respects. Good notes on the history of one of these nests would be valuable, as the bird has been studied comparatively little.

The song of the Creeper is described by Mr. Brewster as exquisitely pure and tender, alternately rising and falling, and "dying away in an indescribably plaintive cadence, like the soft sigh of the wind among the pine boughs."—*From Mrs. Bailey's Birds of Village and Field.*

Letters about the Brown Creeper should be mailed by February 1.

Prizes and Badges.

Erwin Radloff, 618 23rd street, Milwaukee, wins the December honor badge for Wisconsin, and Fred Mans of Upper Alton for Illinois. The *Bird-Lore* prize, for the best study of birds for the month, is not awarded, since no papers have been received about birds in November.

Secretary's Letter.

Dear Children: We have a good law for bird protection here in Wisconsin, but it is a difficult matter to enforce it. For the most part, the game wardens are friendly and willing to do their part, but the territory is too wide for them to cover. Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright, in considering this matter, as it concerns the whole country, thinks that the trouble lies largely in the fact that many people are ignorant of the law. Now, here is a way in which the children of the Society can be of practical use. Let everyone who reads this letter or who hears it read, make a point of

telling two people what our law is, asking them to pass the information on to others in the same way. Thus you may start an endless chain without any complications of ten-cent pieces or postage stamps,—an endless chain of good will, reaching into out-of-the-way corners of the state. Here are the most important parts of the law:

Section 1. No person shall within the state of Wisconsin, kill or catch or have in his or her possession, living or dead, any wild bird other than a game bird, nor shall purchase, offer, or expose for sale any such wild bird after it has been killed or caught. No part of the plumage, skin, or body of any bird protected by this section, shall be sold or had in possession for sale. For the purpose of this act the following only shall be considered game birds: The several species of wild geese, ducks, woodcock, snipe, plover, grouse, prairie chickens, pheasant, partridge and quail, designated by name and protected by the game laws of this state.

Sec. 2. No person shall, within the state of Wisconsin, take or needlessly destroy the nest or the eggs of any wild bird, nor shall have such nest or eggs in his or her possession.

Section 3. Any person who violates any of the provisions of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be liable to a fine of five dollars for each bird, living or dead, or part of bird or nest and eggs possessed, in violation of this act, or imprisonment for ten days or both at the discretion of the court.

ELIZABETH G. PECKHAM.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—This is my first letter I am writing to you, and is about a humming-bird. I was walking in our garden when I heard a humming noise. I looked around and saw a beautiful bird about four inches long, with a long bill and short tail. It had a red-throat and a greenish back. With its long bill it was trying to get an insect or the sweet honey in the flower. It stayed there about two minutes and as it flew away the humming sound began again. I knew now that the noise came from the wings. It must have been a ruby-throated humming-bird. I think birds and animals are just as good as people, as they are under one God.

ERWIN RADLOFF, age 12 years.

Milwaukee.

Illinois Prize Letter.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—One of the common birds in this locality is the meadow lark. It is a pretty bird with a yellow breast and brown wings.

One day my brother and I were going through a meadow and we found a little meadow lark and we picked it up. The old ones flew around us and almost hit us in the face, and when we laid it down they went and hovered over it.

There were some sparrows around our house and when summer came I put up a pigeon-box. The sparrows drove the pigeons out and built a nest in it themselves.

FRED. MANS, age 11 years.

Upper Alton.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—Last winter when we lived over on the marsh I caught six quails. They were nearly starved to death and were so weak they couldn't fly or even run. I took them home and put them in a box and fed them. Three were so weak that they died. Two of those which were left picked the third to death. The other two lived and became so tame that they would come up to our feet and eat crumbs. I kept them in a box and fed them crumbs and water and sand and let them out every day. When we moved over here on our own farm this spring we brought them along and let them loose and they are here now.

Needah.

RAY BURNS.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—The crow is a large black bird. They come in the spring and stay nearly all the year. They live in the fields and woods. The crow's nest is made of sticks and lined with dead grass, root fibres, moss and twine. The crow lays four or five eggs. The crow steals corn from the farmer but he does a great deal of good, too, eating gophers, young rabbits and a few frogs and lizards. He also eats insects, cut worms, grasshoppers, beetles and caterpillars. Altogether the crow is a very interesting bird and one that is worth studying.

LEONARD GERMAIN, age 11 years.

Burkhardt.

Birds in October.

During this month the remainder of the migrants were passing, and the winter birds were beginning to arrive. The birds were most numerous during the first half of the month.

Robins, juncos, goldfinches, bluebirds, chickadees, and blue jays were common throughout the month.

Of the warblers, the myrtle was the most numerous.

The American coot and the pie-billed grebe were seen several times during the month.

The first winter birds to arrive were the winter wren and the white-crowned sparrow, both of which were first seen on the tenth of the month.

Other birds occasionally seen were the belted kingfisher, purple finch, golden-crowned kinglet, white-breasted nuthatch, white-throated, fox, song and tree sparrows, flicker, hairy and downy woodpeckers, and the towhee.

La Crosse. WILLIAM SCHNEIDER, age 15.

The Humming-Bird.

The humming-bird is very small, so small that they can easily go through between the wires of a common bird cage. Their eggs are very small, too. Their nest looks like a little ball of grass. Once I climbed a tree to look in a nest but the mother bird was on, keeping her eggs warm. I was going down when another bird came and flew around me till I got down. The young bird is about as big as a honey bee when it is first hatched.

JAMES PRATT, age 11.

Necedah.

—
CEDARBURG, WIS.

DEAR MRS. PECKHAM.—One day last summer I went to the woods to hear the birds sing. While looking around I discovered a bird's nest. I did not know what kind of a nest it was, but later I found out that it was the nest of the summer yellow bird. The nest was about four feet above my head, and contained three infant bird babies.

The mother bird had been killed by some cruel boys who threw stones at her. So the little birds were left to perish in the nest. They were entirely helpless, for they could not fly away in search of food.

I took the nest and inmates home with me. I

cared for them tenderly and in a short time their wings were strong enough so they could fly. I took them out doors and they sat on the perch in the cage for a few moments, then they flew away. They came back several days for food, but finally did not return any more, at least I did not see them again.

FRIEDA STARKE, age 13 years.

—
DEAR MRS. PECKHAM:—I saw a woodpecker in our woods. His head was red and his back was black.

One morning on my way to school I saw a flock of wild canaries. They flew from branch to branch as if they were cold.

CAROLINE SOPHIA ZENTNER,
Member of the Mayflower Audubon Society,
R. D. No. 2, Oshkosh, Wis.

—
512 Pine St., La Crosse.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—One day some of my friends and I went to the cemetery. The first bird we saw was a yellow one and we followed it every place it went and at last we found out that it was the Baltimore oriole. Then we saw a kingfisher and it dived into the water and when it came out it had a fish in its mouth. We saw a little bird and when we got up close to it tipped its head and we saw a little red topknot. After a while we were told that it was the ruby-crowned kinglet. It was so proud of its little red topknot that every time we saw it, it would tip its head. We saw a song sparrow, but we were not sure what it was, so we followed it up until it flew away, so that we didn't know where it went. At last we saw it in the same tree. When we saw it, it had its mate. Then a robin came and chased them away. We saw the bronzed grackle, hawk, flicker, belted kingfisher, chipping sparrow, myrtle warbler, brown thrush, red start, red winged blackbird, bluebird and black and white creeper. That was all we saw that day. I can't think about any more birds, so I'll close.

JOSEPHINE BENJAMIN, aged 11 years.

Ray and Bettie.

Ray was a little boy when this happened. Bettie is what he called his gun. Ray used to have lots of fun in shooting sparrows, but one day while he was standing in front of the hay-mow trying to scare some sparrows out

(you all know sparrows like to stay in the hay). he had just shot a bird and had picked it up and put it in a sack. for that is where he put them, and had leveled his gun to shoot another when he heard someone speak. he thought. It frightened him and he dropped his gun and as he dropped it, it discharged; at the same instant he saw in the place of the sparrow a pretty yellow-bird. and then he was glad he had been frightened for on looking in the place from which the bird came he found five little half-grown birds. Ray is a big boy now. Bettie stands in the corner and Ray goes hunting with a camera.

FREDA FISHER, age 12 years.

Necedah.

"What is the good of the birds?" one will say.

Well, one of the greatest pleasures we derive from the birds is their pleasant songs and cheerful ways, and the amount of insects and bugs they eat is beyond belief.

It is said that upon opening the stomach of a warbler, as many as two or three hundred insect eggs have been found. Now, if those eggs had hatched, what a damage these insects would have done to our fruit trees? And, again, it is said that a robin will make a meal of a pile of worms as big as a large goose egg, and other birds will eat as many in proportion.

"But what is the use of protecting the birds?" one will say again. It is claimed that not one-half of the young birds reach the stage of maturity, and the more birds there are, the better for the farmer.

W. N. WILLIAMS, age 14 years.

Necedah.

515 N. 12th St., La Crosse.

Dear Madam:—Heavy rains caused the water in a marsh near my home to rise very high. A few other boys and myself made a raft and took turns in riding back and forth on the water. One day when I was out riding I saw a kingfisher perched on a tree near the water. He was not here very long, but made two or three flights about three feet above the water, when suddenly he dropped. He soon returned with something in his mouth. This that he had in his bill jumped so much that it escaped the bird. He went after it again and returned with it in his bill.

WILLIE OWEN.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—I saw a robin hopping on a bush. I saw a canary and it was sitting on a tree. I saw a bluejay sitting on a tree. I saw a chick-dee sitting on a tree and it was singing to us. I saw a brown thrush sitting on a limb. I saw a catbird and it was flying and singing. I saw a humming-bird sitting on a bush. I saw a fish-hawk sitting on a tree.

BERT M. WILLIAMS, age 8 years.

Why Our Society Receives the Name "Audubon."

John James Audubon, a celebrated American, a writer on birds, was born in Louisiana, May 4, 1780. When he was a boy he loved the birds. He would often keep the birds as pets and often tried to make pictures of them. His father being an officer of the French navy, sent him when he was fourteen years old, to Paris, to study drawing and painting with the artist David. When he came back he settled on a farm in Pennsylvania. While he was living there he drew many birds from nature, but these pictures were destroyed by mice.

Ten years later he moved to Kentucky. He stayed in the woods for a few years, catching birds and painting pictures of them. He went to England and published a work called "The Birds of America," which contained the pictures of more than a thousand birds, all of life size and in their natural colors.

Audubon died in New York when 71 years old. His works made him very famous.

HATTIE DAVIS, age 16 years.

Necedah.

October Birds.

I saw a flock of gulls yesterday. I saw a sparrow-hawk yesterday. I saw a bluejay yesterday. I saw a blackbird last Sunday. I saw a crow last Saturday. I saw a chicken-hawk Friday. I saw a woodpecker Thursday. I saw a wild duck last Wednesday. I saw a robin last Tuesday. I saw a flock of snow-birds last Monday. I saw a flock of wild geese last Sunday. I saw a flock of blackbirds last Sunday.

HARRY SAWIN, age 9 years.

Necedah.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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No. 9

Blizzard.

Blizzard we named her, not because that rough, unpleasant name particularly well suited the demure little damsel in dusty brown who came to live with us, but for the reason that she came in with the blizzard that tossed and tumbled, and half buried New York, on that famous Monday of March, claiming our hospitalities against the inhospitable world of wind and snow outside. How she got into the house is still a mystery. Mamma thought she must have come down the chimney and through the stovepipe, but it is hard to believe that a bird, however distressed, would venture into a long, dark tunnel like that, not knowing where it might end. It seems more likely that when some one opened the door to go out, and was met by a wild sweep of the gale, and a dash of fine, sharp snow in his face that half blinded him, poor little Blizzard flew in with her perhaps because she saw warmth and comfort inside, or possibly just because she was blown in and could not help herself.

However it came about, there she was, bright and pert as a sparrow can be, and plainly lighted to get out of the storm. She reeled at being caught, and even bit savagely at her captor, but in spite of that she was taken upstairs to a warm, snug room and set there, where we thought she would be safe, for Blizzard was not the only guest in the house, * * there was Laura.

Laura was a parrot of high degree and beautiful manners, dressed in several shades of green, with a gay yellow cap, and a dash of red color on her wing. She did not at all know what to think of this vagabond of the street, whose vulgar antics she was accustomed to watch through the windows only. She turned her aristocratic head on one side, fixed her large red eye on the plebeian, and plainly did not altogether approve of her for a companion.

But Blizzard had no scruples; she was not in the least afraid of her high-mightiness; in fact, she never saw the bird she was afraid of, and she assumed the aggressive herself.

For some moments the two stared at each other, head feathers erected and all bristled up for war; then suddenly, with a keen appreciation of the advantage of taking the initiative, the sparrow made a dash at Laura, and passed just over her head without pausing.

That insulted bird started, and gave a violent snap of her big beak, just too late to touch her lively enemy. Again and again was this performance repeated, the saucy street ruffian swooping down as if to annihilate the stately parrot, and that bird every time surprised out of her dignity, startled, snapping her bill, trying to seize her tormentor.

At length Blizzard tired of this amusement, and proceeded to show contempt of her roommate in a new way, by alighting on the perch beside her. The perch was three or four feet long and the size of a broomstick.

Laura, sitting calm and composed at one end, was suddenly shocked by the sparrow dropping down upon it about four inches from her seat. In a moment, after one look of horror and disgust, down went Laura's head, and off she started, hand over hand, as parrots walk, beak wide open, to seize her disreputable foe.

The graceless upstart simply hopped back a step or two. Laura followed, snapped again, and again the sparrow retreated. Thus they passed down the length of the perch, and when they reached the end, Blizzard hopped over the back of her clumsy pursuer, came down the other side, and led her back in the same impertinent way.

There was one droll sort of dance that Laura indulged in that seemed to amuse, or at least to interest, Blizzard, for while it was going on she stood still in her turn and looked at every movement. The excitement was pro-

duced by scraping a crumpled newspaper over the matting. What it suggested to the parrot, no one could guess, but the instant it began she erected her feathers, spread her tail like a fan, expanded her wings, put her beak down and rubbed the upper edge of it along the floor, while she walked round and round, toeing in, and always ploughing the matting with her big bill. This curious movement she kept up without pause so long as the noise was continued.

An eating place was set up for the storm refugee on the window sash, and bread and water provided for her comfort. The water she accepted with thanks, but she soon discovered that Laura's now vacant cage contained a dainty more to her taste—a large, square cracker. This she pecked at eagerly, first standing outside and putting her head between the wires; but finding this inconvenient, after looking about on every side, and scorning the open door as a probable trap, she slipped between the wires and helped herself freely, hammering the cracker to bits and scattering crumbs all over the floor, while the owner of the cage observed with displeasure the disorderly manners of her small neighbor.

After enduring the sparrow's performances awhile, Laura went home, and the door was shut. We were sure she could guard her food, for she was a bird of spirit herself, and not used to being imposed upon. * * * Blizzard did not approve of the new arrangement, but cracker she was bound to have; and after a few cautious advances, holding herself ready for instant flight, she grew careless, and plainly made up her mind that Laura was far too slow to catch so very wide-awake a personage as herself. So once more she slipped through and busied herself on the floor within six inches of her big neighbor, getting even so bold as to snatch at Laura's tail when it hung in her way.

For some time the parrot looked on, with wise head turned over on one side, and Blizzard became perfectly indifferent, when at last the long-suffering bird leaned over and snatched up the intruding scapegrace by the back.

Had it been the head, this would be the end of the poor sparrow's story, but the feathers are thick on the back. Blizzard screamed at the top of her voice, the family ran into the

room, and the bird escaped, leaving a mouthful of feathers with Laura.

This experience subdued the street gamin for a while, and she retired to the top of the window casing to recover from her fright and investigate the damage to her draperies, while Laura sat bridling in her cage, saying "Cr-r-r—cr-r-r" in a low but evidently crowing tone, as if meaning, "There, miss! how do you like that? Perhaps you'll keep out of my house!"

* * * * *

As soon as the sun came out, a window was opened, and away she went out into the white world to join the army of feathered tramps to which she belonged.—*From Olive Thorne Miller's True Bird Stories.*

From the "Paradise of Birds."

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE.

We wish to declare how the birds of the air
all high Institutions designed,
And holding in awe art, science and law, de-
livered the same to mankind.
To begin with: Of old man went naked and
cold whenever it pelted or froze,
Till we showed him how feathers were proof
against weathers; with that he bethought
him of hose.
And next it was plain that he in the rain, was
forced to sit dripping and blind,
While the reed-warbler swung in a nest with
her young, deep-sheltered and warm from the
wind.
So our homes in the boughs made him think
of the house; and the swallow, to help him
invent,
Revealed the best way to economise clay, and
bricks to combine with cement.
The knowledge withal of the carpenter's awl is
drawn from the nut-hatch's bill,
And the sand-marten's pains in the hazel-clad
lanes, instructed the mason to drill.
Is there one of the arts more dear to men's
hearts, to the bird's inspiration they owe it,
For the nightingale first sweet music rehearsed;
prima donna, composer and poet.
The owl's dark retreats showed sages the
sweets of brooding to spin, or unravel
Fine webs in one's brain, philosophical, vain,—
the swallows the pleasures of travel,
Who chirped in such strain of Greece, Italy,
Spain, and Egypt, that men when they heard,

Were mad to fly forth from their nests in the north, and follow the tail of the bird.

Besides, it is true to our wisdom is due the knowledge of sciences all,

And chiefly those rare metaphysics of air, men Meteorology call.

For indeed it is said a kingfisher when dead has his science alive in him still;

And, hung up, will show how the wind means to blow, and turn to the point with his bill.

And men in their words acknowledge the birds' erudition in weather and star;

For they say "Twill be dry—the swallow is high;" or, "Rain—for the chough is afar."

'Twas the rooks who taught men vast pamphlets to pen upon Social Compact and Law,

And Parliaments hold, as themselves did of old, exclaiming "Hear, Hear," for "Caw, Caw!"

When they build, if one steal so great is their zeal for justice, that all, at a pinch,

Without legal test will demolish his nest, and hence is the trial by Lynch.

And whence arose Love? Go ask of the dove, or behold how the titmouse, unresting,

Both early and late still sings by his mate, to lighten her labors of nesting.

Their bonds never gall, tho' the leaves shoot and fall, and the seasons roll round in their course,

For their marriage each year grows more lovely and dear, and they know not decrees of divorce.

That these things are Truth we have learned from our youth, for our hearts to our customs incline,

As the rivers that roll from the fount of the soul, immortal, unchanging, divine.

Man, simple and old, in his ages of gold, derived from our teaching true light,

And deemed it his praise in his ancestors' ways to govern his footsteps aright.

But the fountain of woes, Philosophy, rose, and what betwixt Reason and Whim,

He has splintered our rules into sections and schools, so the world is made bitter for him.

But the birds, since on earth they discovered the worth of their souls, and resolved with a vow,

No custom to change for a new or a strange, have attained unto Paradise now.

The Quality of Mercy.

Half a dozen good women sat about a blazing open fire, talking of how to teach their children to be gentle. A little gray spider, thawed from her winter torpor by the heat, crept out on to the floor from a pile of wood beside the fireplace.

"Ugh! Step on it!" cried one.

"Throw it into the fire!" exclaimed another.

"Kill it! It will bite you!" said a third.

Poor little *Epeira domiciliorum*, quiet, unobtrusive, harmless, endowed with wonderful instincts and powers beyond the comprehension of those who would persecute you, not that day were you to be made a burnt sacrifice to ignorance. A friendly hand closed over you and you were released on a pot of blossoming primroses by the window.

E. G. P.

Floral Enigmas.

My *first* is wrinkled and uncouth,

A little garden friend;

My *second*, when we weary stand,

May some good fortune send!

My *whole* is found in leafy wood,

In brown, white, scarlet clad,

The fairies, when they give a tea,

Of its support are glad.

My *first* is what our baby is

Above a million others;

My *second* in seclusion lies

With half a dozen brothers;

My *whole* in dainty pink and white,

Climbs ever upward toward the light.

My *first* would let the world go by

While thinking on his clothes,

He long before the mirror stands,

A grain of dust he loathes;

A king my *second* oft is called,

Although his royal right

To wear that title has been won

By dint of savage might;

My *whole*—the lavish gold that Spring

Flings all along her way—

Gladly the little children seize,

To help them in their play.

—From *St. Nicholas*.

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the fifteenth of each month.

The official organ of the Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

Twenty-five cents per year. Single copies, three cents.

All communications should be sent to Mrs. G. W. PECKHAM, 646 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The fate of the *WAYSIDE* has been hanging in the balance for some time, but it is now decided that with the beginning of the next volume, in May, it shall pass into the hands of Miss Ruth Marshall, of Appleton, who will become editor and manager.

Surely no bird lover can live content without *Bird-Lore*. Everything that appears in it is not only full of interest, but is ably written, and the perfect taste with which the mechanical part is managed—the clear type and the charming illustrations—make it a joy to the eye as well as to the mind. To teachers interested in nature study it is especially useful. Its attractiveness is to be increased, during the coming year, by a series of colored plates, a sample of which appears in this number of the *WAYSIDE*. To one who is familiar with the clumsy and inartistic, even if correct, workmanship that has gone into the illustration of many costly books on birds, these dainty pictures, accurate, and yet full of the very spirit of the bird's life and grace, are a wonder and a delight.

John Ruskin warns us not to kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, but to strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty upon earth.

An English observer tells of a canary that learned to whistle "God Save the King" from a bullfinch kept in an adjoining room. At the end of the second line the bullfinch would sometimes pause longer than he ought, when the canary would take up the tune and finish it. Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller tells a similar story of how, when she would whistle the beginning of a tune known to her pet English blackbird, he would take it up where she left off and go on with it.

When one sees the fashionable world of women driving about the streets or piously attending church service, in hats crowned with egret, or with long bird-of-paradise plumes bleached white and streaming in the wind, one marvels how it should be possible that these distinguished dames can possess minds so untrained—in a sense so uneducated—be so relentless, so lost to pity, as not to know or care whether whole races of birds, the loveliest and most innocent of created beings, be killed off (and mostly under circumstances of great barbarity), simply in order to make trimming for their hats!—*Cornhill Magazine*.

The Snow-Storm.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the
heaven,

And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's
feet

Delayed, all friends shut out, the house mates
sit

Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come, see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel, he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall.
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,
A tapering turret overtops the work:
And when his hours are numbered, and the
world

Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

From *Ralph Waldo Emerson*.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT.

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month, Illinois Children sending to Mrs. Wm. M. Scudder, 165 Buena Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Mrs. Peckham, 646 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive a bird book as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs one cent, and may be bought from Mrs. Scudder or Mrs. Peckham.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Bossert, Librarian, 719 Franklin St., Milwaukee.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham St., Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

Pine Grosbeak.

Adult male, Slatey gray washed with dull rose-red. *Adult female*, Slatey gray slightly washed with yellowish. *Young*, like the female. *Length* about 9 inches.

One of the rare pleasures of a winter among the snow-fields of the north is the visit of a flock of Pine Grosbeaks. The handsome, rosy-coated birds are not common visitors, and the sight of a red flock of them clustering around the cones of an evergreen is a picture to brighten many a dull day. They wander about the country in winter, and when a flock suddenly appears in a neighborhood it creates general interest and curiosity, for the birds are so large and richly colored that they are hard to overlook. Indeed, queries often appear in the country newspapers as to what the remarkable strangers may be.

Coming in this way, we naturally want to show them some hospitality, and Mrs. Mabel Good Wright tells us that we can please them by offering them cracked corn that has been soaked in boiling water.

They are gentle birds, whose knowledge of man is so limited that they have no fear of him, and will often let themselves be taken in the hand. * * * Mr. Chamberlain has had the good fortune to hear the Grosbeak's love song near St. John in June, and describes it as "an exquisitely sweet and tender strain—

sung in such soft tones it must be intended for one ear alone, for it cannot be heard a dozen yards away. The bird does not sing thus because he lacks strength of voice, for his winter song is loud and vigorous, * * * just such a breezy carol as you might expect from a stalwart fellow who loves the north wind and revels amid the snow."—From Mrs. Bailey's *Birds of Village and Field*.

Prizes and Badges.

The honor badges for January are awarded to John Loos, Appleton, Wis., and Muriel Lampert, Belvidere, Ill. The *Bird-Lore* prize, given with each number for the best study of the birds of the month before, goes to Isidor Reh-fuss, 316 S. Fourth St., La Crosse.

Secretary's Letter.

A Happy New Year to you, dear WAYSIDE children! and what a frozen wayside it is! Yet how many birds we hear of—grosbeaks, woodpeckers, juncos, snowbirds, chickadees, jays, even robins! Are you feeding them and looking after their needs? Birds need so much food. If they eat all day long they get only enough to keep them comfortable, especially in winter. In a sunny upper room that I know, two pet birds, an English goldfinch and a canary, are at liberty to fly about and amuse themselves as they please, and yet they pass nearly all their time in eating. They seem to think that they have the best of it, as they sit inside and watch the sparrows dining out in the cold. Plucky little sparrows! Even their enemies must admire their courage and cheeriness.

Now put on your caps and coats, run out into the snow, and find a bird, or a squirrel, or a rabbit that you can write to me about!

ELIZABETH G. PECKHAM.

Wisconsin Prize Letter--The Chickadee.

I am a small bird about five inches long. I wear a black bib and have a black cap on my head. My suit is an ashy gray and I wear a yellowish vest.

My greatest enemy is the cat. How I dread to see her come near. The boys and girls are very good to me. They like to hear me twitter

about. One of my songs is chick-a-dee-dec-dee, so they call me chickadec. They say that I am very quick. That is one way they tell me from the sparrows.

Not long ago while I was flitting about in a crab-apple tree, I found an old catbird's nest. It was full of snow. I hopped in and you ought to see the snow fly! In a bush near by is a little chipping sparrow's nest. It is made of little roots and hair from the horse's tail. I visit these nests once in a while, but they seem very funny to me, for mine is a little hole and is lined with soft down and feathers.

In winter I fly all over to find something to eat. I like to nibble at the buds of trees, and sometimes my little boy and girl friends put some crumbs or suet out for me. This is very kind of them, for when the snow is heavy it is very hard for me to find food.

I heard a friend of mine say the other day that far away in Norway people are especially good to all birds on a day which they call Yule-peace, but which the people here call Christmas. They save sheaves of wheat and other good things which they hang out on Yule-peace for the birds.

I hear the boys and girls here talk a great deal about Christmas nowadays. Yes, they have merry times then, and I am going to keep watch, for sometimes they throw out pop-corn, nuts and other good things for me to eat.

JOHN LOOS, age 11.

Illinois Prize Letter.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—I like the chickadee best of all the birds I know, the robin perhaps being an exception.

I have been sick this fall and near a window in my bedroom, mamma had some suet tied onto a tree. Chickadees came almost constantly. But the English sparrows came more than constantly, and so the suet went a great deal faster than if the chickadees only had made their dainty meals off of it.

When I was better mamma put some nuts, hemp and sunflower seeds on a chest on our south veranda. We keep the chickadees well supplied and we are ten times repaid by their cheery presence. The English sparrows are afraid to come on the chest, of which I am a little glad.

I have two canaries of my own. One is yel-

low and the other is greenish brown. I have a great deal of fun with them.

At the back of our house we have a kind of "bird table," as we call it. On it we keep corn all the time and sometimes hemp and sunflower seeds. The bluejays carry off the sunflower seeds by the mouthful. I think bluejays are great fun.

Sometimes when we go to feed the chickadees, when we come back in the house the door is not shut before the "chicks," as I call them, are at the food.

MURIEL LAMPERT, age 11.

Prize Paper--Birds in December.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—On the second of December, while walking on the Golf Grounds, I saw a flock of about twenty pine grosbeaks. They looked very pretty, eating the blue berries of the cedar trees. On the sixth, while taking a walk in Pettibone Park, numerous flocks of chickadees greeted us with their cheering calls. Occasionally we would see some white-breasted nuthatches running up and down the tree trunks. On the twelfth of the month we saw a small flock of red-winged blackbirds in the marshes near Lake Park. In the Golf Grounds we saw a single robin, showing not the least sign of being cold. We also saw a large flock of evening grosbeaks feeding on the berries of the cedar trees. These birds are large and easily identified on account of their striking plumage. Other birds seen several times during the month were the tree sparrows, juncos, hairy and downy woodpeckers, bluejays and quail.

ISIDOR REHFUSS, age 15.

R. D., No. 2, OSHKOSH, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—One morning on my way to school I saw some red-headed woodpeckers.

The head, neck and forebreast are crimson; its back, wings and tail are glossy black, and the under part of its breast is white.

It lives chiefly in the woods, where they search for their food in the bark of trees. They feed on insects and grubs.

Its bill is long and sharp, and when digging for some food it makes a thrumming noise.

It lays its eggs in the hollow of a tree. The eggs are white, and from four to six in number.

SELMA H. WIDMER, age 13.

Member of the Mayflower Audubon Society.



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A Bi-Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Study and Protection of Birds

Published for the National Committee of the Audubon Societies, as the official organ of the Societies.

Edited by FRANK M. CHAPMAN

Audubon Department edited by MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT and WILLIAM DUTCHER

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Volume VI begins
Feb. 1, 1904

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DEAR WAYSIDE.—I have seen quite a number of bluejays, most of them in the summer, but I have seen two or three this winter. They have a black collar and they are crested. The wings and tail are deep blue. They are white-tipped and black-barred. It is very bold. It has a harsh noisy call note. They are a very pretty bird; they like to come around the corn cribs and eat corn, and I like to see them around. Some people think they do more harm than good, but I do not think so. I think they are here for a good purpose, and I would like to see more of them in Wisconsin.

MILTON, WIS. LESLIE KRIPPNER, age 10.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR MRS. PECKHAM.—One morning when I was going to school I saw a snow-bird lying on the snow. I picked it up and brought it in the house, wrapped it in some cloth and put it near the stove. It would not move until I took it. I put it in a cage, and now it is well again. One time I put some crumbs on the sidewalk for the birds. Then I went in, looked out of the parlor window and saw three little birds quarreling about the crumbs. I went out and put some more there, and then there were about five of them.

I hope that everybody will be good to the birds, because I take much interest in them.

GERTRUDE BIRSACH, age 10 years.

1011 Second St.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—Last year some robins built a nest in a box-elder tree, in our back yard. Not long after four light blue eggs were in it. One day four little baby robins were hatched. It kept the father and mother birds busy to supply food for their hungry babies.

One morning I went out doors, and there lay the father bird on the ground. A large ugly cat had nearly killed it, and was about to run away with it, when I made it drop the bird. I bro't it in the house, and tried to help the bird to live, but it was too weak, it soon died.

The mother bird worked very hard but she couldn't do all the work. The next day we noticed a new bird helping the mother bird.

One day I watched the two elder birds teach them to fly. Not very long after the tree was empty, the birds had flown away.

HAMMOND, WIS. LUCILLE DEANE, age 13.

LA CROSSE, WIS., 233 N. 7th St.

DEAR MADAM:—One morning after a rain, while I was standing at the window, I saw a robin fly down to a pool of water which was near the house. He would dip his head into the water and then shake himself. He seemed to enjoy his cool bath very much. After a while he flew away, but soon returned with another robin. The newcomer then took a bath while the other bird watched him. In a few moments they flew away to a neighboring tree, where I soon heard them singing.

MAYME GARRITY.

CEDARBURG, WIS.

DEAR MRS. PECKHAM.—One day as I was going back in our yard an English sparrow ate corn with our chickens. Sparrows generally build their nests in the topmost branches of some tall trees, also under the eaves of houses, and in strawstacks. They are short and plump in form. Their legs are very short. The color of the plumage is dull, plain and modest. The English sparrows chirp continuously, but their chirp is very short, yet not very unmusical. The flight, as I have observed it, is undulating and fluttering. They eat seeds, berries, grains, worms, especially the little insects which infest the willows and very often destroy them. The English sparrows eat more noxious insects than a person anticipates. I delight in watching them but would not like to count the number of insects they get away with in one day. The English sparrow hops and is rather a noisy little creature. This bird is tolerably common around here, staying with us summer and winter.

Some people think the English sparrows are a nuisance; but I do not think so. We would not see very much of bird life during the long, cold winter if it were not for these friendly little creatures. They cheer us by their lively little chirps and make the winter less dreary.

I would not hurt an English sparrow and won't allow the boys to shoot them around our house.

MELVIN RAEDER, age 10 years.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—I saw a scarlet tanager bird. It was red and black. I saw a robin sitting on the ground. I saw a flock of geese flying.

ROSCOE VAN METER,

Necedah.

Birds in December.

LA CROSSE, WIS., Jan. 6, 1904.
415 N. 12th Street.

On the 6th of December, while taking a walk in Pettibone Park, we saw a flock of chickadees. In company with these little fellows we found three or four white-breasted nut-hatches. When returning we were attracted by a lisping tone, and found that it was made by a brown creeper. We saw four of them. In the morning of the same day I saw a downy and hairy woodpecker.

On the twelfth I saw a flock of birds composed of juncos and tree sparrows. Near the same place we saw a flock of about a dozen evening grosbeaks. In company with them we found a solitary robin. He was nearly frozen. At the same time we saw a flock of about two dozen bobwhites which stayed under the cedar and spruce trees. These birds have stayed in the same place during the whole winter up to the present time.

WILLIAM SCHNEIDER, age 15.

BOARDMAN, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—The bluejay lives in the forest in winter. Their neck and head are purple. He has a crescent shaped collar. His wings and tail feathers are of bright blue with stripes of black and white. He is a very ornamental fellow.

The bluejay has a peculiar voice. You can hear him a long ways off. His cry is harsh, but in the warm days of February and March they surprise us with their almost sweet music. When they are talking with one of their friends that they have learned to love their voices are low and sweet.

They have one bad habit—robbing the nests of the smaller birds of their eggs and little birds. When they go out robbing, they are very still. I saw them catch some little birds.

I have told about their bad habits and now I am going to tell some of their good habits. They take great care of their little birds. No bird does more good to the crops than the bluejay. He picks the worms and insects and for this reason we ought not to harm him. He is a brave, busy bird. He is not afraid of cold weather. Long after the song birds have gone south you can see him dodging about

among the bare trees. They are very busy looking for something to eat and do not have time to get cold.

In April they find a place among the thick branches of some tree and build their nest with twigs and fine roots and stems of dry leaves, which they lay together until they have made a big nest. They work so fast that in five or six days it is ready for the eggs. The eggs are of a greenish gray color with little spots of brown all over them.

We caught two little bluejays once. They fell out of their nest. At first we could not catch them, but after a short time we succeeded. We kept them in a cage for a long time and one day when we were going away papa told us to let them go. We did so. The mother and father sat on the tree and watched us. I was afraid they would peck us. I would not catch them since I have joined the Audubon Society.

ELSIE SIMON, age 10 years.

KOSHKONONG, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—One day I went out in the field to take my papa some water, and as I came back I saw two little ground birds and I wanted to give them some crumbs which I had with me, but when I got near them they would run along the ground and give a happy little chirp. They did not seem afraid of me. I talked kindly to them and threw the crumbs on the ground, and they flew up in a tree near by. But if they came back and ate them or not I don't know, for mamma called me and I went home.

NORMA WEISS, age 12.

HAMMOND, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—I belong to the Audubon Society and like it very much. One day I was outside and I happened to see a robin by the water barrel. Then I stayed outside awhile and watched him. He then flew up in a tree with some mud in his mouth. When I looked up in the tree there was straws, horse hairs and feathers. He put the mud down in the nest and came down all the time getting mud for it. Then when he was up in the tree I put a string in the mud, but when he came down again he would not take the string but went back up to the nest.

JOSIE RASMUSSEN, age 11.

BY THE WAYSIDE

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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No. 10

Spring House-Cleaning.

"Come, come, we must hurry!" Dame Nature cries
When the days grow long and the last snow flies.

The house is really in *such* a state,
The maids must work both early and late.
Her company coming; for Summer—the dear!—

Her usual visit will make this year.
A fit for her bonny bright eyes to see,
An apple-pie order the house must be."

When first comes March with a brisk new broom,
And a smart rattan for whipping.

Her whistle's as clear as a blackbird's trill;
She beats and shakes with a right good will;
She brushes the webs from the ceilings high;
She sweeps the nooks and corners dry,
The dust clouds whirl and the dead leaves fly;

And she answers the querulous passerby
With a tongue both pert and nipping.

And next to the clean swept room
The mop and pail comes skipping.
Her skirts tucked up from her ankles neat,
A rainbow smile in her dimples sweet,
She follows her sister—spatter and splash!
Whenever she pauses the big drops dash,
The house is shining from sill to sash,
The windows bright in the sunshine flash,
The very walls are dripping!

And of all, with her cheeks abloom,
The prettiest May comes daintily tripping.
She spreads the carpets of dazling sheen,
She hangs the curtains of leafy green.
Such of her fingers deft and fair
Never a nook nor a niche is bare.
She sprinkles with perfume all the air,
She sets her flower bowls everywhere
And the buds of the freshest clipping.

"Now we are ready!" the housewife cries.

"The maids may rest till the next snow flies!"
And fresher and fairer than ever before
The house will sparkle from ceiling to floor,
When Summer knocks at the good dame's door.
—From *St. Nicholas*.

An Old Quarrel.

It was one morning in April that a bluebird lit on my window sill—a *blue*-bird, not a *new* bird, understand, for we are very old friends. He has been a neighbor of mine for years—a part, at least, of every year for a decade—and comes to Twig Lodge every spring as regularly as possible.

"Well, friend, how are you? Welcome to Virginia again! When did you leave the South?" I said in greeting, but had no answer; for a moment, indeed, was thinking him rude and surly for a traveled bird, when he cocked his head to one side, as if listening, and, looking down, said: "There they are! At it again! They have been quarreling in just this way, now, ever since anything was anywhere. There's a regular feud between them. Hark!"

"Between who?" said I, curiously, regardless of grammar.

"Between *them*," replied he, impatiently. "They are all alike. Hark! Don't you see that snowflake down below and that blade of grass?"

"Where are you going? I don't hear anything," said I. But he was off, and I was about to leave the window when I was arrested by the sound of voices, very fine and clear, and apparently at some distance from me. I stopped and listened; I was so taken by surprise and so interested that I quite forgot that one should never listen to conversation not intended for one. I didn't remember ever to have heard I mustn't listen for fully a week, and this was the dialogue:

Snowflake: "Well, the season is over, thank

goodness, and we shall all be off very soon. I am so glad!"

Blade of Grass: "The season *over*. Why, what are you talking about? It has just begun."

S. F.: "That shows what you know of times and seasons! But I don't know why I should express the least surprise, when you don't know anything about Christmas even, nor do any of your family. I never knew such ignorance. We've told you the story over and over again, but some persons never learn anything."

B. of G.: "Oh, yes! you've told us stories enough and to spare. *That* I am quite willing to grant. But when it comes to the truth!—that is quite another matter. Christmas! Christmas! It is always Christmas with you the whole year around, and I am perfectly sick and tired of hearing of it, for it is really yourself that you wish to bring into notice all the time. If you could only hear one-half of the disagreeable things that are said of you, you would certainly be a good deal less openly conceited. Wherever I go it is always the same thing. Thank Heaven, the snow is gone at last! That dirty, slushy, wretched snow! How I hate it!"

S. F.: "What an abominable fib! Wherever I go I hear nothing but good of myself and my family! 'Ah! here's the snow at last! Now we are all right! Now we shall have some fun! Ho! for coasting and skating and sleighing, and larks generally,' they say. And as for being *dirty*, we are the purest, whitest, most beautiful thing in all this white world."

B. of G.: "The world isn't white at all. It is *green*. I have told you that a thousand times at least. I have been all over it and I know."

S. F.: "It is white, all white, except where the sun strikes it in the evening. I should think I ought to know."

B. of G.: "You ought to know many things that you don't know, and never will, moreover. I can tell you that there are whole countries where nobody has ever seen or heard of you, and where we have lived and flourished for thousands of years."

S. F.: "And I can tell you that there are other countries where not so many as one of you has ever been seen, and where we have lived and flourished the year round for millions of years."

B. of G.: "Oh! Pooh! Tell that to the marines! What is the name of those countries, pray? Where *did* your family come from, anyway, I should like to know!"

S. F.: "My family is of high origin—far, far above yours, as everybody knows; for though you are a most impudent young blade, your low origin is a thing that you can never, never alter. Grow as you will, you will never rise to the height I came from, I can tell you."

B. of G.: "Well, I would rather strive upward than to be always falling into the mire, if that is what you mean. You are like poor Rain-drop, who can't keep out of the gutter to save his life, and is always talking of having 'left heaven so recently.' Earth is good enough for me; and I flatter myself that it wouldn't be much of a place for anybody, but for us."

S. F.: "Well, your conceit is something colossal. It gets along perfectly, I can assure you, without you or yours, for all you think yourself so important. Who is it that puffs you up with such ideas? You *are* green to believe them. Where were you on the 25th of last December, pray?"

B. of G.: "Where *you* will be on the 4th of July next—precisely!"

S. F.: "The dog-days! Everybody that is anybody always *would* make a point of escaping them. They are only fit, as the Turks say, for mad dogs and Englishmen—and you!"

B. of G.: "They are too good for such as *you*, certainly."

S. F.: "Look here! Don't you go too far! Just you remember that I can call on *my* family and we can kill you all out, whenever we choose to act in concert — freeze you right out! Yes, kill and bury you, one and all, and tell no tales."

B. of G.: "Oh! no! You can't either. At worst you could only stun us for a while. Kill us you never can, nor conquer us, either; you have been trying to, ever since the world was made; and look at you, you poor miserable thing, dying by inches, like all your family, on this 5th of April, 1889! And no nearer doing it than in the year one! The less you talk about fighting us the better. We can put a million billion spears in the field in three weeks without making the least commotion, and sustain them for months without troubling anybody to lend us a cent. You had better be civil, I can tell you—for you are almost alone,

and we are Legion. Besides whenever any of you are attacked by enemies you always run away! You know you do. Run away now, and join the rest of your family. It will be better for you, and we would be ashamed to tackle you—quite ashamed, I assure you.”

S. F. (bursting into tears of rage): “I go, but it is because I promised to, six months ago, and not because of anything you have said or can do.”

B. of G.: “Was it furious, perfectly furious? Hold on a bit, and we’ll all sing ‘The Wearing of the Green’ for you. That always puts you in a melting mood, icy as you are in general. It is so pathetic. Hold on, I say.”

S. F. (indignantly): “I will *not* hold on. I am going, going, gone! But I will come again. *Au revoir, monsieur*, until the 15th of November.”

From St. Nicholas, May 1889.

A Treasure Day in the Woods.

From the Florida Audubon Society comes a leaflet by Mrs. Kingsmill Marrs, which suggests a plan that may be helpful to teachers who are trying to arouse in the children interested to them an interest in the world they live in. Set apart one day in the month for an expedition to the woods, and let each child choose a “treasure” to learn about—a flower, a pine cone, a bit of moss, an insect, a bird, a spring of water, or a cloud in the sky. Make out the list carefully during the walk, keeping such notes as may be useful as to locality and surroundings. Make the excursion a treat, with as little restraint as possible, and, then, in the days that follow, take up the “treasures,” one by one, and teach something of their development and of their relations to the plants and animals around them. The idea that it is not merely some object that the teacher has brought in, but Tom’s beetle, chosen by him, or Susie’s tadpole, that she herself fished out of the swamp, will increase the interest.

Here are some of Mrs. Marrs’ suggestions:

Pine Trees. What gives the fragrance and where is it? How many varieties can you find about you? Observe the shape and length of the line-like leaves; notice the grouping in a sheath. Tell about the uses of the sap and how it is obtained; also about pine as lumber—where and how it is chiefly used.

Violets. How many varieties can you find about you? How do they differ as to shape, size, habit, color, and leaves? How many petals and how arranged in a cup-like group of small green leaflets (sepals.) Observe that one petal is spurred. Besides the flowers above the ground, search for the buds concealed near the roots, and tell their use. Notice the various shapes of the leaves and give the simple names to each, such as bird’s-foot, arrow-leafed, primrose-leafed, etc.

Lupine. What family? Shape of leaf? How widely distributed in the United States? To what height does it grow? Notice varied colors of flowers and leaves; also the shape of petals. “The name lupine was from *lupus*, a wolf, as these plants were supposed to devour the fertility of the soil.”

Woodpecker. How many different ones can one find? What is the especial work of this bird in the economy of nature? Give shape, color, and habits; also the special arrangement of the feet, tongue and bill for its work in tree-protection; and what insects it destroys in the tree.

Night-hawks or Bull-bats. Refer to Education Leaflet No. 1. Describe shape, size, color, and food, speaking of the help this bird is to farmers.

Cones from Pine Trees. Make a collection of the various cones; note shape, size, position on trees. How long in maturing? Determine to which pine they belong. In the spring explain the blossom, the pollen, and watch the development of some special blossom which you mark.

Florida, unlike most of the Southern states, has a law to protect birds.

This is the best time of the year to form branch Audubon societies and to prepare for observations on the returning birds. Those who are planning such organizations will be interested in the constitution of our latest branch, the Chilton Society, which is given below, and which is a good basis for work. Since bird study is one of the main objects of the branch society it would, perhaps, be well to mention it in the preamble, and occasional adjournments of the regular meetings to the woods might be planned.

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the fifteenth of each month.

The official organ of the Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

Twenty-five cents per year. Single copies, three cents.

All communications should be sent to Mrs. G. W. PECKHAM, 646 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The Wisconsin Audubon Society has suffered a loss in the burning of the Gordon Library of bird books in the Ryan High School fire at Appleton. This was a little collection of books given by Mrs. George Gordon, of Milwaukee, and in it were represented Mr. Chapman, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Miller, Mr. Lange, Mr. Parker, and others. Its mission was to travel from school to school, answering the questions of the children of the Society. How beautifully this might be replaced if each of a dozen writers on birds would contribute one of his or her own books with an inscription thereon!

The last Educational Leaflet of the National Committee is written by Mr. Dutcher on the snowy heron or egret. After telling the pathetic story of the cruel destruction of this bird he says:

"Mark how the mother lulls to slumber
Her new-born babe with tend'rous love
And guards her treasure from above!"

"The word mother is the most sacred of all names, and motherhood is the closest of all human ties. Oh, mother! when you nestle your little one to your loving breast and look into the eyes that reflect the mother-love shining from your own, do you not sometimes think with an involuntary shudder of the sorrow and grief it would be were the child to be taken from you? Or, still worse, if your tender care were to be removed from the helpless infant? While this thought is still with you, extend it to the bird-mother, for she surely has for her offspring the same tender love that you have for yours; she has the same affection, the same willingness to face danger to protect what is to all mothers dearer than life itself. Oh, human mother! will you again wear for personal adornment a plume taken from the dead body of a bird-mother, the plume that is the emblem of her married life as the golden circlet

is of your own. The plume that was taken from her bleeding body because her motherhood was so strong that she was willing to give up life itself rather than abandon her helpless infants! Whenever you are tempted in the future to wear a heron's plume, think for a moment of your own motherhood, and spare the bird-mother and her little ones."

From Mary Boyle's Autobiography.

I was walking with my mother when we were attracted to a small cottage by the exquisite singing of a thrush, which hung in a wicker cage outside the door. We stood listening, and then my mother entered and made acquaintance with the old couple within, asking would they be willing to part with the thrush to her? At first a blank look came over the old man's face; but he was poor and ailing, and at last a sum was named, the double of which was paid by my mother, who sent a servant next morning for the bird. Disappointment resulted. The cage was placed in our drawing-room window, but not a sound not a note came from the melancholy thrush who drooped and hung his head as if moulting. We fed it, we coaxed it; but it remained silent. My mother was indignant. She had not pressed the old people; she had but asked were they willing to sell the bird; she had given them double the sum asked; it looked as if another had been palmed off instead of the magnificent songster.

We gave the thrush several days' trial, but at length we sent for its late owner. The door opened; in he came, hat in hand. My mother rose, armed with some mild rebuke. But neither could speak, for no sooner did the old man appear than the bird leaped down from its perch, spread its wings, and broke into so triumphant a song of joy that the whole room vibrated. "What, pretty Speckledy," said the old man approaching, "you know me, then, do you?" And the thrush kept flapping his wings, dancing with joy. It was without a doubt the same bird, but, like the Hebrew captives, it would not sing in this strange land. "Take it back," said my mother. "I would not part such friends for all the world."

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT.

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month, Illinois Children sending to Mrs. Wm. M. Scudder, 165 Buena Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Mrs. Peckham, 646 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive a bird book as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs one cent, and may be bought from Mrs. Scudder or Mrs. Peckham.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Merrill Library of bird books, by applying to Miss Bossert, Librarian, 719 Franklin St., Milwaukee.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham St., Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

Herring Gull.

Length, 24 inches. *Adult*, back and wings pearl gray; end of primaries marked with black; rest of plumage white. *Young*, dark grayish; primaries and tail brownish black. Nest, on rocks or in trees, made mainly of grass, seaweed and earth. Eggs, usually three; from pale olive drab to greenish or bluish white, spotted with blue, yellow or brown.

This is the most common gull along the shores of Lake Michigan the smaller species often seen with it being the Bonaparte. It has wonderful powers of flight, and is said to occasionally follow vessels across the Atlantic.

Gulls do excellent service in devouring refuse which would otherwise be cast ashore to decay, but their greatest claim to our protecting care is their beauty. They are a source of pleasure to thousands of people every day in cities like Milwaukee, where they cross from the lake to the river to feed. Even in the coldest weather there are always lingering groups on the bridges watching the familiar but fascinating spectacle of these great fearless birds, with their delicate coloring and graceful motion, as they swoop and circle and float close at hand. As they breed in the northern part of Wisconsin some of our enterprising Audubon children may be able to tell us about their nesting habits.

Vernon Bailey says that in the prairie coun-

try the Franklin gull, which is occasionally seen in Wisconsin, is of the greatest economic importance, the immense flocks living mostly on grasshoppers and other destructive insects. At times a white horde will descend upon a ploughed field, a band of them following at the heels of a ploughman, while long white lines follow the mellow furrows. Recognizing the ploughman as a friend the birds get out of his way only to let him pass, waiting for him to turn up a fresh supply of food. In Utah their services are so well appreciated that Brigham Young used to offer up prayers that they be sent to destroy the grasshoppers. One may often see a flock of from fifty to five hundred catching grasshoppers on the wing, wheeling, diving and rising until at a distance they suggest a wild flurry of snow flakes.

Letters about the gull should be mailed by April 1st.

Prizes and Badges.

The honor badges for February are awarded to Joe Rich, Illinois, and Leo Egelberg, Wisconsin. A year's subscription to *Bird-Lore* is given to William Schneider, 415 North Twelfth St., La Crosse, for his study of birds in January. This prize is given with every number of THE WAYSIDE for the best study of birds during the preceding month, the competition being open to teachers and children.

Secretary's Letter.

DEAR CHILDREN.—We are having such a cold snowy winter I hope you are all putting out something for the little birds to eat.

I read a little story the other day that I think will interest you and show you how the birds try to look out for and help each other.

One cold morning a gentleman walking along a road heard a great commotion in a maple tree near by and upon investigating found that a little English sparrow had caught his tail feathers in a crevice of the bark and was hanging head downwards, very securely fastened by his tail, while a dozen or more friendly sparrows were chirping and fluttering about him.

Two or three at a time would hang on him and pull at him as hard as they could, but all their efforts only seemed to fasten him more securely to the tree. Finally the gentleman went to the poor little fellow's rescue and succeeded in freeing him.

He was nearly exhausted but managed to fly away, very much frightened but happy.

HELEN R. SCUDDER.

Illinois Prize Letter.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—I saw a brown creeper creeping up an apple tree; he ran up the tree then flew away.

This morning I saw about 50 snow birds flying in the hedge; they would fly in front of us.

JOE RICH, age 9.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

The brown creeper is often found near a company of chickadees and nuthatches. His rusty brown color renders him very inconspicuous against the tree trunks, and he is easily overlooked unless one happens to hear his high squeaky call. He climbs the boles in spirals and zig-zag lines, and on reaching the top drops down to the base of the next tree, and again begins climbing.

Last fall I saw a creeper in one of the city parks, with one of its legs so shriveled that it was useless. It was painfully climbing a tree trunk and with the help of its tail succeeded in ascending very slowly. Had it been any other bird than a creeper the sight would not have been so sad; but as this little bird has no means of securing food, except by the use of its feet its condition was very pitiful.

L. J. EGELBERG, age 15.

703 State Stret, La Crosse, Wis.

Prize Paper--Birds in January.

This year we have seen more rare winter visitors than for several years past. I suppose this is because of the scarcity of food, especially the berries of the "Hackberry tree."

On New Year's day, when we went out, we saw a pine grosbeak. He was a young male. These birds are readily identified by their great size and bright plumage. They attract great attention wherever they are seen.

On the sixteenth we saw a large flock of

goldfinches in their winter plumage. When we returned, we saw a flock of over one hundred and fifty snow buntings (snow flakes). These birds are very irregular visitors in this locality. They were the first we had ever seen and therefore we observed them with great interest.

Several flocks of evening grosbeaks were seen during the month. Other birds occasionally seen were the chickadee, brown creeper, white-breasted nuthatch, bluejay, hairy and downy woodpeckers, and the bobwhite.

WILLIAM SCHNEIDER, age 15.

ROGERS PARK, CHICAGO.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—I made a tray 8 inches by 4 by 1, and put it on the windowsill. The sparrows are afraid to come close to the window where the food is, but the chickadees are not. The sparrows will go away if we tap on the window. The chickadees don't know why the sparrows fly away.

In the tray we put sunflower seed, hemp seed, suet and grated carrot every day. Nuthatches and downy woodpeckers come too.

ALFRED REDFIELD, age 6 years.

UPPER ALTON, ILL.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—The most common song birds of our locality are the wren, robin, blue bird, bluejay, snow bird and red bird.

Their food consists of grain and insects. Their great value to man is eating up the bugs and worms that destroy the corn and other grain. Once I was going along the road and saw a snake that was charming a bird. When I came up the snake looked at me and the bird flew away. I killed the snake. Egg collectors and sportsmen kill and rob birds' nests and so destroy lots of our little song birds.

The millinery people kill millions of little birds every year to put on hats too.

EDGAR LEIGHTY, age 12.

ROGERS PARK, CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 20. 1904.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—One evening we found a rose-breasted grosbeak that had fallen from its nest but we could not find the nest. We took it home and thought it would be able to fly in a day or two. We did not know what to feed it but hard boiled yolk of egg and potatoes. We were told grosbeaks ate potato bugs, so we fed it potato bugs and meal worms.

one day it ate: 3 angle worms, 7 meal worms, 9 potato bugs, 4 houseflies, 1 grub, $\frac{1}{2}$ yolk of egg. After about a week we thought it would die. We put it in the mulberry bush. It ate some of the berries and got better, then we gave it fruit instead of worms and it got better right along. At the end of two weeks it stayed out in the trees day and night, but came to the door every hour and called to be fed. It liked meal worms best.

For three or four weeks it came to the door to be fed. If any of us whistled for it, it would fly down from the tree tops and alight on our finger. One morning it brought another grosbeak to the door to be fed; that was the last time it came to be fed. We saw many grosbeaks in the yard, but none came to us when we whistled, so we think ours flew away down south.

RICHARD REDFIELD, age 10 years.

OSHKOSH, WIS., 194 Ceape St.

WAYSIDE.—This is the first letter I have written to you and I am going to describe a pair of birds. The breasts of them are yellow, the heads are of a blackish brown color, the wings are black and white, the back is of a brownish color and the tail is all black. They are about from six to eight inches long and are fleshy. Their beak is about an inch long. They were on a tree in our back yard and were eating the bugs off the tree. They were about five minutes in that tree, hopping from one branch to another and then they flew to another tree. There they sat a while and then they flew away. The most peculiar thing was that they did not sing, nor even chirped.

RAYMOND ABRAHAM, age 14.

These birds were evening grosbeaks, and they were probably eating buds, not bugs.

MAZOMANIE, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—The other day as I was going to school I saw two chickadees. They had dark blue on the top of the head, light blue back, wings and tail, light yellow breast and whitish gray throat and chin. When the chickadee sings it says, "chick-adee-dee-dee."

It is a very small bird, it is not quite as large as an English sparrow.

These chickadees which I saw were playing. One would hop on every branch of a maple

tree, the other followed and went on the same branches. Then they both flew to their nest.

IDA SCHLICK, age 12 years.

Ida's bird is probably the Hudsonian chickadee which is rare in Wisconsin. The description of this species is: Crown dark brownish gray; back brownish ashy; wings and tail grayish; throat black; ear coverts, sides of neck, breast and belly white; sides rufous.

Chilton Audubon Society.

PREAMBLE.—We, the members of the Chilton Branch of the Audubon Society of Wisconsin, in order to protect wild bird life and bird's eggs, and to promote means of protection for the same, do establish this Constitution for the people of Chilton interested in the same.

ARTICLE I.

Section 1. The officers of this society shall be: president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and sergeant-at-arms, who shall be elected by (a) a two-thirds majority.

Sec. 2. All election for officers shall be by ballot.

Sec. 3. No age qualifications shall be placed upon any one seeking admission to this society.

Sec. 4. No person shall be a voter in this society who has not attained the age of eight years, and been a member of the society for three months.

Sec. 5. The president of this society shall have the power to appoint other necessary officers and committees.

Sec. 6. Meetings shall be held once every month, and election of officers every six months.

Sec. 7. At each regular meeting a literary program relative to the interests and objects of the society shall be given, followed by whatever business transactions may be deemed necessary.

Sec. 8. Special meetings may be called by the president, upon petition of three-fourths of the members of the society.

Sec. 9. Members of this society shall have the right to propose amendments to this constitution at any regular meeting, and if the amended law receives a two-thirds vote, it shall become a part of the constitution.

Sec. 10. The teacher of the grammar department shall have the privilege of advising in the work of the society, and he or she shall have the power to make all necessary arrangements

for the organization meeting at the beginning of the school year, which meeting shall not be deferred later than two months.

Sec. 11. Each member shall pay an initiation fee of five cents, for the purpose of defraying necessary expenses.

Sec. 12. In case of the need of money, each member shall be taxed according to the amount needed, but the amount with the purpose of such fund shall have been agreed upon by a two-thirds majority of the members.

ARTICLE II.

Section 1. In order to provide means of protection for our feathered songsters, members are expected to manifest their interest by the erection of bird-houses, etc., for the same.

Sec. 2. Any member of this society who has been known to violate its rules by the destruction of either bird life or anything pertaining thereto, shall for the first offense be subject to a fine or not less than 10c nor more than 25c; and for the second offense of a similar nature, the privilege of voting shall be withheld. If the offense is committed a third time, he or she shall cease to be a member of the society.

Sec. 3. Violation of the rules of the Audubon Society shall consist of the destruction of the life of a wild bird, directly or indirectly; of its eggs or nest, or of giving encouragement to the same, either in the ways above indicated or for purposes of self decoration.

Sec. 4. The banner color for the Chilton Branch of the Audubon Society shall be navy blue.

Sec. 5. Not less than two songs, original with the Chilton Audubon Society, shall be adopted and used by the same, at all regular meetings or whenever the same shall desire to make manifestation of its popularity.

Sec. 6. This association shall further demonstrate its fraternal feelings by means of not less than three different yells, to be agreed upon by the association.

OFFICERS.

President. Edwin Rollmann; vice-president, Newell Nugent; treasurer, Irwin Roecker; secretary, Mildred Diedrich; sergeant-at-arms, George Griem.

BOARDMAN, WIS., Feb. 5, 1904.

DEAR MRS. PECKHAM.—There were five juncos in our chicken coop to-day. I tried to catch

one but could not. I put some bread in a hole in the chicken coop. We threw out a lot of bread for them to eat. We watch them down to the school house. The junco is a pretty little bird. We caught one in our chicken coop to see what color it was. The junco is gray on the top of his head, and his wings are brown, his eyes are black, and on his breast is white. He is about six inches long, his legs are one inch long, he has four toes, his bill is a half inch long. The juncos are around all winter. The trees are just full of juncos. I wish I could tame one but they will die before they get tame. When we throw out something they will come and eat it. They sing chick-a-dee-dee. We saw a flock of juncos flying around the barn and shed. Our hired man tried to shoot some but he could not. But one day he shot one. We know when it's going to snow; there are flocks flying around; we call them snow birds. Papa does not like the juncos. He kills them when he gets a chance. My cousin knocked their nest down and my uncle put it in a pail and hung it up. It had some little birds in.

ELSIE SIMON, age 11.

The junco that Elsie caught must have been a female, as it had brownish wings. It is not the breast but the belly that is white, and its note is more like *chee-chee* than *chick-a-dee-dee*. Why does "papa" dislike the juncos? Why does he kill them when he gets a chance? Is it because they eat the food that is given to the chickens? But why does he give food to the chickens? Is it not because they put money into his pocket, or food into the hungry little mouths of Elsie and Lauretta? If that be the reason he ought to be glad to feed the juncos too, for they do exactly the same thing, and when he is kind to them he is kind to himself. This is a fact, not a fairy tale, for Mr. Palmer at Washington has found that they eat large quantities of ants, cutworms, weevils, leaf-eating beetles, and grasshoppers, besides the seeds of such weeds as pigweed, chickweed, knotgrass and foxtail, with a great deal of ragweed. We suspect that if the junco could bring in a bill for "services rendered" to Elsie's papa, he would find that the food they pick up in the barnyard is a very small recompense for the work they do.

BY THE WAYSIDE

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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MARCH, 1904

No. 11

From the "Paradise of Birds."

CHORUS OF HUMAN SOULS.

Mortals who attempt the seas
Where man's breath and blood must freeze,
You whom Fortune, by despite,
Destiny or daring, carry
Farther in the four months' night
Than McClintock, Sabine, Parry,
Hayes or Kane —
Say, we charge ye, why ye come
Where humanity is dumb;
Is it but to reive and harry
Or for gain,
That you break the arctic barriers where the
feathered spirits reign?

Back, we do beseech ye, back
To the ice floe and the pack!
Were your purpose good or ill,
If your hand has driven a quill,
Clipped a wing, or plucked a feather,
Ye are ruined altogether,
Body and Soul!
We were men who speak these words,
But for harm we did the birds
Now are beaten in this weather
Past control,
Round the Paradise that holds the Aviary of
the Pole.

For our crimes are here decreed
Pains proportioned to each deed;
As on earth we played our parts
Such in Purgatory is our measure;
But behold our human hearts
Are transfigured, and old pleasure
Here is pain;
Some become the birds they slew;
Some fruitlessly pursue
Feathered phantoms; all at leisure
In one strain,
Swear the birds should live forever could they
live their lives again.

Therefore, back! and if one bird
By your dwelling shall be heard
(Since for all this winter none
Pass our barriers.) we implore ye
Leave this singer in the sun,
Telling the live world our story;
For 'tis meet
That the infidel should so
By report believe the woe
Waiting all in Purgatory,
Who entreat
Cruelly with death or dungeon things so simple
and so sweet.

William John Courthope.

The Dragon's Story.

"Mamma, please tell us a story!" cried all the young dragons.

"Children, do be less noisy!" said their father, the Honorable Samuel P. Dragon. He had slain a knight that very evening, and was perhaps a little irritable. Young dragons should be thoughtful, and should never disturb their parents after the night's fighting is over.

"Hush, children!" said Mrs. Dragon. "Your father has to fight hard all night, and in the day he needs his rest. I will tell you one nice story, if you will promise to go quietly to bed afterward."

The youngsters coiled down into comfortable hollows in the rock, and Mrs. Dragon prepared to begin her story.

"I suppose you would prefer a man-story?"

"Please, Mamma. We are so tired of 'When I was a little dragon.' Tell us a real man-story; but be sure not to have the dragon hurt. We like it to end happily, Mamma."

"Very well, listen quietly now. Don't rustle your wings nor flop your tails—Sammy! stop

blowing flames into your sister's face, this moment! or not a word shall you hear.

"There was once a most delightful land, full of bogs and moist-smelling marshes, of dark rocky caves, all damp and cold. The lakes were covered with beautiful green mold, no flowers grew in the fields—nothing but cool rushes, ferns, and mosses. In short, it was a land in which any dragon might be glad to crawl: no sunshine to crinkle the scales or dry up the wings, no bright, glaring fields to dazzle one's poor eyes. Why, even at midday one could slide comfortably about on the slippery slimy banks and never catch a blink of a sunbeam on the water."

"Oh, how nice! Really and truly, Mamma?" asked the small dragons, laughing with so much delight that the flames from their pretty scarlet throats lighted up the cave until Mr. Dragon stirred uneasily in his dreams; for he had fallen asleep.

"Really and truly," their mother went on, in a lower tone. "In this charming country, your father and I began our cave-keeping. We were very happy for a time, for not too far from us was your father's estate,—a fertile valley well stocked with plump and well-flavored inhabitants. You have never seen any whole men, have you?"

"No," they replied eagerly. "What are they like?"

"Oh, so ugly. To begin with, they have no scales, no wings, no claws—"

"No wings and no claws? How frightful they must be!" exclaimed young Samuel Dragon, Jr., proudly expanding his green pinions.

"Not a wing!" replied Mrs. Dragon. "And they walk, when mature, exclusively on their hind legs."

"Why is that?" asked the children.

"I cannot tell. It does seem absurd. When young they go on all four like sensible animals, but the elders pull and persuade, teach and coax, until the poor little things rear up on their hind legs, and then the foolish old ones seem satisfied. Men are very queer. When

they first came on this earth,—this earth where dragons dwell,—they lived properly enough, in caves like the rest of the world. But they are stupid and restless kind of creatures. and soon began to tear pieces out of the world to make caves to suit themselves. Now they slaughter trees, slice and split them, fasten the pieces together, and stalk in and out of queer little holes called 'doors.' But I cannot spare time to tell you any more about their curious instincts—you must read it for yourselves some day, in the 'Dragon's Economical Cavekeeper,' the marketing manual. Look in the index under Animal Foods: 'Apes, Men, and Various Bipeds.' You will find it interesting—and useful, too.

"As I said, we were happy for a time. We used to steal out quietly in the evening, and often managed to secure a nice chubby man or two, in an hour's flight. But at length came an age when those mean creatures decided to revolt. That is, they kept in their little caves at night, and compelled us to go out so frequently in the unhealthful, glaring daylight, that our scales were hardly fit to be seen. Even with all this exposure, we would succeed in catching only some of the little ones—indeed during a whole month I caught nothing but two of these miserable specimens. Think how your poor mother suffered! I was almost starved! I became so thin that I rattled!"

Mrs. Dragon looked at the young audience, and saw that their eyes of the two smallest were really shedding sparks. She was touched by their sympathy, but, fearing that the story was becoming too sad, hastened to brighten it.

"Well, dears, it did not last long. Your father was young, rash, and brave, in those nights. One dawn he said, 'Really. Scalena, this will not do. I can stand this foolishness no longer!' I asked what he intended, but he waved his tail in a threatening way, and smiled knowingly as he whetted his claws on a new piece of sandstone. The next night, bidding me not to be anxious, he left me. I looked after him as long as I could see the flames in the

sky, and then returned wearily to our cave to pick the last bone.

The next morning, just at dawn, he returned with a delicious marketing,—he said it was a *butcher*, I think, though it may have been a *judge*, the flavor is much the same. Then when we had retired to the darkest, dampest, cosiest corner of the cave, he told me very modestly the story of his great achievement.

"Your brave father, children, had been down to where the whole swarm of men lived, and actually had beaten to pieces one of the wooden caves! He made light of his exploit, and only rejoiced in it because, as he said, he had no fear now of famine or even of scarcity. We sat up late that happy morning, enjoyed a delicious supper, and slept soundly until night-fall.

"We arose with the moon, and after a hasty but effective toilet on his new sandstone, your father advanced glidingly toward the mouth of the cave, when suddenly there presented itself a dark object with a shiny coat, much like that of a dragon. Indeed, we thought for a moment it was some neighbor who had dropped in to breakfast. But in a few seconds we saw that it was what is called a *knight*. A knight, children, is an animal which, though edible, is noxious, and sometimes dangerous to young or careless dragons. I have heard of such being even killed by this spiteful little pest. They are found among men—in fact, they are a species of men that has a hard shell. You know there are hard-shell crabs and soft-shell crabs, and so, likewise, there are hard and soft shelled men. Our visitor was a hard shell who had, while prowling about, found our cave either by accident or willfully.

"I do not deny that I was a trifle anxious; but your father was merely angry. Giving a great roar, he blew out a mass of dark smoke and scarlet flames at the unfortunate little knight.

"But, though small, the knight was plucky and showed fight. As your father carelessly leaped toward him, the knight scratched dear Papa slightly with a long hard stick, on the

end of which was a bit of very hard shell. Then the knight rode out—for he had enslaved an unfortunate horse, as these cruel men do, my pets, and by means of a contrivance in its mouth, he made it carry him about wherever he chose.

"Your father eagerly followed, though I sought in vain to restrain him. 'No, Scalena,' said he, 'This is a question of principle! As a true dragon and your loving mate, it is my duty to destroy this dangerous little fellow. Do not be foolish; I will bring you the body of the fierce creature. They are excellent eating. But you must sharpen your claws, my dear, for the shells are exceedingly hard to remove and most difficult of digestion.'

"I obeyed him, for your father is always right, and out he flew with a rush of smoke and flame."

"Oh, Mother, and was father killed?" asked one of the youngest, little Tommy Dragon.

"Of course not," replied his elder brother, scornfully. "Don't you see him sleeping over there, all safe and sound? Don't be so silly!"

"You must not speak so sharply to your little brother!" said Mrs. Dragon, "or I shall end the story at once!"

"Oh, please go on," exclaimed all of the young dragons; "it is just the most interesting part!"

Pleased with their eagerness, she resumed:

"I did not see the hunt, but your father has often described it to me. The knight came wickedly at him, hoping to scratch him with the sharp stick; but with one whisk of his long green tail, your father broke the thing into small pieces! So you see, Sam," said this thoughtful parent, turning slyly to her eldest son, "it is most important to practice your tail-whisking—and I hope you will not forget it when you go to your next lesson."

Sammy Dragon turned saffron with confusion, but it was evident that he resolved to profit by the little moral so ingeniously woven, by careful Mrs. Dragon, into a mere man-story.

"After the stick was broken," she went on, "the vicious little knight snatched out another,

BY THE WAYSIDE

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The official organ of the Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

Twenty-five cents per year. Single copies, three cents.

All communications should be sent to Mrs. G. W. PECKHAM, 646 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The new editor and manager of the Wayside is Miss Ruth Marshall of Appleton. In 1901 she took a course in Nature Study under Prof. C. F. Hodge of Clark University, and since that time she has been trying to carry out his ideas in the Appleton schools, meeting with the grade teachers once or twice a month, and giving nature lessons every week to the seventh grades, besides teaching a class of little girls. All this is in addition to Miss Marshall's regular work as a High School teacher.

Mr. Henry L. Ward, custodian of the Milwaukee Public Museum, has been made a member of *Bird-Lore's* advisory council.

made entirely of the hard shell with which the first was only tipped. With this he tried his worst to break some of your father's lovely scales. Think what a ferocious animal this knight must have been! I cannot see what they are made for; but then, it is instinct, perhaps, we must not judge him too harshly.

"This new weapon met the fate of the other. It was crunched up by your father's strong teeth, and then he descended upon the little hard-shell man with a great swoop—and that ended the battle. Your father is a modest dragon, but he was really proud of the swiftness with which he ended that conflict. After he once had a fair opportunity to use his newly sharpened claws, there was no doubt of the result.

"We ate the knight at our next meal. I was glad to welcome your father; but he said 'Pooh! nonsense!' and made light of the whole matter."

The young dragons were delighted, and even thought of asking for another story; but their

mother, for the first time, noticed that it was almost broad daylight.

"But goodness, children, I hear the horrid little birds singing!" Said she, "Run away to bed with you. Wrap yourselves up tight in your moist wings, and be sure to sleep on damp rocks in a draught where you will keep good and cold."

The youngsters crawled away to rest, while Mrs. Dragon went to rouse the Honorable Samuel P. Dragon. To her surprise she saw his great green eyes glowing with a sulphurous satisfaction.

"There were no times like the old times!" said he drowsily. "That was really a splendid hunt."

"Yes, dear," replied his mate, with a proud and happy smile, "but I had no idea *you* were listening to my foolish stories. We must now go to rest, or you won't be up till midnight,—and then there won't be a single man about. Remember, 'it is the late dragon that catches the knight.'"

The Honorable Samuel P. Dragon rubbed his claws gently together as he selected a nice cosy place for the day. He was humming to himself, and faithful Mrs. Dragon smiled fondly as she recognized the tune. It was:

"I fear no foe in shining armor!"

"Ah!" said she to herself, "the old people like man-stories as well as the little ones."

—From *St. Nicholas*.

During the intensely cold weather of February large numbers of ducks of several species were to be seen in the open water of the Milwaukee river. The midst of a noisy city seemed a strange place for these shy birds, but they disported themselves as though quite at home. Others, not so fortunate, were to be found starving on the lake shore, the ice preventing them from feeding. Rough boys killed many of these poor creatures, but other bands of boys did what they could to feed and defend them, and even carried many of them to the river, where they were safe.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT.

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month, Illinois Children sending to Mrs. Wm. M. Scudder, 165 Buena Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Mrs. Peckham, 646 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive a bird book as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs one cent, and may be bought from Mrs. Scudder or Mrs. Peckham.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Merrill Library of bird books, by applying to Miss Bossert, Librarian, 719 Franklin St., Milwaukee.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham St., Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

Song Sparrow.

Description.—Upper parts brown, streaked with black; under parts white, streaked with black, and with a dark central blotch on breast. Length, about $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Like the Chippy and other philosophers, the Song Sparrow makes the most of the table that is spread for it, changing with good grace from the seeds that winter offers to the insects that summer brings. Mr. Nehrling considers it one of our most useful birds from the eagerness with which it sets upon injurious caterpillars, grasshoppers, and leaf-eating beetles, to say nothing about cabbage worms and moths; while the persistency of its search for rose bugs, cutworms, and all kinds of beetles rivals that of the most ardent entomologist. While we have need of every pair of these useful birds, Mr. Nehrling believes that many of their garden nests are destroyed by strolling cats, and many of the birds, both young and old, killed by the prowlers. "Cats should never be tolerated in garden or field," he exclaims emphatically. "They do more harm to our familiar garden birds than all other enemies combined." This testimony is borne out by Mr.

Brewster, who says that stray grimalkins have even penetrated the forests of Maine, their tracks actually being commoner there than those of any wild animal. As a matter of humanity to the cats as well as to the birds, Mr. Brewster urges that all city and village cats should be licensed just as much as the dogs, and no unfed vagrants allowed at large, where to keep from starving they will prey upon our song birds.

When not prematurely killed by feline marauders, in some localities the Song Sparrow is said to rear three broods in a season. It builds on or near the ground, and its eggs are bluish white heavily marked with brown.

The Song Sparrows are among the gentlest and most winning birds we are blessed with, and when they nest near the house may easily be induced to come to the doorstep for crumbs. Their song bears the test of every day, for while it is not brilliant, it has all the sweetness of the gentle bird's own simple nature, and heard far from home stirs chords that the most brilliant strangers do not touch. Even its chirp has a contented quality that it does one good to hear. Furthermore, the student who is interested in noting bird songs will find the song sparrow well worth study, for it varies remarkably. Fifteen varieties of its song have been listed in one week, and the same individual often has a number of tunes in his repertoire.—From *Mrs. Bailey's Birds of Village and Field*.

Letters about the song sparrow should be mailed to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton, Wis., by May first.

Prizes and Badges.

The Wisconsin honor badge is given to William Schneider of La Crosse, and the Illinois, to Stella Reihl of Alton.

A subscription to *Bird Lore* is offered with every number of the Wayside for the best paper

on the birds of the preceding month. This competition is open to teachers and children. No papers have been received on February birds.

A copy of Chapman's *Color Key* is given to Leo Egelberg, 703 State St., La Crosse, as a prize for winning the honor badge twice.

Secretary's Letter.

DEAR CHILDREN: I have just been listening to a story which relates that in certain parts of South America a large species of crane is domesticated and serves the purpose of a watchdog,—indeed more than that, for it not only drives from its master's premises two and four footed intruders, but looks after the poultry yard, keeping ducks and chickens within bounds, and even herds the sheep! These cranes become deeply attached to the members of the family with which they live, and are justly regarded as useful and valuable friends.

March and April are the very best months to study birds because there is no foliage to hide them. Besides, there are many interesting migrants that pause for a few days on their journey northward; so get out your note-books, sharpen your pencils, and open your eyes!

ELIZABETH G. PECKHAM.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

THE PINE GROSBEAK.

The pine grosbeak is easily identified by its bright plumage. It is one of our irregular winter visitors. This year several flocks were seen in this locality. They were the first seen in several years. Generally there are about five female and young birds to every adult bird. Their winter song is a pure whistle. It has a wavy flight like the gold finch.

On December 5th, 1903, we saw a flock of about twenty female and young birds. They were in a grove of spruce and cedar trees in the golf grounds. It was late in the evening, and the birds were going to sleep, when we disturbed them.

On New Year's day we saw a single pine

grosbeak in the same grove. He was a young male bird. The red on the rump and crown was very bright. We were attracted by his whistle. He perched upon the top of a cedar tree about twelve feet high. There he began to sing. We heard him several times. Later when we went to look at him, he was in the lower branches of the same tree. We approached within two feet of him, but he was not at all disturbed. Several other flocks of these birds were seen during the three winter months.

Age 15.

WILLIAM SCHNEIDER.

Illinois Prize Letter.

THE BLUE JAY.

One day when I was at my grandpapa's I saw a blue jay coming from a pine tree. I watched him; he flew over to the pasture where the nuts are. Every year when I go out there I look for the bird, and find its nest in the same place. One day Uncle Walter climbed up to see if there were any eggs; there were five in the nest. They were of a dull olive spotted with brown; The nest was a rather large one and rather roughly made of twigs, being lined with smaller roots and fibers.

Dear little Blue Jay,

Why do you fly so far away

When I come out to play

Under the old Pine Tree?

STELLA RIEHL,

Age 9 years.

Alton, Ills.

HAMMOND.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—The house wren of the United States is much like the European or kitty wren, but is a little larger, more familiar and a sweeter singer.

The house wren is a very small bird. It is about five inches long. It is a brownish color.

It likes to build its nest near dwellings, especially in boxes or bird houses.

It will defend its home with great valor against other birds and even cats.

It lays five or six pale red eggs, and raises two broods each season.

The little wren is a very motherly bird,

and has been known to take care of the young of other birds.

We could write a whole book about the wren, and all the funny places where it builds its nest.

ANDREW THRONSON.

BARNEVELD, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—I saw a cat trying to get a blackbird's nest that was built near a paleo-ence. The bird left her nest and, in a great state of alarm, placed herself almost in the reach of the cat, uttering piteous screams of wildness and despair. The cock-bird also showed his distress, sometimes placing himself on the fence just below the cat, who was unable to make a spring at him. The danger growing worse the cock-bird flew at the cat, settled on her back, and pecked her head until she fell to the ground, and was very glad to get away. I belong to the Audubon Society and am very thankful to help the birds, and will do all I can for them.

ANNA GLADYS GREBNER, age 11 years.

HAMMOND, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—There are a lot of bluejays around here. My brother put a large piece of meat up in one of our trees near the house for the birds. One day as I was watching out of the window a bluejay flew up in the tree, hopping from branch to branch, until he came to the place where the meat was. Then he began to eat and when it had enough it flew away. It came back the next day and it brought its mate with him and some other bluejays. The bluejay's voice is loud and shrill. I throw out crumbs most every day for birds to eat. Sometimes the bluejays chase the other birds away so they cannot have any of the crumbs.

IVA McCULLOUGH, age 13.

HAMMOND.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—Tuesday, February 24, I heard a bird singing. It sounded something like the song of the meadow-lark, but, with a more shriller note. When I heard it singing I said to myself, "I wish I could see that

bird, it had such a sweet song and sounds so nice in this solitary air."

The next day I saw some birds walking on the snow and heard them singing. Their songs sounded like the one I heard the day before.

I found that they were prairie horned larks.

The prairie horned lark is grayish white on under part of body and brownish on upper part. There is a black stripe above each eye and one on the throat. Its bill is quite long and drab color and its tail is long and drab. And there are two black feathers projecting from the top of head which look like horns. I suppose that is why it is called horned lark. It is about the size of a cat bird.

Last June when our corn came out of the ground some prairie horned larks pulled up about two rows of corn and ate the soft kernels.

One day last summer as I was walking across a meadow about a hundred or more prairie horned larks flew up from the ground ahead of me. I suppose they were looking for something to eat.

EARL CONRAD.

Age 13.

BURKHARDT, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—As I was coming to school one morning I thought I could make my road shorter by going through a field and I came to a hollow filled with weeds. The weeds were covered with juncoes. When I went near them they started to fly. They flew around the hollow once or twice and then settled on the weeds again and commenced singing. I had no more time to watch them because it was nearly school time.

The juncoes fly high and when they get hungry they come down to the ground.

They start coming here in September and go away in April.

There are some around the schoolhouse. They eat the bread we throw away. One day one flew into the schoolroom. It flew around the ceiling about twenty times and then we caught it and put it out doors.

We imagine their breasts get white when it is going to snow.

The junco's more common name is snow-bird.

FRANCÈS TORIN, age 12 years.

BOARDMAN.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—Once there were two blue jays fell out of a nest at our place. One of them broke one of his wings. We took it into the house and put it in a cage. His mother and father staid around the cage all the time. His mother came and pecked at him. When we had him a short time we let him go.

The blue jay stays here all year, and during the warm days of February and March he surprises us with his sweet song. His voice has a wide range and his cry is harsh.

They have one bad habit, that of robbing other birds' nests. When they go to rob nests they are very quiet. Some of the good things that they do are: To pick worms and insects out of the ground and from the bark of the trees and they take good care of their little ones.

The blue jays are not afraid of cold weather, they stay long after the other song birds are gone to the south. Mr. Blue Jay is always dressed in grand style. His crest and back are light purple, his wings are bright blue with here and there pretty marks in black and white, his tail is blue with black bars across it and the ends of the long feathers are tipped with white. He has a black collar. His face is white, his bill is black, and his eyes are brown. Although a beautiful bird, he is very rude.

LAURETTA SIMON, age 8.

Some Letters Written Last Autumn.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—The little birds begin to look sad and think: "The cold winter is nearly here." and they know they will have to leave us. Most of the birds are going south. But some of them are not done nesting yet. As I was going to school one morning an old mourning dove flew up. I went after her a ways but I remembered that they did the same when they had a nest, so I went back to look for it and there it was, with two little birds in

it. As soon as they saw me they began to fly and flutter through the grass. I had a time catching them, but after a few minutes I had them both. I put them in the nest and went away. I saw two snipes going south this morning, and lots of birds are going all the time.

JAMES CLINTON PRATT, age 11 years.

There is a flock of canaries flying around our house in the morning.

Last Friday six bluejays went flying past to the southwest.

About two weeks ago two owls were flying over our corn field and rye field.

ANNIE FREDREKA WILLIAMS, age 12.
MINER, WIS.

About Birds in September.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—I saw a red bird last night as I was going to the barn. It had black wings and a black tail and black bill.

This morning I saw a cuckoo. It was in an old oak tree. It kept singing "cuckoo! cuckoo!" and then it flew away. I saw a nest of sparrows. It was in a little oak bush.

To-day noon I saw a crow. It was hollering "caw, caw!" It was in an oak tree.

MABEL A. SAWIN, age 8.

NECEDAH.

September Birds.

NECEDAH.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—Last week I saw a little chickadee carrying straw in a bird house. After it got all of the straw it wanted it found a piece of bread and carried it to the box and took it in the door. Then after a while it came out and flew on the well porch where the children had pumped some water and got a drink.

WILSON VAMMETER, age 11.

Birds in October.

NECEDAH.

The robins have gone away from us and they went south. The blue jays are here yet, but they don't go away from us; they stay all winter. I saw a chickadee flying south. And the woodpecker, they don't go away.

BERT M. WILLIAMS.

BY THE WAYSIDE

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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OL. VI.

MAY, 1904

No. 12

Said the Rose to the Pink.

Do you see that child who is coming this way?"

Said the Rose to the Pink;

What can it be that makes her so gay—

What do you think?"

'Tis the frock that she wears, as I believe,"

Said the Pink to the Rose;

A pretty frock, as you can perceive,

Wherever it grows."

I think she is proud that her eyes are blue,"

Said the Rose to the Pink;

For a prettier frock she can see on you,

Or me, as I think."

Perhaps she is glad because we are here,"

Said the Pink to the Rose;

Let us smile our brightest on her, my dear,

Before she goes."

—From *St. Nicholas*.

Pit-a-Pat.

That story about Mintzie, in the December *WAYSIDE*, made me think of our old cat, Pit-a-pat. Not because they were alike,—not much! Pit-a-pat was pretty enough, with tigery stripes, and big yellow eyes, but she hadn't as much sense in her whole body as Mintzie had in the end of her tail. She was Clara's cat and Clara always defended her until this time that I am going to tell you about.

One day Pit-a-pat did not come to dinner and Clara went down cellar to look for her. Pretty soon she came up saying, "I believe that it has kittens under the kitchen floor!" I went down with her, and sure enough, if you put your ear to a hole in the plastering where a pipe went through you heard all sorts of chirrings and soft little mewings. It wasn't an easy place to stretch up to, it was so high, and you had to stand on a wood pile that was

always sliding out from under your feet. I stuck my arm in—the hole was just big enough for that—but couldn't reach the cats.

Now one of Pit-a-pat's queer ways was to desert her kittens when they were two weeks old. This did not make much difference when they were born in a reachable place, because Clara took care of them, but this time it was a close shave for those youngsters. When I came home from school one day Clara met me looking desperate.

"Tommy," she said, "you've got to help me. Pit-a-pat has not been near those babies all day; she is out in the yard chasing sparrows, as if she had not a care in the world. I don't want the grown ups to know—they don't like Pit-a-pat,—but we must get the kittens out or they will starve.

"All right," I said. "I'll rig up a net at the end of a stick and fish them out."

I couldn't do it though. The more I fished the further back they went. Then Clara tried putting her hand in and coaxing them, calling them dear little, sweet little kitties, and she did get one of them near enough to touch, but that was all. We brought Pit-a-pat to the hole and thought she would go in, for the kittens were bawling with hunger, but she clawed and scratched like fury and we had to let her go. At six o'clock we went up stairs to dinner and then Clara told what had happened. Papa laughed, and said that Pit-a-pat was a degenerate, and an unnatural mother, but Mamma promised to help. So at seven we went down again and Mamma climbed on to the wood pile and stuck her hand in and then she began to pretend that she was a mother cat. You would not believe she could do it so well! First she purred a long time and then she made all sorts of funny little noises, the way a cat talks to her kittens. It was a dreadfully uncomfortable position, for her feet kept slipping, but she never stopped her whisperings and mewings and purrings, and at just half-

past seven she grabbed one of the kittens and dragged it out, spitting and scratching like wild. That encouraged us and she went at it again and soon caught another, but it was nine o'clock before she had the third and last.

Even then Pit-a-pat would not have anything to do with them and we had to feed them with warm milk on the ends of our fingers. Two of them were sweet, gentle little things, not a bit afraid, but the other was a perfect savage, which shows, I think, that some children are born good and some are born naughty, so how can they help it? And wasn't Pit-a-pat a goose?

T. S.

Bird Migration.

The migration of birds at certain seasons of the year has excited the notice and the wonder of mankind for ages.

Their "rushes" have often been witnessed on a truly magnificent scale. Herr Gätke thus describes such a flight witnessed on Heligoland: "The whole sky is filled with a babel of hundreds of thousands of voices, and as we approach the lighthouse there presents itself to the eye a scene which more than confirms the experience of the ear. Under the intense glare of the light, swarms of larks, starlings, and thrushes career around in ever-varying density, like showers of brilliant sparks or large snowflakes driven onwards by a gale, and continuously replaced as they disappear by freshly arriving multitudes. Mingled with these birds are large numbers of golden plovers, lapwings, curlews, and sandpipers." During such a rush no less than fifteen thousand larks were captured in three hours on Heligoland. It is impossible to estimate the numbers of birds that are seen on such occasions, while of the multitudes that never come into view at all we can have no conception. At all times of the year migration is usually carried on in the hours of darkness, and at such a height that we can see but little of it. The best evidence as to the actual height at which migrating birds fly has been furnished by the ingenuity of two American observers, Messrs. W. E. D. Scott and F. M. Chapman, who have both made observations through astronomical telescopes of birds flying across the face of the

moon. By careful computations Mr. Chapman reckoned that the highest of the birds he saw were at an elevation of fifteen thousand one hundred feet, or nearly three miles. So clear a view of some did he obtain that he was able to recognize several Carolina rails and a snipe by their flight.

Far to the south, in the spring, I had often seen birds which I knew only bred far to the north; but, as these were all birds of strong flight, their long journeys did not seem very remarkable. However, in the year 1900, on the White Nile, many miles south of Khartoum, I saw a red-throated pipit—a delicate little bird, smaller than a lark, a feeble flyer, and, as far as I could see, quite alone. A year before I had found the nests of the same species north of the Arctic Circle, and I knew that the bird had never been known to breed many miles south of the land of the midnight sun. Here, then, was subject for thought; and the more I thought about it and recollected my own journeys to and from the same points, the more I wondered at the bird's extraordinary power.

—*Chamber's Journal*.

From a Window.

We have had very interesting times all winter with our Lady Downy Woodpecker, a pair of hairy woodpeckers which are rather rare hereabouts—and chickadees—all feasting daily on the suet nailed to our apple tree.

When these birds are absent there are, on stormy days, from three to eight English sparrows hovering like humming birds, hanging by claws and braced by tails like woodpeckers or lighted on the suet eating as though the feast were spread for their sole benefit.

Yesterday, March 30th, I heard the sweetest song in our garden, but could not see the singer—it was a sparrow—probably the tree or winter chippy. I also saw from our porch, robins, one crow, gulls, and the usual hairy woodpecker—female. The male has not been about for some time and I fear some ignorant boy has killed him, not knowing he had come to help save our trees from the insect's eggs and larvæ, so soon to awaken and bring destruction to our spring and summer foliage.

A. C. W.

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the fifteenth of each month.

The official organ of the Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

Twenty-five cents per year. Single copies, three cents.

All communications should be sent to Miss RUTH MARSHALL, Appleton, Wis.

With the May number THE WAYSIDE enters upon a new volume. Under Miss Marshall's editorship each number will contain an article by some bird student of Wisconsin or Illinois, and a helpful paper on nature work in the schools. Only ten numbers will be issued during the year, July and August being omitted.

The Gordon Library, recently destroyed in the High School fire at Appleton, has been partially replaced.

A Plea For Bird Boxes.

The majority of birds build their nests either in trees or on the ground, but we have a few that excavate a hole in a live or dead tree for their nest and also a few that build in any hole in a tree, bird-box, or, in fact, in any device which is a foot above the ground; and these are the birds for whose use I wish to ask the people who are interested in the increase of some of our most beneficial birds to nail up some tin cans or cigar-boxes in their orchards.

The farmers of to-day keep all their fruit trees well trimmed, all dead wood cut out, and all old trees, which are a paradise to House Wrens, Bluebirds, Chickadees, Great-Crested Flycatchers, Purple Martins and English Sparrows, are cut down and replaced by young trees. Thus these birds have hard work to find nesting sites, and I believe their numbers are much restricted by this cause. Take an average orchard of about twenty-five trees; say there are five cavities suitable for nests which could be very liberal, for in many orchards you could not find one. If we start with a pair of Wrens, which average seven young to a nest and will raise two broods a year, in one year we have eight pairs of birds and only five suitable nesting sites. English Sparrows are gradually working from the cities out into the country, and as they do not migrate and use

their nest for a roost in the winter-time, they are not long in finding these cavities in the trees; they build in them, and when our Wrens, Bluebirds and their less numerous companions arrive from the South they find their nesting site already occupied by Sparrows. Many of these birds then hang around and do not nest the whole season, and if this continues it will much deplete our flocks of useful farm birds. My suggestion now is to put up bird-boxes for these birds. A tomato-can makes a good home for a Wren or a Bluebird. Bend the lid back, leaving a small opening; also remember to put one or two holes in the bottom so that it cannot fill with rain and thus drown out the birds, as often happens in cavities in trees, and you have a very durable bird-house which will last several years. These birds as a class feed only on insects, bugs, caterpillars, etc., and farmers would find them very useful in protecting their trees and crops. * * *

I put up twenty cans and cigar-boxes last year in an orchard, of which fourteen were used, ten by Wrens and four by Bluebirds. In the orchard I could find only one cavity; this was not used, as the birds that had occupied it the previous season used a tin can instead.

I believe many birds do not nest because they do not find suitable nesting sites. Birds return to the same nesting site year after year, and it is very hard on them if, when they come back, they find their favorite tree cut down or, as often happens, that the nest is being used by English Sparrows. I do not contend, as some do, that the English Sparrow drives all our native birds away by fighting; he does it another way. He takes possession of their nest in the winter time when the owners are South, and when they come back they are seldom able to drive out the Sparrows, who by this time generally have young in the nest. No one can blame them for defending their eggs or young against birds they have never seen before. Nothing is too small for Wrens to build in and nothing too large; whatever they build in, they will fill up all waste space with sticks. Tie up a paper bag, put a hole in the side and a Wren will use it for a nest. This shows how hard up they are for nesting sites; so why can we not help them out,—every one do a little.

—Josiah Clark, in *Bird Lore*.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT.

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month, Illinois Children sending to Mrs. Wm. M. Scudder, 165 Buena Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin children to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton, Wisconsin.

An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive a bird book as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs one cent, and may be bought from Mrs. Scudder or Miss Marshall.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Merrill Library of bird books, by applying to Miss Bossert, Librarian, 719 Franklin St., Milwaukee.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham St., Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

Goldfinch; Yellow-bird; Thistle-bird; Wild Canary.

Adult male, bright yellow; cap, wings, and tail black, marked with white. *Adult female*, brownish, tinged with yellow; without black cap; wings and tail blackish. *Adult male in winter*, similar to female. *Length*, about 5 inches.

The Goldfinches are late builders, and when other birds are going about silently, preoccupied with nesting cares, it is a peculiar pleasure to hear the light-hearted *per-chic-o-ree* of a band of wandering yellow-birds as they come undulating through the sky. Few songs have the sweetness of their songs, or can awaken the same response in our hearts. For, like the Chickadee, the Goldfinch is one of the gentle, trustful birds that hold a place of their own in our affections.

When going about in wandering bands they brighten our days, and when nest-building claim still more our sympathetic attention. They are on the lookout for soft lining materials, and will frankly accept any bits of colored worsted or string that we may offer, repaying us by letting us enjoy their sweet family life. When the blue eggs are laid upon their thistle-down bed in the compact round nest in the apple tree, the father bird watches us anxiously until he knows that he can trust

us near his mate, but when once sure of our good faith, will feed her in our presence. How tenderly he calls out as he comes to her! The quality of his note has changed entirely since spring. Instead of the *per-chic-a-ree* that told only of his delight in his free life in the air, his call is now a rich, tender *dear, dear, dearie*, and a gentle home-like *dear, dear, dear*. Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright gives us a hint worth taking in the matter of attracting the goldfinches. She says: "If you wish them to live with you and honor your trees with their nests, plant sunflowers in your garden, zinnias, and coreopsis; leave a bit of wild grass somewhere about with its mass of compositæ. Coax the wild clematis everywhere that it can gain a footing; and in winter, when these joyous birds, gathered in flocks, are roving, hard-pressed for food, scatter some sweepings of bird seed about their haunts, repaying in this their silent season their summer melody."

When nesting time is over, the dainty birds again gather in bands, the males changing their canary-colored coats for the safer but dingy garb of their mates, and so go about through fall and winter doing public service by eating the seeds of the brown weeds that stand above the snow. In one place a flock of a thousand has been seen feeding on the seeds of ragweed, effectually limiting its spread there for another year. As everyone knows the "thistle birds" are especially fond of thistle seeds. They also eat the seeds of the common "beggar's-tick" which is so troublesome in bottom lands, and the larvæ of the destructive wheat midge. In summer the goldfinches feed their young mainly on insects, such as beetles, plant-lice, larvæ, flies, and small grasshoppers.—From Mrs. Bailey's *Birds of Village and Field*.

Letters about the goldfinch should be mailed to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton, by June 1st.

Prizes and Badges.

Gerty Peterson of Yorkville, Wis., and Eddie Bauer of Tinley Park, Ill., win the honor badges for April.

A copy of Chapman's *Color Key* is given to William Schneider, 415 N. 12th St., La Crosse, as a prize for winning the honor badge twice.

Secretary's Letter.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: I am going to leave you a legacy of a few sayings which will serve as mottoes for your Audubon Societies.

Bird-Lore's motto is bright and brief, and very suitable for girls and boys: "A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand."

Ask your teachers to read you Wordsworth's touching story of Hart-Leap Well, the place that was accursed because of the cruel death of the Hart.

"The Being, that is in the clouds and air,

That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care

For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

"This Beast not unobserved by Nature fell;

His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

* * * * *

"One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,

Taught both by what she shows, and what
conceals;

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride

With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

I commend to you the closing lines.

Perhaps you are tired of the lesson I have given you so often from strong, tender-hearted John Ruskin—the man who gave up his own fortune that other men might lead happier and better lives—but you must listen to it once more: "Do not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, but strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty upon earth." You see this means not only birds, but the bushes that grow along the roadside, trees with their grateful shade, wild flowers and little ferns in the woods, and gay little spiders that lead their happy and innocent lives on branch and blossom.

And here is Coleridge's—the best known, best loved and most beautiful of all:

"He prayeth well who loveth well

Both man and bird and beast;

He prayeth best who loveth best

All things both great and small,

For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Good-bye and God speed!

ELIZABETH G. PECKHAM.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

DEAR WAYSIDE: Last winter I was out doors playing in the snow and I found a poor little robin in the snow. I took it up and examined it and found it had been shot by some cruel hunters. There are not half as many birds now as there used to be. It is a shame when God made the pretty little creatures to stay on earth to make the world beautiful and more cheerful.

I think the nicest kinds of birds are the robin, swallows, meadow lark, ground sparrows, bob-o-link, and woodpecker.

The woodpecker is a very useful bird because he takes the worms from the trees and bushes.

The crows are useful in the fields but the farmers claim they do harm and the sparrows too, but they have to have some place to make their nest.

There are thousands and thousands of birds' eggs taken every year. People now-a-days have not much sense.

Yorkville.

GERTY PETERSON.

Illinois Prize Letter.

TINLEY PARK.

DEAR WAYSIDE: I saw a herring gull once. He was flying over the water near our school. He had big wings. He had a big bill. He had big legs. This is a white bird. I saw him catching a fish.

EDDIE BAUER.

DEAR WAYSIDE:—I saw a flock of jay birds. I saw a chickadee yesterday. I saw a pewee Friday. I saw a catbird and a woodpecker today. I saw a robin the other day. I saw a flock of crows Thursday. I saw five quails Tuesday.

CLARENCE SUTTON, age 8.

Necedah.

Illinois has issued an Arbor and Bird Day Annual.

HAMMOND, WIS.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—The bluejay is a common bird around here. It is little larger than the robin.

I think that the bluejay is both useful and harmful. The bluejay destroys the worms and insects that harm the crop, and in that way it is very useful. But I think they are also very harmful when they kill other birds which help the farmers.

One very cold night, about 7 o'clock p. m., I went over to our neighbor across the street. There was a kind of a roof over the door, and, as I was going in, a bluejay was sitting on the screen door and it flew away when I opened the door. When I went home again, the bluejay flew back again to its place, where it was sheltered from the cold.

One day, about 5 o'clock p. m., I was sitting on the porch and I saw a bluejay sitting in one of our trees. There was an empty nest up in the tree, and it flew into it and I think it stayed there all night.

ANDREW THRONSON, age 14 years.

DEER PARK Wis.

DEAR WAYSIDE: I saw a robin this spring. It was singing a pretty song.

It was fat and could fly fast. It was flying toward the south.

The robin's eggs are pale-green.

It builds its nest in trees. It is made of sticks, wool, hair, feathers and many other things. It picks up many insects and worms.

The robin is not an ugly bird.

JESSIE HILYAR.

Age 10 years, 4th Grade.

HAMMOND.

DEAR WAYSIDE.—Last Tuesday there came a little sparrow in some window at night. In the morning we let it out, and gave it some bread. I think it was the same one that came in yesterday; it flew all around. But we let it go. I saw a robin and a red-headed woodpecker in a tree near our house. Last Wednesday when I went to school I saw a bobolink.

LILY MASON, age 7 years.

BLOOMING GROVE.

DEAR MRS. PECKHAM: I am one of the girls that belong to the Audubon Society of Wisconsin. I also signed a pledge to protect birds. There are two blue jays around our front yard. When I come home from school I feed them crumbs. One night when I came home I put a great many on the post. Then I watched to see what they would do. I had not stood there long when the male bird came down and sat on the fence. He kept looking at them; pretty soon he went on the post and began eating them; then he chirped to the female bird to come, which she did. And then when they were through they looked as if they wanted more. So I nearly every night give them some.

ADDIE LANSING.

DEER PARK, Wis., March 30, 1904.

DEAR WAYSIDE: Last summer when I was plowing I saw three brown squirrels playing in a pasture right close to where I was at work. The game that they were playing was something like what we call "Pomp, pomp, pull-away." One of the squirrels would stand about ten feet away and then the other two would run. I watched them for about fifteen minutes, and at last thought I would snare one. So I chased them into their holes. I put the snare right around the hole and then lay down and began to whistle like a squirrel. Pretty soon I saw a little striped head sticking out of a hole. He came a little farther so's I could see his front feet. Then all at once I gave a hard jerk and out came Mr. Squirrel, squealing and squirming. I sat down and began to play with him. I got a little too bold and began to pet him on his head, when all at once he jumped and bit me on the finger. I was so excited that I dropped the string and what do you think happened? The squirrel got away and I went home with a bit finger. I am in the seventh grade and fourteen years old.

ERLE LEWIS FOUKS.

The Musical Lion.

Said the Lion: "On music I dote,
But something is wrong with my throat.
When I practice a scale
The listeners quail,
And flee at the very first note!"

—From St. Nicholas.

Feb. 26, 1904.

DEAR WAYSIDE: This month I saw a blue jay. He was sitting on the corn house. He was eating corn. He is always near the house. I get him some corn every day and he is tame. He eats with the chickens. He hops around the yard. I like to see him hop. He sings all day and I feed him with the hens.

I have a bird house up and he lived in it and the sparrows lived with him too.

When I feed the horse hay I see sparrows and the blue jay is with them. I like birds.

Tinley Park.

HAROLD HAMMOND.

Birds in March.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., April 1, 1904.

By the first of the month a number of robins and blue birds were here. These birds are among the first to come back to us in the spring. They increased in number until now at the close of the month I can hardly step out without seeing them, especially the robins.

We are all used to the "cheer up" call of the robin, but one day I heard a male robin singing to a female and the song was very sweet.

The downy and hairy woodpeckers have been with us all month, and I have seen them climbing up maple trees and boring into the trunks.

Several times during the month I have seen crows flying. On the twenty-seventh I saw a blackbird.

The bright but saucy blue jays have been with us during the month. The English sparrows are already carrying dry grass for nests.

A flock of snow birds were in our hedge on the twenty-fifth. A few days later I saw a turtle dove flying near my home. One built a nest in one of our white pines last summer and I hope that it will return.

On the last day of the month I saw a nut-hatch climbing up a maple tree.

Box 27.

EUNICE KILLION.

DEAR PARK, Wis., March 30, 1904.

DEAR MRS. PECKHAM: We organized an Audubon Society in the Deer Park School about two weeks ago.

The officers are as follows: President, Ruth Jacobsen; vice-president, Wesley Christopher-son; secretary, Jessie Thompson; assistant sec-

retary, Effie Torgerson; treasurer, Anna Thompson; assistant treasurer, Hattie Torgerson.

We have now fifty-three members and hope to have many more.

There are three rooms in our school. The three rooms have planned to meet together twice a month.

RUTH JACOBSEN, Age 13.

DEER PARK, Wis.

DEAR WAYSIDE: One day last summer a bird built its nest in the water spout on our house. When it would rain the bird would sit on the nest and let the water run over it. But after a few days we had to tear it down because the water that ran into the cistern had straw and sticks in it.

RUTH LARSON, Age 12.

The Invisible Bird Party.

The charming Miss Thrush is busy sending out invitations for the first party of the season. All the other birds are very busy getting their dresses and suits ready. They are doing this before they receive an invitation, as they all feel sure they will get one.

Sure enough, when all the invitations are given out not one bird is slighted.

They are all so pleased with their invitations that they decide to keep them.

This is the way the invitations read:

MY DEAR FRIEND: You are very welcome to attend a party given at the home of Julia Thrush on March seventeenth, St. Patrick's Day, at her home on State street.

You may bring friends with you if you wish, as there is plenty of room here.

I shall hope to see you here early.

Yours truly,

J. T.

March 10th, 1904.

After the invitations and other things were attended to Miss Julia started to work fixing her dress for the party. It was just completed on the day before the party.

Miss Julia went to bed early on Wednesday night, as she wanted to be up early in the morning. Before morning came she woke up and found it to be raining just dreadfully hard. She felt bad over this but went to sleep

at last hoping it would soon stop. It did not stop, but next morning about half-past eight all her friends arrived.

Just at that time I was passing Miss Thrush's home and heard so many different birds chattering all at the same time. I stopped and tried my best to see where they were but could not find them.

The house girl came out of Mrs. H——'s house and tried to see where they were but she could not see them any more than I could. I guess this is because they had entered Miss Julia's house. Still we could hear them. They all felt very bad because they were just soaking wet and they all had on their new party clothes.

Miss Julia cheered them up by saying that they could soon get dry if they hopped about, also by giving them a bow of green ribbon as a souvenir. So Mr Robin, Cardinal, and the Sparrow brothers did the best they could to supply enough music for them to dance by.

After a short time luncheon was served which consisted of a few young blades of grass and some choice bugs.

After some more dancing Miss Julia had to bid her friends good-by and they all departed to their homes.

MILDRED DIXON,

Age 14.

North Alton, Ill.

DEER PARK, Wis.

DEAR WAYSIDE: I saw a bird the other day. His breast was red and his back was brownish color. His name was robin red breast. He builds his nest two times a season. His eggs are pale green. The robin eats the worms up.

Age 10 years.

JOHN PAULSON.

DEER PARK, Wis.

DEAR WAYSIDE: One day this winter as I was going out to the barn I saw a butcher bird chasing an English sparrow, he chased the sparrow from shed to shed. At last the butcher bird caught the sparrow.

The butcher bird lit on the ground with the

little sparrow between its feet expecting to peck it in the head and kill it. I hurried to drive the butcher bird off. I frightened the butcher bird so it flew off but when the sparrow flew the butcher bird flew after it, and drove it back and forth for a while. Pretty soon the little sparrow got tired and then flew into a load of straw which stood by the barn. I looked for it quite a while but I suppose it was hidden some place in the straw so that I could not find it. The butcher bird is cruel to other little birds that it can hurt. I am a member of the Audubon Society and I am going to protect the birds. I and my brother have made a bird house which has three stories.

ORVILLE FOUKS, age 12 years.

TINLEY PARK, Ill.

DEAR WAYSIDE: I will write you a letter about the Woodpecker. The Woodpecker always comes in front of our door, and in summer time he pecks on an old tin can and wakes us up in the morning. And one morning I put some bread crumbs in the hole he made in the tree and he ate all the bread crumbs I put in the hole.

Sometimes the Woodpecker comes in front of our door and taps at the door. But if the cats come he flies away. I like to see the birds in summer hop from one tree to another tree. I love to hear the birds sing. I am so sorry that some of the people are so bad to the poor birds and kill them, the pretty little birds.

Age 14.

MARTHA SCHMAEDEKE.

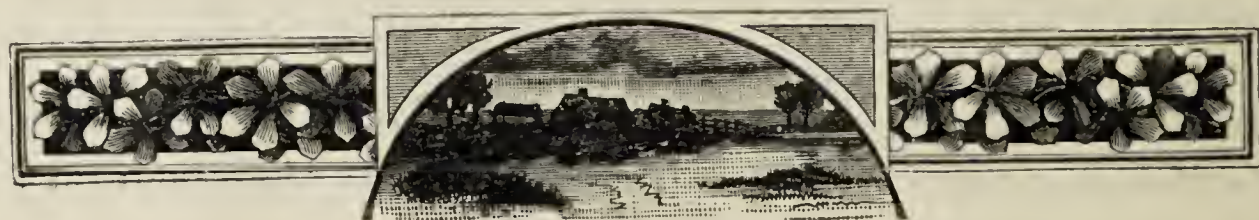
A Rabbit Met a Donkey.

"What a queer little horse!" thought the rabbit, "and—my, what big ears!"

"What a strange cat!" thought the donkey, "and—my, what big ears!"

But all they said was, "Good day."

—From St. Nicholas.



By The Wayside

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MAY, 1904

No. 1

BALLADE OF UNKNOWN BIRDS.

Sweet is the Bob-o-link's song—

As he balances high on the grasses,
And the Cat-bird trills all the day long
Mocking each rival who passes.

There's a twitter of joy and of cheer

To be heard, 'mid the sparrows grey flock,
(But the birds which I most long to hear,
Are the Phoenix—the Dodo—the Roc.)

Fine is the Grey Eagle's flight—

Or the dip of the Swallow at even,
The Sea-gull's my special delight
As he circles 'twix ocean and Heaven.

The Wild-geese spread far in a "V"—
Swift whirrs the frightened Wood-cock—
(But the birds whose flight I long to see
Are the Phoenix—the Dodo—the Roc.)

Red is the Tanager's coat

As he sings his low murmuring matin,
Brilliant the Grosbeak's soft throat,
Gorgeous the Oriole's satin.

So gayly the Peacock is dressed

That the Quaker Wrens feel it a shock—
(But finer I'm sure than the rest
Were the Phoenix—the Dodo—the Roc.)

Envoi.

Audubon—every bird's friend!

Shall I find, in a Heavenly flock?
(When my bird-hunting here's at an end
The Phoenix—the Dodo—the Roc.)

— Anna Higgenson Spencer.

Kenilworth, Ill.

WINGS AND WINGS.

My boy, if you have had to cut bushes on Saturdays to keep pasturage for the cows and sheep, you know very well that the sticky little pine and tough little birches never would have come up so far from their parent woods

had there not been wings on the seeds from which they grew. You have wished there wasn't a winged seed in the world, so that when you didn't want bushes you wouldn't be obliged to have them. But when winter comes round, you have to own up that but for the winged seeds, which have covered the earth with forests, you had better been born an esquimaux.

Many a time you have found pleasure in blowing the head off a gone-to-seed dandelion, and in watching the downy seeds float away on the air as if they were alive and flying. Your sister takes pleasure, too, in making fluffy white balls out of thistle blossoms, with which to decorate her room. She gathers pods of the milkweed, and out of the silken mass attached to the seeds, makes a pillow for the parlor sofa. These winged seeds of herbs suit her feminine purposes quite as well as they do those for which they were naturally intended—better, I fancy, to your thinking, when you are pulling the weeds they create in the garden.

It is no wonder that plants with winged seeds are to be found wherever there is a spot fit for them to grow on. Perhaps you are thinking that when nature hit upon this excellent plan of disseminating her plants, it is singular that she did not apply her bright idea to all vegetable creation. But if you look sharply, you will discover that nature has a world full of bright ideas for doing things. A forceful demonstration of her ability to devise is to be seen in the ways she employs wings.

Many a nut carried by a hoarding jay or woodpecker has slipped to the ground and reared a tree where one of its kind never grew before.

How do you suppose water plants ever contrived to travel up stream, as you must admit some of them have done? Did you ever paddle

round a sharp bend in a river and frighten a heron half out of his wits? Ever observe him stop to wash his feet before setting out to look for solitude farther up? It is quite possible that, stuck in the mud between his toes, there was a seed or two which were finally dislodged miles away in a place as well suited to their development as that on which they grew. It is not to be doubted that seeds are sometimes transported in this way—but wings must have the credit.

Did it ever occur to you to wonder how it happens that most of the blackberry and raspberry bushes you come across are along the fences or bordering woodlands? Did you ever stop to consider why wild gooseberry bushes are oftenest beside boulders or other obstacles, or why wild cherry trees spring up in such situations also? Did you ever ponder on the fact that when a timber lot has been cleared, and sunshine gets a chance to warm the soil, unnumbered thousands of many kinds of fruit-bearing plants spring up to cover the ground and make a place of delight for us?

We know how the robins live in summer and fall when a host of wild small-fruits are ripening every day. They just hang around the cherry trees and berry patches and stuff themselves from morning till night. So do the cedar-birds and flickers and many other birds. They dine dozens of times a day. Between meals we may find them perched on a stone or a stump or a fence or up in a tree. Birds are made on a plan so different from ours that we do not realize how busy they are while they seem so lazily perching. When we think they are eating, they are only filling their gullets. When they appear to be resting, in reality they are very busy chewing their food. Whether they fear appendicitis or whether their union gizzards have a by-law forbidding the passage of coarse particles is not certainly known, but at all event, sherry stones and other large seeds are usually regurgitated, after they have been cleaned and dropped in the various retreats occupied between meals, there to be covered by the autumn leaves, and in due season to produce fruit to regale another generation of birds—and us. Smaller seeds are not always regurgitated but digestion does not appear to destroy their vitality, and their distribution is similar to that of larger fruit seeds.

When we plant things, we think all the crop belongs to us. What about Old Rob who sow-

ed the seeds beside the roadside fence and planted the lot where the timber grew? Shall we shoot him for tasting our currants and cherries?

Between wings of seeds and wings of birds, the earth has come by much of its greenness.

Ned Dearborn.

Columbian Museum, Chicago.

THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS.

About the 13th of last March, 1903, a pair of robins that had kept house in a hickory tree a few feet from our porch the previous summer, came back and looked the site over and apparently found it as desirable as it had been the year before, for they seemed to look no further, but gave themselves up to enjoying a good vacation before settling down to housekeeping.

On the 18th of April they stopped their play and went to work thoroughly to repair their old house. The next morning the work was finished and Mrs. Robin established herself in her nest while Mr. Robin fetched and carried for her, or from some vantage ground warned intruders off the hickory tree.

Then a sad thing happened—no one knows exactly what or how, only that Mr. Robin was gone, and a pitiful little heap of feathers under the home tree was the only clue to the tragedy.

The little wife did not seem much concerned the first day, but for several days succeeding that first one, her cries were ear-splitting and heart-rending. She would sit on a tall tree commanding a wide view, and call till it seemed that her throat must burst. She kept that up for several days then she began searching for a new mate. I saw her bring two or three birds to look at her nest. She chattered and fluttered in a most insistent fashion, but every one of them appeared to urge a previous engagement for no one stayed. At last she gave it up and resigned herself to her lonely life. It was a most pathetic sight to see the little thing sitting in her nest which was quite unsheltered, as the tree is very late in leafing out. I could not tell whether there were any eggs in the nest, but was sure they would never hatch if there were, for the bird would leave them for such long times, which shows that a little mother robin knows a heap more about hatching eggs than I do. For on the 7th of May a pair of sharp eyes espied a tiny bit of blue

shell under the hickory tree. It was a wonder of wonders to us, but not more so than to a Mr. Robin who had a family over in the next yard. He got wind of the news and came right over to learn all the particulars. He sat on the edge of the nest and looked down into it, then cocked his head one way and another as if to say, "Now, did you ever?" and he made up his mind on the spot, that such a brave, capable little lady deserved help, and the way he flew back and forth between the garden and the nest was a lesson in the art of rapid transportation of commissary stores. Nor did his benovolence wear itself out on that first day, but every day at six o'clock he came over and helped to get supper. I don't know whether he came at other times. I did not see him.

A funny bit of household discipline was revealed by his coming—or perhaps I should say by his going. If he over-stayed his time limit, a sharp call came from across the way, at sound of which he dropped his work and darted off for home with a quick "Coming!" never waiting for a second warning.

I know the little robins were well fed, for when they left the nest on the morning of the 22nd of May, two of them were the strongest baby birds I ever saw fly. There were three of them. Ill befell the weakest the first day. I never saw him again. The mother raised the other two with my help. Whenever she screamed "Cats," I rushed out and cried "Scat!" I think though, that the little birds missed their father's counsel. They certainly were the least worldly-wise of all the intelligent young things I have seen. There is a very low trellis in our garden, just in front of a veritable jungle of vines and bushes, the place of the world for cats and tigers; and those two stupid creatures would sit on the trellis by the hour, with their backs to the jungle, an invitation to the cats and tigers crouching behind them, and if we "shooed" them off the trellis they would squat in two little heaps on a patch of bare earth and just wait to be eaten up. I think the cats mistook them for decoys, for they did live to grow up.

Fannie J. R. Bright.

Appleton, Wis.

A MILD APRIL SNOW STORM.

To open one's eyes on the morning of the fifteenth of April and find eight inches of

snow on the river and more still falling is rather discouraging and when one thinks, "What will the robins and the bluebirds do? and the phoebes and martins, if they be still alive and in this northern country, how will they live, what will they eat?" the weather becomes a great source of anxiety. A person immediately thinks "How can I feed the birds? I must try to find some way of furnishing them with food, putting it in a place which they frequent and where it will not be covered with snow"

I could think of no better way than to take a box in which Mason fruit cans are packed; put in suet, wheat, cracker and bread crumbs and a rotten apple, cover part of it with a board and then place it in as sheltered a position as possible under a currant bush which is a favorite resort of the birds in snowy weather. Soon after it was in position, an English sparrow came near, but fearing it was a trap, he would not go to the box, a robin flew close but evidently did not see it. Not long after seven o'clock blackbirds came from somewhere (probably from the north as from that direction most of the birds came that day) and acted as if on that particular spot they had breakfasted for many a day, for without any hesitation two or three of them went to the box, hopped in and began eating, several more went to the suet in the tree which was then stuck in between two limbs, and tore off pieces, once six were around the suet at one time. I presume that the birds changed places and different ones ate. They staid here nearly half an hour, using four trees for their resting places. There were crow blackbirds and cow blackbirds, the smaller ones did not try to eat but let their larger brethren have all the food. I knew there were a good many of them, but was surprised when they flew to see what a large number there were; two hundred would not be overestimating their numbers, and one can imagine what a sight it was, all these jet black birds seen through the falling snow on snow-covered limbs, no colors but black, white and where a brown limb of tree trunk showed. Seeing that no harm came to the blackbirds, English sparrows flew to the box and thus showed the robins where they might dine, and thereafter I had no fears for the robins. About half past eight I carried out more food and one of

Continued on page

BY THE WAYSIDE

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NATURE STUDY IN THE SCHOOLS.

I. Bird Study.

Bird study is now very popular; the children are certainly beginning to know birds. A few days ago a kindergartener found that her little tots already knew over twenty different kinds of birds. The outlook is very encouraging; now teachers must be sure that their work has some permanent value. Heretofore the friends of birds worked too much on the negative side; children were told how wicked it is to destroy birds and their nests, and women were condemned for wearing feathers. Destruction of birds must be stopped, and the public needs instruction along the line, but what is most needed is work along the positive side. So, too, bird study which confines itself to looking through an opera glass is pleasant; but it is only superficial. The notion is quite prevalent that we must go far afield to see birds. There is a better way, induce the birds to come to us. After a long tramp for a glimpse of the first spring birds, one often returns to be greeted by them in his own front yard. One woman who has a large familiarity with birds has seen most of them from her kitchen window. The birds will come to us if we offer them inducements in the way of proper food, water, shelter and nesting places. Would-be observers sometimes say "I threw crumbs on the ground for the birds, but the only ones that came were English sparrows." He did not know that the birds he desired to make the acquaintance of are not vegetarians.

There is a real value in this work. The Agricultural Department has shown conclusively that birds are absolutely necessary to man in keeping down weeds and insect pests. There are very few, if any, that are not helping. These facts are not fully before the public, and the schools should help to spread the knowledge. The aesthetic value will be recognized by the boys and girls all in due time; first of all let them have the utilitarian side of bird study.

It is best not to attempt too much, but to concentrate study on a few common kinds. Every child on leaving the grades should know at least fifty birds. These may be grouped, and each grade given a certain number for its special study, the commonest to the little children. Here is a list adapted for the first grade and kindergarten: Robin, oriole, red-headed woodpecker, blue jay, English sparrow, blue bird, downy woodpecker, barn swallow, crow and chickadee.

Each pupil should learn to recognize these birds, of course; then he must be taught their economic value. Teachers and pupils may watch them together; the records of other investigators can be consulted. Bird books are now without number, and the reports of the Agricultural Department may be had for the asking.

This work will not be a burden to the teacher. Like all live work, the freshness and interest will lighten the task. Successful teachers find that it can be correlated with the language work. What teacher has not had to wrack her brain for subjects for pupils' compositions? Here is material lying all about us. Boys and girls are trained in observation and in expression by the lessons on birds. The Wayside letters show some of the possibilities of bird study for schools. R. M.

A NEW BIRD BOOK.

Bird Life Stories is the title of a new book offered by Rand, McNally & Co., the first of a series of three. It is unique in this, that it is a compilation of twenty-four selections from the writings of Audubon, Bendire, Nuttall and Wilson about common birds. The selections have been made by Prof. C. W. Weed. Each one is illustrated with a beautiful full page colored plate, the work of Dr. Ned Dearborn of the Field Columbian Museum. The book is especially adapted for supplementary reading in the higher grades and for reference. The names connected with the making of this book are a sufficient guarantee of its value. R. M.

THE STORY OF SOME WRENS.

One day I found three little wrens at the foot of a tree. They had hardly any down on their little bodies. Their mother had left them. They were cold and hungry. I took them home with me and gave them some crumbs of bread to eat. Then I put them in a nest I had found. They died the next day.

K. Newton,

Superior.

Age 9 years.

This is too often the result of trying to rear nestlings by hand. You should read the experiences of Dr. C. F. Hodge of Worcester, Mass.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT.

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month. Illinois Children sending to Mrs. Wm. M. Scudder, 165 Buena Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin Children to MISS RUTH MARSHALL, Appleton, Wisconsin. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the birds study for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By The Wayside one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs one cent, and may be bought from Mrs. Scudder or Miss Marshall.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Bossert, Librarian, 719 Franklin St., Milwaukee.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham St., Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

THE BIRDS FOR SUMMER.

Do The Wayside boys and girls know what the birds are doing in summer when we are having our vacation? Building their nests, of course, and rearing their young. Rising early and working late, for most of them must do lots of work before they can leave for their southern winter homes. How many broods do they have? What do they build their nests of? What do they eat and feed to their young? Do they help the farmer and fruit grower? Can we help them to get food and water, and homes? How many have carried out the suggestions made in the last Wayside? Here are questions for sharp eyes to find answers for. A bird book will be given to the Wisconsin boy or girl who sends the best answers to these questions from actual observation made this summer. Letters must reach the secretary by Sept. 1st. A similar offer is made by the Illinois secretary.

BADGES AND PRIZES.

The honor badge for the best letter about the song sparrow goes to Ethel Winslow, Madison, Wis. A year's subscription to By the Wayside is sent to William Schneider, of La Crosse, for a letter on bird notes. The Illinois letter has not been received in time for publication.

THE ILLINOIS SECRETARY'S LETTER.

Dear Wayside Children:

It is so long since I have had a talk with you that I feel like the "old man all clothed in leather." I want to say "how do you do, and how do you do, and how do you do again."

Just think of how much more you know than when I wrote to you last, more about the different countries of the world; more about the people who have lived and died in it; more too, I hope, about all good things that make a girl's and boy's life better in every way. How much more do you know, I wonder, about our friends the Birds? I know some of you have been studying them, for I have read your grade letters in The Wayside and have been glad to see some of our Illinois children have written letters, and very good ones, too.

Now that we have Bird Day in Illinois, as they have had it in Wisconsin for so many years, we are going to expect great things from our children. All sorts of letters, telling about the birds they see, red birds, white birds and blue birds (those letters could be for the Fourth of July); and the little brown and grey birds that are not so gay to look at but just as lovely, and are generally the sweetest singers. We want to find out what you see and know about them all.

But there is another thing that is better than your knowing about birds, and that is your protecting and caring for them, and so I am going to tell you that I will give a pretty bird book to the Illinois child that sends to Mrs. Scudder by next September, the best report of work done to help and protect the birds; and by the "best report" I don't mean the one that is expressed in the best way, or is written the best, but the one that tells about the best work done.

I want you to love the birds, not just know about them, and I want every child to learn this one thing: that a living bird is much more beautiful, much more useful, and much more interesting than a dead one. Now then, all our new children and all our old ones (whoever heard of old children?) take good care of all the birds about you and then write and tell us how you did it.

With all good wishes for you all.

Mary Drummond,
Sec'y Illinois Audubon Society.

WISCONSIN PRIZE LETTER.

Dear Wayside:

As I was walking past a clump of willows the other day. I noticed a small brown bird near the end of a branch, who suddenly jerked his tail, put back his head and began to sing. I knew in an instant that the little fellow was a song-sparrow. As he sent forth each note, his head was thrown back and his white throat appeared and disappeared making the small black spot on his breast more pronounced. I noticed that his tail, also, kept time by twitching gently up and down. As he sang, each time with a new variation, I could hear another song-sparrow far away, replying. The bird which I was watching, however, noticed my close attention and flew away. Since his destination was a tree only a short distance away, I did not have to walk far to find him again. Very soon, after picking insects from the bark of the tree—between songs—he grew tired of airy perches and descended to the ground. Here he stayed picking insects and seeds from the dry grass. Once he paused and uttered one of his melodies but otherwise silence prevailed. After eating his fill he decided to leave me and giving his tail a final flirt, he flew over the trees and out of sight.

Robins, blue birds song-sparrows, and juncos are very common, but I have seen a great many others.

Aged 13.

Ethel Winslow.

Madison.

A REPORT FROM NECEDAH.

Dear Wayside:

We started a little Audubon society here a year ago with twenty members. We now have thirty-nine on our roll. We have roll call answered with weekly report of observations on birds. During vacations we have no meetings as we are all farmers and rather scattered. Our president can not always meet with us so different members are asked to take charge at different times. This plan works well as they all take an interest in the work. We are to have a paper edited by our program committee.

We conduct our business according to parliamentary rules and find it a good thing as the members when in other business meetings surpass some of their elders in observance of rules. We expect to adopt a constitution soon.

Can anyone tell us another name for the bird commonly called "sweetheart" or "sweet-

hearting," and describe the bird? We often hear them and all love their sweet song, but they seem very shy and stay in the brush and woods, seldom showing themselves. Has the chickadee any note, call or song beside "chick-a-dee-dee?"

There are flocks of small grey birds here. They are a little larger than a chickadee, dark slate color, almost black on back and whole of head and throat with lighter grey underneath. When flying they show white feathers on each side of the tail. The only sound we have heard from them is "chip-chip." They eat weed seeds. No one knows a name for them.

If there are any Audubon societies in this—Juneau county, will their secretary please write to our secretary? We may be of help to each other.

Our secretary's address is Freda Fisher, Necedah, Juneau county, Wis.

Mrs. Ivy Fisher (Teacher)

Necedah, Wis.

We know of no bird called "sweetheart." The chickadee has a song which resembles the phoebe's. Nuttall says of it: "Altho more frequently uttered in spring, it is now and then whistled on warm days even in winter, it may be heard, in fact, every month of the year. It consists of two, or less frequently, three, clearly whistled and rather melancholy notes, like the syllable phoe-bee, not drawled like the song of the wood pewee, and sweeter even than the cry of the phoebe." The flocks of slate colored birds are juncos. They have been very common during the stormy days of the late spring.

R. M.

Necedah, Juneau Co., Wis., March 30, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

I saw a flock of robins last Thursday and I think there was more than a hundred of them. And I saw four mourning doves on Thursday, they were on a tree. And I saw a flock of bluejays last Friday, they were singing and they were on a tree. And I saw a flock chickadees around our house all winter and when we butchered they would eat the meat. And I saw two owls and they were on a stump in the field. And I saw six chicken hawks, they were trying to get some of our chickens.

Age 10.

Nellie Pearl Pratt.

We should be careful to notice exactly the kind of hawk that we accuse of chicken stealing. Several hawks are called "chicken

hawks." All but two, Cooper's and the sharp-shinned, are protected by our state law, as it has been found that they do more good than harm in killing mice and other enemies of the farmer.

La Crosse, Wis., April 30, 1904.

The Song Sparrow.

The song-sparrow is one of the most common sparrows that nests here. This year they arrived from the south later than usual, the first one being seen on March 26th. I heard the first one singing on March 31st. Its song can be heard at any hour of the day, from some thicket or brushpile near the roadside. Among its many songs, the one I like best is the one beginning with three single notes and ending with a trill.

On April 10th, when we went over to Rice Lake, we saw several American herring gulls. Several of them flew over our boat. There are a large number of dead fish around here, which they are rapidly clearing away.

This spring I have seen several interesting battles between birds. The first one was a fight between a junco and a chipping sparrow, in which the junco was victorious. In another case I found two male yellow-bellied sapsuckers, who had evidently been fighting, for their breasts and heads were badly torn. I found them on the ground about five feet apart. In the third instance I saw two female blue birds fighting together, while a male bird was calmly looking on. Finally the male bird flew away with the victorious female, while the other one remained behind. In another case I saw a battle between three flickers, which was accompanied by a great deal of noise.

The warblers are beginning to pass. For several days we have had a hot wave and now there are an innumerable number of birds here.

William Schneider,

Age 15.

415 N. 12th Street.

The Song Sparrow.

One morning in the early part of April as I went out to feed the hens, I saw a bird. It had brown specks on a light breast. The back was like a sparrow's. From what my teacher told me I decided that it was a song-sparrow. You may think it strange to find a song-sparrow in a barn, but this was during the bad snowstorm.

It ate with the hens. I could have had it if

I wanted it, but I thought it might be cruel, because I love the birds.

After that I gave it some suet. It seemed to say, "thank you."

The song-sparrow is six inches long.

The eggs are bluish white thickly marked with reddish brown. There are four or five eggs in a nest. It has three broods a year. The nesting lasts from May until August. The nests are usually on the ground, or a bush may be chosen.

Carl Bates,

Age 12 years.

Appleton, Wisconsin.

Plum City, Wis., May 4, 1904.

Dear Miss Marshall:

We organized an Audubon society in the Plum City school about three weeks ago.

Following are the officers: President, Ruth Moser; vice president, Clarence Brown; secretary, Harry Budewitz, treasurer, George Budewitz.

We have a large society and expect many more.

We have a very fine school and are going to live up to the rules of our society.

Age 9.

Clarence Brown.

Dear Park, Wis., April 29, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

I saw a robin red-breast in the tree. Its breast was scarlet red and its head is black. The wings are brownish and his tail is black. It likes to be around the houses and pick up crumbs. The robin red-breasts like to be on the edges of rivers and brooks. The robin builds his nest twice a year. His nest is built of sticks, feathers, dry leaves and horse hairs. The robin eats cherries. If it was not for the birds the worms and bugs would spoil the cherries too. The robins eat green grass. I saw two robins running around the wood. It was a male and female bird. The male bird's breast is red. The female bird's is light red. I saw a robin on the post.

Second Grade.

Hattie Hanson.

NEW SCHOOL BRANCHES FORMED.

New School Audubon societies have been reported by teachers as follows: Reedsburg, Miss Anna Shaffer, with 12 members; Cambria, Miss Jennie Sanderson, 20; La Valle, Miss Louise Gardner, 16; Mason, Miss Mary Wells, 36; Stoughton, going Myrtle Godfrey, Clara Forester, you will get Carrie Dean, Ethel

Baird, Jean Vincent, Marie Zwicker, Margaret Lewis, with a total enrollment of 375; Packwaukee, Miss Laura Caldwell, 42; Waumandee, E. F. Luise, 14; Forestville, Miss Maude Manney, 35; Milwaukee Normal, Prof. I. N. Mitchell, 29; Spencer, Miss Harriet Hayward, 38; Wyocena, Miss Susie E. West, 26; Medford, Misses Agnes Gallent, Janette Pope, Adele Lange, with a total membership of 107; Algoma, Julia Sporeland, 27; Werley, Miss Nellie Sprague, 23; Appleton, Miss Ruth Marshall, 41; Lamont, Miss Harriet Williams, 16; Livingston, Miss Celia Bevan, 35; Woodville, Miss Charlotte Johnston, 35; Dodgeville, Miss Amy Joiner, 50; Hika, W. C. Engel, 70; Baraboo, Miss Anna Glennon, 32; Ellsworth, Miss Ethel Bachelder, 24; Green Bay, Miss Alberta Barlament, 22; Roberts, Miss Mary Padden, 8; Plum City, Mr. D. M. Ryan, 16; Packwaukee, Miss Marion Oleson, 24; Superior, Miss Elizabeth McCormick, 25. This gives a grand total of 1,333 new members, most of whom are wearing the Audubon button.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

Letters have been received from the following young Wisconsin observers: Isidor Rehfuss, La Crosse; Josephine Maher, Blooming Grove; Clara Thompsen, Ruth Larson, Milton Christopherson, Owen Knerr, Henry Thomsen, Anna Thompson, Ruth Jacobsen, Clara Erickson, all of Deer Park; Amanda Schulz, Linda Ross, John Loos, Perry Roubush, Otto Trentlage, of Appleton; Charles Phillips, James Pratt, Anna Williams, Bert Williams, Agatha Desbouillous, Harry Sawin; Willie Williams, Andre Fisher, Mable Sawin, DeWayne Fisher, of Necedah; Louis Newton, Superior; Harold Smith, Milwaukee.

Young correspondents should remember the directions given for writing these letters.

A Mild April Snow Storm—(Continued)

the bluebirds came to the martin house post, then over to a hollyhock stalk, I threw him some suet, but he seemed to consider it as meant to harm him and he flew away. I next put small pieces of suet and wheat on a wooden pie plate and set it near the hollyhock, but only a song sparrow and one junco ate a little out of it. When the wind began blowing harder it was overtur^{sweethe} juncos came

and after that at no time until night could a person look into the garden without seeing them, song sparrows were also eating weed seeds; for quite awhile tree sparrows were with the juncos, only once before have I seen them in our yard. A white-throated sparrow remained for a few hours in the garden eating seeds of weeds and he is quite an expert at getting them. I feel sure that he is one of a large flock that flew south, others halted for a few minutes, they were on the fence, electric wire, and in the next lot. I tried to get out in time to see them, but they were on their southward journey and I only heard them singing as they flew a few lots away. The day will be memorable to me as the one time in the spring when I saw thousands of birds flying south. During the night and until along in the forenoon the wind came from the southeast and every few minutes until half-past ten, or a quarter of eleven, straggling birds flew southward, I must have seen thousands go south. At one time twenty or twenty-five robins went southeast, a few must have tarried for a very short space of time on one of the apple trees, for six were there and one was on a box, and four was all I had seen at one time before. During the entire day the only birds I noticed journeying overhead, that were not going south were two kingfishers going straight north, a gull flying a little north of east, and a bird I thought was a hawk winging its way to the west.

Mrs. O. Gaffron.

Plymouth (Wis.) Review.

SOME RESULTS OF SCHOOL BRANCHES.

A seventh grade teacher writes, "I have a very interested bird class, and to my knowledge a number of sling shots have been destroyed by the owners, and a careful watch is kept by the members on the boys in the upper and lower grades in order that the birds around the school building may not be molested. We are following the suggestions in the Arbor Day Annual."

Another teacher says: "There is no question in my mind that our work has been very fruitful. The sling shot boy in the public school is almost a thing of the past, and there are a great number of birds that frequent our vicinity where formally there were scarcely any."

By The Wayside

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VOL. VII

JUNE, 1904

No. 2

CLOVER.

Just a head of nodding clover,
With the soft breeze passing over,
In the sunny field!
Oh, you bit of crimson beauty,
Doing fullest blossom duty,
Generous your yield.

Honey for your great bee-lovers;
Seeds within their sheath-like covers;
Pure delight for me!
In my heart is added sweetness,
And, because of your completeness,
Faith to do and be.

I will sing of your sweet growing
Till another's heart is glowing
With a love like mine;
For—why tell the sweet things over?
She is just a human clover,
And her life like thine!

Juniata Stafford,

Appleton, Wis.

From "Flowers of Grasses," by permission.

MY KING BIRDS.

"Say," called Mr Sparrow to me, as I stood in my back door, one fine spring morning, "do you know that you are to have some new neighbors in the tree by your kitchen window? King bird told me last night that he had been looking over the tree, and he thought it would be a good place to build." "Yes," chirped Mrs. Sparrow, as she finally settled a straw just to suit her, "and Mrs. King bird asked whether there was anything to worry about here, I told her that there were four cats and that Mrs. Blue Jay had begun her spring building in the tree in front of the house; and she said she guessed she could take care of the cats, and that Mrs. Blue Jay had better not come near her, or she would be sorry." "Well," said Mrs. Blackbird, who was busy in

the poplar tree near the Sparrow's home, "I hope there will be peace in this yard, for I want my children to grow up in a well behaved manner. We have always got along without any trouble, and I hope our new neighbors won't be quarrelsome." "Humph!" squalled out Mrs. Blue Jay who had been sitting near and heard every word, though the birds had not seen her, "I am not afraid of Mrs. King bird, and shall come over here as much as I want to. She had better not say anything saucy to me." The other birds who had reasons of their own for not wanting to quarrel with Mrs. Blue Jay, worked away at their building as fast as they could, and Mrs. Blue Jay flew to her own tree, carrying a nice string that Mrs. Sparrow had pulled from the hammock, and was saving for the next soft piece in her nest. "There, she has taken my good string," said Mrs. Sparrow, "and I can't get another, for the boys have gone away, and the girls don't tear the hammock as boys do."

"Never mind," said Mr. Sparrow, "I saw a good bunch of hair lying on the ground on the other side of the fence, and I will go and get it before anyone else gets it." Away he flew and soon came back with a few hairs that old Flora had lost when she caught her tail on the barbed wire fence. I went into the house, hoping that the King birds would come soon, and wondering whether the Blue Jays would pick a quarrel as soon as they met. That afternoon the King birds came, and I heard them talking about the place to build in. They finally decided that a large branch near the house was a good place, and began to bring sticks, and strings, and little twigs to make their nest.

Mrs. Sparrow came over, and said, "Of course it is none of my business, but I should think you would want to put your nest where the sun would not shine on it all day; and what are you going to do when it rains? I am sure you will get all the smoke from the

chimney, and you will have sore eyes." "Well," said Mrs. King bird, "as you said at first, it is none of your business, and you had better go home."

Mrs. Blackbird came over one day, and said, "Your tree is dead, and you wont have any protection from the sun, and you will get very wet when it rains. There is plenty of room in my tree, and you are welcome to build there." "Thank you," said Mrs. King bird, "but I have raised several families, and have never lost any from sun or rain, and we always build in just such places; we want a place where we can see what is around us."

After this there was no more advice given by the other birds, and the nest progressed rapidly. Nothing was heard from Mrs. Blue Jay in all this time, and I wondered whether she had made up her mind to not notice the new comers; but she was only waiting for a good time to make a fuss. One day I heard a great commotion among the birds, and ran to the window to see what was the matter. As I reached the window, I saw four or five blue feathers falling to the ground, and heard Mrs. King bird say, "Don't you dare to come over here again, or I will pull every feather out of your body." Mrs. Blue Jay flew home screaming with anger and pain, for she had lost some of her softest breast feathers, that she always brooded her babies with. She stayed at home for a time, for all the nests were done, and it was time to lay the eggs. I used to go out every morning and look at Mrs. King bird whose head could be seen just above her nest. Her bright eyes saw everything that was going on and several flies lost their lives for venturing too near her. There the brave little bird sat, through smoke, rain and sunshine. The other birds from their well protected nests, often said, "I told her how it would be, but she would not listen, so she must take the consequences." After a while I knew there were young birds in all the nests, and they were always hungry; the parent birds worked all day long, and hardly had a chance to get a fly for themselves, there were so many little ones to feed. Once Mrs. Blue Jay came over to see the young birds, but she got no farther than the top branch, for Mrs. King bird flew at her with such fury, that Mrs. Blue Jay did not wait to explain that she meant no harm. The other birds rejoiced among themselves, that Mrs. Blue Jay had finally met someone that she could not trouble. She had

been so hateful to them many times, and they were too weak to punish her. One morning as I went out to see the birds, I saw four little King birds sitting on the branch near the nest.

What dear little beauties they were. Their soft white breasts were so clean, and their eyes were so bright, that I did not wonder their parents were proud of them, and were willing to work hard for them. They sat there preening their feathers just as the other birds did, and flapping their wings to make them strong. They were a little bit shaky on their legs, to be sure, but they would not go back to the nest, for they were big enough to sleep on the tree as their mamma did.

Then began a series of persecutions for the poor cats, that had no intention of touching the birds, unless they had a good chance, and would not be caught. Thomas White would want to lie on the sidewalk, because it was warm and sunny; but it was of no use for him to try to convince those King birds that he hadn't a single front tooth, and only three or four back teeth; they would fly at him and scold him, till he would have to get up and find some place where they would not see him.

Peletiah and Tiger both protested against not being allowed to sit on the wood pile and wash themselves; the King birds were sure that cats could not see their baby birds better there, than on the ground, so the cats had to get out of sight of the birds.

Casper, the little dog, did not like to have his naps interfered with, and he would chase the birds; that made them angry, and just as soon as he would settle himself for a nap, the King birds would dive down at him, and sometimes almost touch him. After they had made him tired of chasing them, they would sit on the clothes line and say, "You can't catch us, can you? Well, you had better not try any more, and you needn't even look at our babies." One day I was startled by a call of terror and anger from Mrs. Blue Jay, and went to the door to see what the trouble was and there sat a large crow, by Mrs. Blue Jay's nest, intending to have baby Blue Jays for his supper. I ran out to drive him away, but quick as I was, the neighborhood birds were there as soon as I got there. And what a chorus of angry screams there was from the King birds, Robins, Grosbeaks, Golden Robins, Blackbirds, Sparrows and Woodpeckers all flying at the Crow. He sat there a minute, and then concluded that perhaps he would not have any

feathers left if he stayed, and he might not have any eyes either, to see his way home, so he lazily flew up from the tree, saying "I don't want your scrawny little babies, and you need not make such a fuss." The birds all followed him to the ravine, and he flew fast as soon as they stopped chasing him, flying at his eyes, and pulling out his smooth black feathers, that he was so proud of. Mrs. Blue Jay said with trembling voice, "Thank you good friends; I will not trouble you any more." The other birds went back to their families, and talked about the affair, for the rest of the day. The little birds grew rapidly, and in two or three days, were strong enough to fly to another tree; and in a week, they were gone, only coming back every day to see that the old home was still there. They came often, until the cold weather came, and then they went to a warm place to spend the winter. I missed their sharp little voices, and hoped that they had found a nice warm home. When spring comes, I look for them as soon as the Robins begin to build. They have had their nests by my window for three years, and I shall look for them next spring. They are dear, brave, handsome birds, and tireless workers; they endure heat, rain, and many discomforts, and are never caught napping. The Blue Jays and Sparrows find their match in the King birds, and soon learn to let them alone. If you have an opportunity next year, watch a pair of King brds, and see if you do not learn to admire them, for all their good sense and bravery. Urana Newell.

THE MILKWEED BUTTERFLY.

You all know the Milkweeds with their leavy clusters of purplish blossoms and broad, thick,

milky leaves. Look closely on the underside of these in midsummer, and at at least one in the patch will be found to shelter a tiny white body, scarcely distinguishable from a bit of juice which has exuded from a wound and dried. But this little speck has a regular form, somewhat conical, and fine lines run down from the top. It is the egg of the beautiful Monarch or Milkweed Butterfly. If you will pick the leaf bearing the egg, and carry it home and watch it, as I have done many times, you will be repaid with as fascinating a life story as I know. Many insects require months to finish ther metamorphosis, for they pass the winter in the dormant state. But here is one which passes thru egg, larva, and pupa stages up to the adult, all in a few weeks' time.

The egg will soon begin to turn dark, and in a day or two, out will come a tiny dark caterpillar, so much like a speck on the leaf that you can hardly find it. But what it lacks in size, it makes up in appetite. It begins on its cast egg-shell; whether from motives of economy or motives of protection, I do not know. Then it commences on the leaf and in an amazingly short time it has made a hole which it increases rapidly. This is one way to find the little larvae, as we often do when searching for the eggs. They usually keep to the under side of the leaf, probably to escape their enemies. Unless one is looking especially for them, their color and position keep them concealed. I have sometimes seen them eat into the midrib so that the leaf would bend over, and wondered if they did this so that they would be more completely concealed.

(Continued on Page 15)



BY THE WAYSIDE

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NATURE STUDY IN THE SCHOOLS.

II Plant Study.

The importance of plant study is recognized; it has had a place in the schools longer than bird study. Facilities for its successful prosecution are quite general. The school garden forms a part of the plan of the newer city schools; conservatories will be a part of the equipment of every high school. This is well; but before equipment comes the clear notion of the results that are wanted. To interest children in plants is easy enough, and the value of equipment depends on its use. The results of the systematic work on plants in the grades, or the absence of any work at all, has greatly hampered the study of botany in the high school.

Little discussion is needed to establish these statements, that in the grades the plants are to be studied in their relation to man, while in botany we try to get the plant's own standpoint. All animal life depends upon plants, since they alone can make the food supply of the world. No one, fortunately, can go through the world without picking up a good deal of knowledge about the life about him; but how much better it would be if he were given some formal training at the time when his receptive powers are keenest.

It is clear from this standpoint that the plants selected for lessons should be those of the greatest importance to man. First are the food plants, the plants of garden and field; next are those that yield materials for shelter and clothing. Make this quite definite. The common trees, the cultivated plants, the common wild plants should be recognized, then studied. Give a simple list to the primary grades; each year as the pupil advances he knows more and more of the flora of the region. When he reaches high school he is ready to begin the science of botany.

But some plants bear some other relation than a helpful one to us. There are weeds—plants in the wrong place, some one has said. Nevertheless, they should be studied, although

the are not handsome. Among them are some that, like the poison ivy, are to be known that they may be avoided; against many it is our duty to wage relentless warfare.

This practical study is the fundamental and must always form the basis for all the work. Then the aesthetic will come naturally. Life is more than food and clothing, and it should be an object to inculcate a love for nature; only let the practical come first.

Just now we are hearing a good deal about ecology, the study of the plant in its relations to its environment, its successes and failures in the struggle for life. How does the winged seed of the maple, for instance, serve the species, and how do the bright colors of flowers increase the plants' chances for success?

If plants are our friends, they have a right to our protection. Instead of the indiscriminate pulling up of wild plants for pleasure, or even for study, how much better it is to allow them to live and not be exterminated, or to keep them alive in our gardens, anyway, to have them alive, rather than dead. Interest in the wild flowers may be stimulated by the keeping of a calendar on which the date of the blooming of each is recorded, with the name of the observer.

But after all, we cannot know plants intimately until we have raised them. For this a school garden is not always necessary. Results may be even better with a garden at home. This plan has been tried with success. Early in the spring each pupil is given a few seeds with directions as to how to plant them. These are taken home, put in flower pots, the entire care being left to the children. On the last day of school the pots are brought to school for a flower show, and a prize given for the best effort. It is worth trying. R. M.

The manufacturers' price for the wren buttons has advanced, and consequently the price after this, from the secretaries of both Wisconsin and Illinois, will be two cents each.

Through an unfortunate error, the name of the author of the poem "Ballade of Unknown Birds," which appeared in the May number of the Wayside, was misspelled, it should be Anne Higginson Spicer.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT.

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month. Illinois Children sending to Mrs. Wm. M. Scudder, 165 Buena Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin Children to MISS RUTH MARSHALL, Appleton, Wisconsin. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the birds study for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By The Wayside one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cent, and may be bought from Mrs. Scudder or Miss Marshall.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Bossert, Librarian, 719 Franklin St., Milwaukee.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E Gorham St., Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

BADGES AND PRIZES.

The badge for the best Wisconsin letter on the bird for the month, the Goldfinch, goes to William Schneider, of LaCrosse. A year's subscription to By the Wayside is sent to Earl Delong, Appleton, for a letter on bird observations. Excellent letters have been received from Illinois from Joe Rick, Harriet Koehler, Ruth Larson and George Sippel.

THE APPLETON AUDUBON SOCIETY.

Prof. O. B. Zimmerman, state president, gave a very interesting illustrated lecture on "Bird Wanderings" before the society on May 5.

The annual picnic occurred on May 28, when members and friends to the number of twenty-four went by boat to Clifton, and spent the day observing. A list of over forty birds was the result. The list is as follows:

Robin, Song Sparrow, Chipping Sparrow, English Sparrow, Killdeer, Spotted Sandpiper, House Wren, Belted Kingfisher, Phoebe, Wood Pewee, Baltimore Oriole, Yellow Warbler, Herring Gull, Catbird, Tree Swallow, Bank Swallow, Marsh Hawk, Kingbird, Hummingbird, Cowbird, Red-winged Blackbird, Bronzed Grackle, Indigo Bunting, Redstart, Towhee, Bluebird, Bobolink, Red-eyed Vireo, Vesper Sparrow, Wood Thrush, Brown Thrasher, Great-crested Flycatcher, Rose-breasted Grosbeak, Crow, Downy Woodpecker Cedar Waxwing, Mallard Duck, Chimney Swift, Great Blue Heron, Oven-bird, Scarlet Tanager.

The editor requests that reports of other societies in Wisconsin and Illinois be sent for publication in the Wayside.

The History of a Robin During One Season.

One pair of Robins last summer built a nest in a willow tree in our yard. I saw them take the twigs and build the nest and saw them look at the eggs with great pride. Every day I would go to the willow tree and see the eggs. Once when I went the mother bird was on the nest, and I did not know it. I climbed up the tree; well I came down faster than I went up any way. You should have heard the noise. My mother asked me if I broke or took any eggs and I said, "No, I just climbed up and the robin was on the nest when I got there." After a while I went there again and the robin was on the nest when I got there.

After a while I went there again and the robin was on the nest again and I went up even if the robin was there. When I got to the top, I looked at the nest and eggs and the robin. But the robin flew up to a higher branch and watched me. Very soon the father came with some food for the young. I went down and watched the robins feed the young ones. The young ones did not have any feathers on and they looked very ugly with their mouths open as wide as they could be waiting for the food. I took the spading fork and dug up some worms for the mother and father to feed the young ones. Once a little bird fell out of the nest into the creek. I saw it fall and I picked it up and put it in the nest. The next morning when I went down I found the nest empty. I left it there for six days and each night the old birds came back until the sixth night when I took the nest and kept it for a whole year, then it was knocked off the shelf and was broken up. Earl Delong.
Appleton, Wis. 5th Grade.

Dear Wayside.

Tinley Park.

I belong to the bird lovers.

I know where there are three birds nests.

A robin's nest is in our elm tree, a blue jay's nest in a pine tree and ground bird's is back of our school house.

I saw a pretty bird; it was black and had red spots.

John Mace,

Age 7.

Durand, Wis.

The Goldfinch.

The yellow bird, as the goldfinch is commonly called, is a very confiding bird. In winter the male changes his black and yellow plumage to that of his mate. These birds are very late builders, the nesting season generally beginning about the middle of June.

On cold January days, when we took our walks in the country, the goldfinch would cheer up the landscape by his presence. The birds, which were clad in their winter plumage, were always busy, searching for the seeds of various weeds. Sometimes the twitter of the redpoll was mistaken for that of the goldfinch, which it closely resembles. The birds were present in large flocks throughout the winter. About the middle of April, I saw the first flock in their summer plumage.

Last year I tried to attract the goldfinches by planting sunflowers, but I did not succeed. The only birds that came for the seeds were the chickadees. This year I have planted a larger patch and I hope to attract them next fall.

William Schneider,

Age 15.

La Crosse, Wis.

There was a robins nest by a cherry tree on the fence. It was built the 10th of April. The 11th the robin laid an egg the 12th another the 13th another the 14th another. The 15th the robin started to hatch. She sat three weeks. The 6th of May there were four little robins. They were five days in their nest and then they flew away. There was a nest in the hedge, there were six eggs in the nest, the next day they were not there. In the same hedge there was another nest with three eggs the next day I looked again and they were gone. There was a blue birds nest in a post, the bird sat two weeks the next day I looked they were not there. There was a nest on the ground near school there were three white-spotted eggs in it the shells were on the ground I guess a snake ate them. There is a nest in a willow tree, there are four little blue birds. I think they will fly out pretty soon. Will you please tell me who takes the eggs? People do not steal them.

Age 13.

George Sippel.

Tinley Park.

Dear Wayside.

I saw a blue birds nest. I put a tin kettle up in a tree. One day I looked in the nest and I saw a green egg.

I looked three days after that day and five green eggs were there.

And the bird is sitting on the nest now.

One night when I came home I saw a cat trying to get to the nest.

And I went to the tree and hit the cat.

And one day a sparrow wanted to chase the blue bird out of the nest.

But the blue bird would not go out.

And the sparrow went away and I haven't looked at the nest since.

Your friend,

Aged 10.

Harriet Koehler

Dear Wayside.

I saw a goldfinch. He was sitting in the hedge. It is black and yellow. It is a little bird. I saw a blue bird's nest; it was in a tree. There were six eggs in it. Then there was four. Then there was none.

I saw a blue jay's nest. It was high up in a tree. He is dark blue, and is a pretty bird.

Your friend,

Age 9

Joe Rich.

The Spring Creek society near Durand has an interesting budget of letters for the Wayside, two of which are published. The committee writes they have a yell, the secretary wonders if this is used on the bird excursions. Dear Wayside.

I am a member of the Spring Creek branch of the audubon society. This spring two little birds have built under the eaves of our barn; they are peewees. They are brown birds, and when it rains the birds do not get wet. The nest is made of mud and hay. I think there are eggs in the nest because the other day I found one little white egg on the ground; It was broken. I do not know how it was done. I love to see the birds and I will always protect the birds all I can. I love birds and always will.

Carrie Stringer.

Age 13.

Durand, Wis.

Dear Miss Marshall:

We organized an Audubon society in the White School near Platteville a few weeks ago.

Following are the officers: President, Celia Bevan; Vice president, James Fox; secretary Armaret Hall; treasurer, Libbie Edge.

Our society is progressing nicely and we are all doing what we can to protect the birds.

Armarett Hall.

THE SCHOOL BRANCHES.

The following societies have been formed since the last issue of the Wayside by the teachers of the state: Peshtigo, Miss Lura Heath, 74; Greenwood, Miss Sarah Cummings, and Dorcas Borgers, 43; Medford, Seneth Forsyth, 36; Eleva, Miss Nora Nelson, 16; Omro, Misses Grace Troxell, Cassie Lewis, Donna Bennett, Annie Hurley, Christine Ames, 133; Spencer, Miss Ida Parrett, 20; Durand, Misses Bridgie Enright and Marie Jost, 62; Chippewa Falls, Edward Shea, 8; Holland, Miss Margaret Joyce, 40; Vesper, Miss Mabel White, 30; Niebuhl, Miss Rose Brown, 28; Cambria, Miss Winnifred Thomas, 10; Arena, Miss Lena Kendall, 25; Lake Mills, Miss Clara Holcomb, 22; Porcupine, N. M. Payer, 16; Marshall, Miss Eda Hart, 28; Johnson Creek, Miss Frances Warner, 13; La Crosse, Miss Gertrude Hyden, 52; Wauzeka, Mrs. M. O'Keefe, 49; Swiss, O. H. Christianson, 14; Cross Plains, The Franciscan Sisters, O. M. S., 73; Kilbourn, Miss Mabel Bennett, 14; Rio, Miss Alice Bennett, 14; River Falls, Miss Margaret Roberts, 13; Sheboygan, Miss Ida Diehl, 34; Appleton, Miss Louise Irving, 23; Whitelaw, Miss Elizabeth Fitzgerald, 18; Lamont, Miss May Cury, 35; Platteville, 6; Boyceville, Miss Edith Olson, 10. This with additions to the society already formed, gives a total of 1137 new members.

Through the continued delays on the part of the manufacturers, the orders for buttons sent to the secretary have not been promptly filled this month. In future the societies will be better served.

THE STATE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Wisconsin State Audubon Society was held in Madison, May 20. Prof. O. B. Zimmerman was re-elected president, Mrs. R. G. Thwaites continues to serve as secretary-treasurer and Miss Ruth Marshall becomes secretary-treasurer for the children's department. Dr. H. W. Hillyer, Mr. George Raymer and Dr. W. S. Marshall are vice presidents. A board of directors and nine-honorary presidents are chosen from among the bird lovers of the state. A full report of the meeting has been omitted but will be reserved for a future issue.

THE MILKWEED BUTTERFLY

If you will bring in the stem of the milkweed on which you have found the eggs or caterpillars, put the end in water, and cover

the whole with a glass jar, you can, if you have the patience, watch step by step the wonderful transformations. Supply new stems as the leaves are eaten.

The little caterpillar soon grows too big for its skin, and this must be moulted. For it does not increase by growth with the body. A new skin is formed under the old before the latter is shed. First the covering splits along the head and back, then the head is wriggled off. The larva is now much larger. After resting a while, it begins again on the leaves with a fresh appetite, and continues to stuff itself for about a week. Then comes a second moult, and a third, and a fourth, and even a fifth in the month that follows; after this last moult a week or more of feeding, with only short periods of rest. The caterpillar is now almost two inches long, a beautiful green like the leaves; bands of black and yellow run around it; a pair of delicate black feelers extend out from the head and are matched by another shorter pair on the hinder end of the body. It now makes great havoc with the leaves; if you are holding it captive, fresh food must be supplied very often, for its appetite seems to know no bounds. Starting at the side or top of a leaf, it gnaws out a neat circular area, then systematically enlarges it till at length only the big veins and the stems are left. The presence of these caterpillars on the plants can often be detected by their ravages on the leaves. It is lucky for the milkweed plants that sharp eyed enemies pick off many of its greedy guests before their appetites are satisfied.

And now a change has come. Fresh green leaves no longer have any attractions; the caterpillar grows restless, and will get away from you if the smallest crack is left in the cage. It is trying to find a sheltered place in which to pupate. To escape the eyes of its many enemies during this helpless stage is now the paramount consideration. Out of doors it may find a sunny nook in some fence by the wayside. If held captive, it will begin operations on the stem. One which escaped me once selected the edge of the laboratory table. And now if you have patience and time you may see some interesting things. A silken mat is spun on the surface of its support, the threads coming from the mouth and drying as they are exposed to the air. In the mat the hooked claws of the last pro legs become entangled,

the larva lets go with the front legs and hangs suspended, the fore part curled so that it looks like the capital letter J. The discomforts of being thus hung up by the heels are not felt by the Monarch; indeed the rush of blood to the head is the thing to be desired. For the tissues of the organs are all broken down into a creamy mass in order to be in a condition to be worked over into the adult organs. This gravitates toward the head, making this end the larger. Now the skin grows dingy. But here the life story may end suddenly. Sometimes insect enemies like the ichneumons, lay their eggs in the helpless larvae; if they have in ours, the body juices will now run out through the pierced skin, as it hangs suspended. But if it has been successful in escaping all enemies up to this point, the preliminary stage will occupy a day. Then if you wish to see what follows you must keep your eyes fastened upon the creature, even if you must forego sleeping and eating. I have sometimes thought that the creature maliciously selected meal times and the night hours for its metamorphoses; for certain parts I have always missed. Without warning the dingy old skin splits, and is wriggled off. There is now a strange green, shapeless, soft-skinned, creature, broadest below, yet with some indications of segmentation at the top. It is gently wriggling, as if to get itself fitted into its new coat. This rapidly hardens, but the body form has changed, the largest end being now the upper. The crowning wonder comes a little later when gold and black spots appear to set off the beautiful green of the chrysalis.

Hung up by the slender tough silken cord, in its hard case, our pupa remains for two weeks. It is well protected, for I have sent them some distance by mail packed in cotton. A fortnight is a short time in which to complete this wonderful metamorphosis from pupa to adult insect, for it means new internal anatomy to suit the new life, complicated appendages and great wings. No wonder the caterpillar must eat so much to get material for the building. Near the end of the period, the changes become apparent from the outside. The beautiful green opaque shell becomes thin and transparent, and then it shows the gorgeous brown and black and white of the newly formed wings. Then if you keep your eyes open, and your ears closed to everything else, you may, one day, hear a faint rustling. I say "may"

for I have carried a chrysalis about with me and then failed to hear and see the newly emerging butterfly. It is limp and inactive at first, but its colors the fairly alive. It hangs helpless with wings down, clutching tightly its old case. Its wings, like rolls of rich brown velvet with black lines and white spots, rapidly expand and dry; and soon the insect can poise itself gracefully and daintily, a very Monarch indeed among the butterflies.

In a few hours it shows a decided inclination to escape its captors and see something of the world. It is now near the end of summer and a long journey is ahead of it. The instinct to migrate, inherited through long generations and saved by natural selection, is strong in the individual. This climate is too severe for so delicate a creature; food is becoming scarce and it is not in a condition to hibernate. If free, the Monarchs congregate in large numbers and migrate to the south like the birds. Their power of wing is marvelous. I have found them in numbers on an island a mile from shore. They go over long stretches of land and water, and return to the north in the summer. Their eggs are laid, one at a time, on the various species of the milkweed, as the female flits from plant to plant.

This butterfly, unlike so many moths, takes food in the adult stage. It has a long slender black proboscis, coiled up like a watch spring under the head when not in use. If sweetened water be placed in the cage where it is confined, it will daintily uncoil its tube and suck up the liquid. Out of doors, it can sip the honey from the deep cups of the flowers.

That the Milkweed Butterfly has been successful as a species, in spite of many enemies, is attested by its great numbers. It is one of the most common, in spite of its large size and conspicuous coloration. It can be seen any day, in the summer in fields and roadsides. Curiously enough, its success in the struggle for existence is attested in another way, a point of great interest to the biologist. The Viceroy Butterfly, a smaller and rarer form, has by a long process of natural selection taken on the same colors and almost identical markings. And so it has deceived its enemies and gained immunity, a wonderful example of what scientists called mimicry.

Ruth Marshall.

Appleton, Wis.

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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VOL. VII

SEPTEMBER, 1904

No. 3

What I Saw From My Study Window at Whitewater, Wis.

Right opposite my window was an old elm tree with a woodpecker's nest in it. I could almost look into the hole; and there in the spring of 1903 I saw the prettiest love story ever enacted.

All winter the hole in the tree had been occupied by a squirrel, but toward the last of March I heard the familiar sound of the Flicker, and looking out I saw two Flickers examining the hole. They were very restless and very talkative. They did not enter that day but chased up and down the tree. The next day another Flicker appeared on the scene and then began the most interesting love scene I ever witnessed. It lasted for nearly three weeks. Miss Flicker was certainly a very attractive young lady and a veritable coquette, for she kept the two Mr. Flickers in a continual state of excitement. Such ardent and persistent lovers I never saw. Mr. Flicker No. 1 would go to an old dead limb and drum and drum and then fly back and coo and gurgle in the most loving tones. Then Mr. Flicker No. 2, nothing daunted, would go to the old dead limb and drum and drum and then would fly to the other side of the tree and coax and coax. This performance went on day after day, attracting the attention of the whole household.

We became so excited at last that we scarcely left the window, for as you know, "all the world loves a lover," and we were very anxious to know which one would win the heart of this fair lady bird.

Finally one day my room-mate and I noticed that things were very quiet and after watching for some time we noticed that Mr. Flicker No. 1 had been the "winner," and he and his pretty wife were busy getting the nest ready. Mr. Flicker No. 2, broken hearted, I

presume, never appeared on the scene again.

For the next two or three weeks it was very quiet around the old elm tree. Mr. Flicker was very happy and waited on his wife with the greatest devotion.

One morning we were attracted by a queer hissing noise and we ran to the window and there we saw three little bills sticking out of the nest, and father and mother Flicker feeding them. We had often read that the parent Flicker fed the young by regurgitation and we saw it for ourselves. For many days and many times in the day, for they were such hungry little birds, these parent birds fed the little ones. This little family was very interesting and the home life was so real that it seemed to us we could understand all their cooings and gurglings.

One morning as early as four o'clock we were awakened by the most unusual noise. We arose and ran to the window and there the parent birds were trying to get the little ones to leave the nest and fly away. Such coaxing and screaming and flying around, but not one little Flicker was brave enough to face the great unknown. For two hours the old birds worked hard but all in vain, and the rest of the day was spent in quiet. The next morning at the same time we again heard the same noise and again we ran to the window, but we were just too late. The family of five were just disappearing over the house-top. It was a great disappointment as we did want to see the home leaving. We never saw our little Flickers again; I have heard it said that the young never return to their old home. The old birds came back and were seen many times around the elm tree.

We shall never forget this little family that made us so happy and gave us so much to think about those spring days.

A. May Wickham.

THE STATE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting held in Madison, May 20, 1904, the president, Prof. O. B. Zimmerman, gave a very interesting address. A partial report of this, taken from the *Madison Democrat*, is given here, having been omitted from the June number on account of lack of space.

To this our seventh annual meeting of the Wisconsin Audubon society I take pleasure in making a short report of progress for the year and a few suggestions for the future.

We have conducted the business of the organization in rather a small way and yet with all the necessary attention of those interested, so many other duties I feel we still have done generally toward an end—in that we are keeping alive the interest in our birds and their protection. This with the desire, that our forests and the natural beauties of our state, may be preserved to future generations, certainly is worthy of what little effort we can put forth to this most desirable end.

While we may be thought of as enthusiasts and hobbyists it is still at the bottom something worthy of being a part of and taking an interest in. We enjoy nature more and therefore life more for our little knowledge of our birds and trees.

I will review then some of the work of the past year and suggest a few things for the future.

Bird classes will have been conducted covering eight weeks of time and in two sections—the children Saturday morning for from one to two hours and the adults' class on Sunday morning from one to two and a half hours. The time being as early as was consistent with conditions of weather, convenience of all concerned, and the most desirable time to see the birds, i. e., while feeding. In numbers attending these bird rambles we have had from 18 to 87 in the children's classes and from 17 to 54 in the adults' class, the averages being in the thirties.

As to the number of birds seen in a morning our lists run from twenty odd to as high as fifty-two—a very creditable list. During the entire time thus far fully 130 varieties were noted.

It is to me most pleasant to know that by this most interesting work, instituted some years ago by Dr. O. G. Libby, several persons in this vicinity have become deeply interested,

and especially the young men of our city, where I can count some five who have really become very proficient in identification of our native birds, and some of whom may even be lead to follow natural phenomena as a profession—in one of its phases. To my way of thinking no time is more ripe to start into the subject of nature study than that covered between the ages of the children interested in our classes. The care with which some of these young people determine the name of a new bird and their desire to be accurate is indeed a satisfaction to those about them who are aiding in the interest.

It is also a pleasure to see how both old and young find enjoyment in this pastime. We have had individuals in the classes ranging from five years to, I should judge, fully sixty-five. A number of ladies, too, have been regular attenders who have years ago acquired a considerable knowledge of our birds, their songs and nests. On the whole it seems we could well encourage all the local Audubon societies about the state to try to institute the bird walks in the neighboring woods and fields. Wisconsin's great fields, her woodlands, underbrush, streams and lakes afford a most attractive place for the three hundred and fifty resident and migrant species of birds.

Following the desire of the speaker a year ago, it has been found entirely possible to co-operate with the state game warden in the protection of our game and other birds. Through his kindness we have recently secured the appointment of five of our members as special deputy fish and game wardens, with power to prosecute in the same manner as the regular wardens. It is our desire to pay more special attention to the innocent birds, their nests and their preservation. By care and going slowly we may thus ably assist the game warden along a line he is frequently unable to watch as closely as we. It is my hope that this work will be prosecuted and that by another year we may have something to report to show the desirability of this move as well as its effectiveness.

Our bird slides are still serving a good purpose. The past year they have been divided into several groups and accompanying each group it our plan to have a written lecture so that the lecture and slides may be sent about the state and our fine collection thus be made available to audiences at an exceedingly small cost for an evening's entertainment. We

are indeed very fortunate to secure Miss Claude to write us the lecture which will be given to-night. This method does not require the expense of a lecturer, and its feasibility is nicely shown by the experiment of the year in the number of calls we have had for lectures and slides. This plan will be forwarded this year in the hope of still more effective work.

We are particularly fortunate in securing Miss Marshall of Appleton to take up the work so long and faithfully conducted by Mrs. Peckham of Milwaukee, in the children's department, and in the publishing of the official organ—*By the Wayside*. The small cost of our little monthly paper and the relatively large expense of conducting it makes it a peculiar business proposition to handle as so many forget to pay the subscription. Yet we are in hopes of getting aid of people who believe in the work we are doing and thus make ends meet.

It is my desire that we may increase our intimacy with sister state organizations about this country and by the exchange of general reports see where we too may be more effective in Audubon work.

In the dissemination of the reports of the department of agriculture, the division of economic ornithology would be most desirable.

The enlarging of our collection of slides by the addition of many popular animal slides such as those secured by Mr. A. F. Meyer on the preservation of the gopher would be most valuable. This addition of animal slides would widen and deepen the interest in nature and resound in activity not now as apparent as it should be.

In prosecuting and aiding in the prosecution of illegal hunting, fishing and nest destruction and in reducing the use by the millinery houses of the state of their line of furs and feathers.

Secretary's Report.

Mrs. R. G. Thwaites in the secretary's report gave a brief history of the society, which was organized in Milwaukee in April, 1897. Four years later the headquarters were transferred to Madison. In conjunction with the Illinois Audubon society, a small monthly magazine, *By the Wayside*, is being published to interest the children, as well as teachers and adults.

It is to be devoted chiefly to nature study, particularly birds. Each issue will contain articles from bird nature students of the two

states, as far as possible, besides articles on the teaching of nature study in the schools. The material is to be all or nearly all new, and of local interest. It will also contain letters written by children about birds, for the best of which a prize or honor badge is awarded each month. There will hereafter be issued only ten numbers a year, no numbers being published for July and August.

The Gordon library suffered severe loss in the burning of the Ryan high school at Appleton, a few months ago, but the generosity of its many friends has nearly made good this loss. Gifts of money with which to purchase new books for this or other libraries, are much needed.

Through the courtesy of the state superintendent of public instruction, C. P. Cary, the Arbor and Bird Day annual for 1904, issued by his department, again carries from the Audubon society a message of invitation to each public school in the state to co-operate in this movement and to form a school branch. The success of these branches is almost entirely due to the intelligent assistance of the teachers, without which it would be impossible to carry on any organized work among the children of the commonwealth.

Classes of membership are as follows:

Life members, paying \$5 (no annual dues.)

Sustaining members, paying \$5 annually.

Associate members paying \$1 annually.

Regular members, paying 25 cents annually.

Teachers and children without fee.

Life, sustaining, and associate members will hereafter receive gratis all publications of the society, including *By the Wayside*.

Mrs. William F. Allen read a well prepared paper on "Birds and Their Nests," written by Miss Louise Claude of Devil's Lake. There is a balance of cash on hand of \$12.88.

Since the June issue of *The Wayside*, a few new names have been added to the school branch enrollment. From Niebull the secretary, Christina Peterson, reports an addition of seven members; meetings have been held on the first and third Saturdays of each month during the vacation by this band of thirty-two. Miss Jennie Bradley, McConell, reports a society of seven formed. Miss Alice Bennett, near Rio, adds four new members. The 4th District School, East Milwaukee, has a new branch of thirty-nine.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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NATURE STUDY IN THE SCHOOLS.

III. Insect Study.

There are about 200,000 species of insects in the world; what ones shall the teacher select for study? It would be impossible for one human being to know even the names of all of them, even if it were desirable to so cumber the mind. Many of them have no interest to any one but a scientist. Before determining what kinds it would be profitable the children to know about, let one consider the ulterior question, what place do insects occupy in this world which we think of as peculiarly ours? In the first place, insects far outnumber all of the other groups of animals; indeed are greater both in number of species and in individuals than all of the vertebrates, worms, mollusks, etc., put together. An insect endowed with reasoning might argue from this that the world was made for them,—and have the best of the argument. Then, next we must notice that, from their standpoint, they have been very successful in the struggle for existence. To be sure, they have not attained great size, but they have reached a high development. Our hypothetical insect philosopher could make a second strong argument for the superiority of his race by introducing the subject of instincts.

Small bulk with high degree of development has been the secret of the insects' success in the world. They have thus been able to fit into many places unoccupied by larger competitors, and to get along with less food. They have been able, not only to resist their attacks, but to take the offensive and wage a winning war against them. Insects are found in all climates, in the air, the water and the soil. Not only this, but a single individual in its lifetime, because of its wonderful metamorphosis, often occupies at successive stages, different media needed.

Scientists say that insects are a comparatively young group of animals, their rise in the world dating from the time when seed plants (the highest and youngest plant forms), became a dominant group. Or, more,

accurately, it was the partnership early formed between insects and flowering plants which resulted so successfully for both. It is most important that this relationship between insects and flowering plants should be explained to children, and it is already receiving attention. Color, odors, nectar, odd shapes, are usually known to be adaptations to secure insects visits. It is then clear that they should be studied as a group.

But not all the insects are friends to the human race; by far the greater number are troublesome to us or our domesticated plants and animals, or even a serious menace to comfort and life. Mosquitoes, flies, cut worms and a host of others belong in this group. Against these man has had to wage relentless warfare. Even his superior size and intelligence has availed him little so far; and our insect philosopher might argue from this the claim of his race to superiority over all others.

It is clear, then, that the commoner insect foes should be added to our study list. Space will not permit an enumeration here. Take the commonest first. The grasshopper is an excellent subject for fall work, as is also the cabbage butterfly. Let the children have a chance to learn the life histories of each by actual observation, then lead them to a consideration of the economic side of the animal.

Of course the teacher must have some technical knowledge of insects as a class. This is within the reach of everyone. Insects are distinguished from other groups of animals by certain structural differences: the body is divided into three parts, head, thorax and abdomen, the last clearly showing a jointed arrangement; on the thorax are borne three pairs of legs and two pairs of wings, typically; the breathing apparatus is a complicated system of air tubes or tracheae running throughout the body; and there are shown, more or less clearly, three distinct stages in the existence. These stages are the larva, or eating stage; the pupa, or resting stage; and the imago, or adult stage when the eggs are laid. Then it is important that the chief classes of insects be known, at least by their common representatives. These are the grasshoppers, butterflies and moths, dragonflies, "bugs," beetles, bees and wasps, mosquitoes and flies. Some of this technical knowledge the children will need, enough to understand the life history and the economic value of the objects studied. R. M.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT.

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month, Illinois Children sending to Mrs. Wm. M. Scudder, 165 Buena Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin Children to MISS RUTH MARSHALL, Appleton, Wisconsin. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the birds study for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By The Wayside one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cent, and may be bought from Mrs. Scudder or Miss Marshall.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Bossert, Librarian, 719 Franklin St., Milwaukee.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham St., Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

BOB WHITE, QUAIL.

Length ten inches. Upper parts mixed reddish-brown, buff, gray and black, with a white line over the eye and a row of buff streaks on the inside wing feathers. Upper parts white, black and chestnut, the breast quite black and throat pure white in the male, but buff in the female, and other markings much mixed up. *From Citizen Bird, Wright and Cowes.*

During the nesting season Bob-whites are distributed in pairs through clearings and cultivated fields. The members of a brood constitute a bevy or covey. In the fall they frequent grain fields, but as winter approaches draw in toward thickets and wooded bottomlands, sometimes passing the coldest weather in boggy alder swamps. They roost on the ground, with heads pointing outward; a bunch of closely huddled forms—a living bomb whose explosion is scarcely less startling than that of a dynamite manufacture. Like most grass-inhabiting birds whose colors harmonize with their surroundings, Bob-whites rely on this protective resemblance to escape detection, and take wing only as a last resort. The name “Bob-white” originated in the spring call of male. Mounting a fence or ascending to the lower branches of a tree, he whistles the two clear musical, ringing notes. After the breeding season, when the birds are in bevy, their notes are changed to what sportsmen call “scatter notes.” Not long after a bevy has been flushed and perhaps widely scattered, the members of the disunited family may be heard signaling to one another in sweet minor calls of two or three notes. When excited they also utter low, twittering notes.—*From Handbook of Birds, Chapman.*

The state fish and game laws provide that any person who shall take, catch, kill or pursue the quail before September 1, 1905, shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$25 nor more than \$50, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than 30 days nor more than 60 days.

Letters about the Bob-white should be sent to the secretary before October 10.

The prize announced in the May Wayside for the best letter on bird observation during the summer, is sent to William Schneider of La Crosse. It is a copy of “Bird Life Stories,” compiled by Prof. C. W. Weed. The Illinois letters were not received in time for publication.

The Illinois prize letter for June was delayed in the mail. It is printed first in this issue.

Dear Wayside.

I saw a song sparrow. The first song sparrow I saw on March the 17th, 1904. I was going to school on the road as he was sitting in a bush he was cold. One Monday morning I was walking along the road a song sparrow flew up. I ran and looked. I saw a little nest and I haven't looked since. I hope the nest is not destroyed. I told my teacher about it. The nest is in front of the school. I hope she hatched well. By my home in a hollow limb a song sparrow is building in it. The tree is in our garden they have built in it. I looked in the nest and the father bird is tame and jumps around the tree. I went away from the tree I did not look again. I told my mother about it.

Charlie Koehler.

Tinley Park.

Austin, June 14, 1904.

Dear Wayside.

The other day as I was coming home from school I heard a mother robin chirping with all her might, I couldn't think what she was chirping for, but as I entered the door I saw a baby robin upon the fence. She could not chirp or fly. So I called to my brother, he thought perhaps water would help her so we put some in front of her and the mother flew.

away. In about five minutes the mother and father came back and flew away helping their babe.

I was very glad when I saw no boys took the bird, for the might of hurt it in someway.

Yours truly,

Anna C. Dolan,

5333 Ohio St., Austin Ill.

Age 11 years.

THE BIRDS IN SUMMER.

La Crosse, Wis., Aug. 2, 1904.

During the past summer I have stayed on a farm near Plum City, in the northern part of the state. While there I spent most of my spare time studying the birds in that region and also comparing their habits with those in La Crosse. During the spring I studied them in La Crosse and vicinity. There I found the nests of about a dozen species, but I do not know how they fared. Before I went on the farm, I had a list of 107 birds, from January 1st, 1904.

During the beginning of July everything was stirring in the woods. The Robins and House Wrens were shyer than here in La Crosse, where I had a pair nestling in one of my bird houses. A pair of the same birds nested in an opening between the frame of the front door. Their eggs were all punctured by some animal, and then they left. This was the only one of their nests that I found up there. The Red-headed Woodpecker is very common here, and is the only one to be seen here except the Yellow-bellied Sapsucker, which is very shy. The Bob-whites are very numerous and very tame there.

Several days later, July 2, I saw two rare birds, a single Black Vulture, and a pair of Bohemian Waxwings. I observed the latter very closely. The former is supposed to be a rare bird in that locality. About the same time I found a Phoebe's nest in an old saw-mill about half a mile from the farm.

Every few days I went in some part of the woods to observe the birds. The Wrens and Warblers were very numerous, but I could not identify any of the latter. The Woodpeckers were common. Among the Sparrows, the chirping, song and vesper Sparrows were the most numerous. The English Sparrow has gained very little hold there, there were not more than two pair on the farm. The Cat-birds were much shyer than in the city.

During July I saw many incidents of bird life. Several times I watched a pair of humming birds examining milk-weed blossoms.

White-Breasted Nuthatches could always be seen and the Chickadees more rarely. On July 31, I even saw a Junco. It was very shy.

On August 3, I found a pair of Blue Grosbeaks and one young one, which I caught several times with my hands. It could fly a little. The old birds were very excited and continually uttered their sharp call note (ptchick). Once the male sang his song, a beautiful but feeble warble. These birds are very rare in that region. According to the "Color Key" their range is southern Illinois.

The following Thursday I found a young Song Sparrow, just about able to fly. He was completely feathered, but his tail was lacking.

The next Sunday, August 7, I took a walk through the woods. In the densest part I saw a pair of Chickadees, and heard their familiar "chick-a-dee-dee-dee," reminding me of the winter time. They were quite tame. Walking on a little farther, I flushed a ruffed grouse. I then walked back a few steps to watch a pair of Cat-birds. When I again went past the former place I flushed another one. I continued my walk through the pasture for a long distance. I then stopped and watched another pair of Chickadees. Then I returned home. On the way home I found a young Tohee, who could fly a little. I was attracted by the noise made by the old birds.

Several days later, while walking through another woods, I watched a pair of Oven-birds and several Wood Pewees.

On August 13, I saw the first flock of Grackles and Red-winged Blackbirds flying south.

On the following Tuesday I saw a black and white creeping Warbler, and several other Warblers, which I could not identify.

Two days later I watched a battle between three ruby-throated drumming birds and a pair of Sapsuckers and a pair of red-headed woodpeckers. About the same time, for several nights, we would see a flock of about a dozen Night-hawks flying around.

During the latter part of August there was not much to be seen except flocks of Goldfinches and several kinds of sparrows.

William Schneider.

Age. 15.

From the Laurel Avenue School, 5th grade, Chicago, comes an interesting bundle of letters, accompanied by a letter of encouragement from the teacher, Miss Mabel A. Clapp. One of the letters is published, and the names of the writers of the others, who, unfortunately, forgot that the secretary wishes them to write on one side only of the paper. They are Sherman Hathaway, Lydia Dosselman, Emil Christensen, Charles Wurzburg, Oliver Anderson, Homer Roth, Arthur Hory, Oscar Fisen, Gladys Uden, Ellen Dahlman, Edna Winch.

The other day as I was rambling through the woods, I came across a ground sparrow's nest, beneath some over-hanging branches. It contained one wee little bird and one egg. I was able to get just about three feet from the nest, and when the mother bird did go away, it with with a sort of a flying hop. It would go only about one rod from the nest which was situated at the foot of a basswood tree. The mother bird would call in short chirps and hop around as if very much excited. I pay this nest a visit every day and feed it occasionally with cracker crumbs. This little bird seems ever hungry. It is a wonder to me that a nest on the ground would not get washed away by some of the drenching rains which frequent Marshfield. My home is situated near a grove and I have a chance to see so many pretty birds, in which I am daily interested.

Glen V. Krause.

Marshfield, Wis., June, 1904.

Chicago, May 26, 1904.

Dear Wayside.

I go to the Laurel Ave. School And coming home from school the other day, I saw a redheaded woodpecker.

He had a red head and a black and white back. It had more black on its back than white. And had a white breast. He is a very handsome little bird.

When the red headed woodpecker climbs up a tree or a pole he uses his tail to hold him up if he did not he might fall.

4th grade

Ruth Larson.

Dear Wayside:

I will try to write a story about birdies too. I live in a city where there are not many birds. Two or three years ago there was a

little robin built his nest near our home. One day as we were playing near it we looked into the nest and there were four tiny eggs in it. A few days after there were four birdies in it. One day not long after as my sister and I went to look in the nest we found it empty. I felt very sorry for I never have seen any bird's nest after this.

Henrietta Hansen,

Age 8. Nelson Dewey School, Superior, Wis.

A LITTLE GIRL'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A MEADOW-LARK.

When Little Marie was scarcely three years old, she was out in the yard one day with her auntie whose attention was attracted to a meadow-lark that had just perched on a fence-post in a pasture across the way singing with all his might. Auntie exclaimed, "Hear that meadow-lark! There he is in the pasture."

Marie listened and looked for a moment with great surprise in her little face. Suddenly, she turned and went for the house as fast as her little feet could carry her, exclaiming that she was afraid.

The next day while Marie was busy playing with her toys, the meadow-lark again trilled forth his merry notes of spring.

Marie left her toys on the floor, ran to the window and saw, grazing in the pasture, the old white horse that was there the day before. She exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, come and see the meadow-lark!" Her mamma came and Marie pointed to the old horse and insisted that it was the meadow-lark.

Since then, Marie has not only learned to recognize the song of the meadow-lark, but know the bird with its brown dress, spotted yellow apron and black bib.

S.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BEAN.

My name is Bean. I was once a white seed about as big as the end of your little finger. I used to live in a tin box until a little girl took me and some of my friends and put us between two blotters, saturated with water. There was some wheat there, too, and the next day some corn joined us.

Soon I began to swell and a little shoot began to push upward. Then my skin broke and the shoot came through the broken place. It grew and grew and sucked in the water. This little shoot is my root.

At the other end of the shoot are two very

graceful little leaves. These are the plant part.

You will wonder that I call the little oblong ball that you see, graceful leaves, but it is not the leaves of which I speak. They are inside, pressed tight between the cotyledons or seed leaves.

But what are the seed leaves? you ask. They are the young plant's food. Now the cotyledons pushed up through the ground and out grows the plant!

We had now been planted in a box and had grown about five and a half inches high. A little way from the ground, one on one side of the stalk, and the other on the other side, are two little brown shriveled-up things. These are the cotyledons with all the food gone out of them. After a while these drop off and two little scars show where they have been.

My leaves, (they are now two large ones at my top) are my lungs, yes, they are the same little yellow things you saw between the cotyledons.

I suppose that I shall soon grow up and have babies such as I was when I was in the tin box. If I do, whether they are reared between blotters or elsewhere, may their lives be as happy as my life has so far been.

Angeline Smith Freeman.

This little story was written for a language exercise after nature study lessons on the bean. R. M.

THE STUDY OF BIRDS.

The Illinois Audubon Society has issued an excellent outline for bird study for the use of schols. The Wayside is indebted to Miss Drummond, the state secretary, and Mrs. Alice Hall Walter, the author, for permission to print this. The outline for fall is here given and the rest will follow in season.

Indoor Work.

1. Fifteen-minute talks once a week on Migration and Bird Families.

September—A Fall Journey. Sight and Flight. Distance and Danger. Food and the Farmer. These talks should embrace a general description of migration, the mortality among birds on their migratory passage and an introduction to the subject of their food and economic value.

October—Explain the significance of the terms Bird Families and Order Passeres. De-

scribe the general family characteristics of: Thrushes; Kinglets and Gnatcatchers; Nuthatchers and Titmice; Creepers, Wrens and Thrashers; Wagtails.

November—Warblers; Vireos; Shrikes; Waxwings; Swallows; Tanagers.

December—Sparrows and Finches; Blackbirds and Orioles; Crows and Jays; Larks; Flycatchers. Add any particular points of interest about individual species in these families.

2. Ask each pupil to bring in weekly one fact about the subject under discussion. Devote 15 minutes to a verbal report of same.

3. Use charts and colored pictures. Trace on map the winter home of migrants.

4. Begin a school record of the bird population in your vicinity, using the headings Permanent Residents, Fall and Spring Migrants, Winter Visitors, Summer Residents.

5. Subscribe for The Wayside and Bird-Lore.

Outdoor Work.

1. Begin to observe birds; remember where you see them; notice their size.

2. Where do you see the most birds? in the air? in the water? on the ground? on trees or about bushes?

3. Identify the English Sparrow, Blue Jay, Robin, Flicker, Bronzed Grackle, Barn Swallow, Brown Creeper.

4. Try comparing the size of these birds. Remember that the Robin is 10 inches long and the English Sparrow 6 inches long.

5. Do you see birds in flocks? Do you see the same birds every day throughout the fall?

6. Try to learn which birds remain all the fall.

7. Observe what the birds eat. Can you name any of the trees or shrubs on or about which you have seen birds feeding? What seeds do birds eat?

8. Report on these questions at school. Which birds under heading 3 are useful and need protection.

Birds found only in America: Scarlet Tanager, Humming-birds, Whippoorwill, Baltimore Oriole, Cardinal Bird, Snowy Egret.

Letters are acknowledged from Mae McIntyre, Portage; Robert Allison, Jennie Smith, Hallie Allison, Ruth Brotzman, all of Durand; Iva McCullough, Hammond.

By The Wayside

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No. 4

LEAVES FROM THE SPRAY, PICKED UP BY THE WAY ONE AUTUMN DAY.

Soft breezes play
Through branches gay,
Where tints of red and gold display,
The leaves obey
The winds, and sway—
Giving gleams of the sun's bright ray,
Then sail away
All merrily
In gay and gallant company.

It will not pay
To fret and say
Birds and beauty are flying away,
Hark! Yesterday
I heard the lay
Of robin-red-breast, blithe and gay.
Sang cheerily
His roundelay
As in the merry month of May
Did he delay,
That we might stay
Regret, that spring is far away?

Enjoy today,
Without dismay
At bright leaves falling from the spray,
'Tis nature's way,
When skies seem gray,
To deck the trees in bright array.
Be glad and gay,
And sing away,
God's love and beauty will crown each day.

Flora E. Kendall.

Westfield, Wis.

Written for "By the Wayside."

"A Bird in the Bush is Worth Two in the Hand."

OUR QUAIL FAMILY.

They came in November, a family of thirteen. There had been a sleet storm and they could not find any seeds, so without fear they came to the front door and began picking in the flower garden. I threw out crumbs and they came the next day and the next. Finally I began feeding them wheat and corn and I do not think they missed a day until spring. After they had picked up the grain they almost always went across the garden to a neighbor's barn where they found grain. By spring there were only eleven left and we did not know what became of the two missing ones. In front of the house was a piece of low ground covered with bushes. One day we found a nest with eighteen eggs. The old quail did not seem afraid, and we could part the willow branch and there she sat on a nest made of grasses.

When the little ones were half grown they began saying "Bob White." At first they could not talk at all. The old one would say "Bob" over and over and when they had learned that they began to say "White." It was several days before they tried the two words together and then we could hardly understand what it was. They kept trying until by the first of September they could say "Bob White" as well as the old ones. M. M. H.

MAX AND THE SQUIRREL.

Max sat on his mother's knee before the fire with his arms clasped tight around her neck. It was only in the evening that they could sit and talk together for both were busy through the day. She earned what money she could working in the town nearby, and Max took care of the cows whose milk they sold. These cows had to be driven a long way to pasture, out through the woods and beyond the marshes, and brought home at night.

Max was proud to be trusted with this duty and was as happy as could be since he loved to watch the birds and squirrels, and Jep, his dog, was a lively companion.

During the last summer he had spent many an hour picking berries, but he had kept this business a secret from his mother, though it was very hard for him not to tell her.

The truth was, he was determined to buy for her a thick winter cape. He had heard her say she wanted one and he felt sure that every dollar she could earn would be spent on himself and his little sisters, so he had asked his uncle how he could earn eight dollars without letting his mother know what he was about.

"Why, Max," said his uncle, "you spend such a lot of time with your dog and cows, you may as well go into business out in the woods.

"If you will bring me fresh berries every night, I will pay for every quart and sell them in my store. Then when nuts are ripe, you can gather them. You will be quite rich by winter if you have sense enough not to spend your money as fast as you earn it."

Max had often seen Indian women and children picking wild berries, and he knew that it was slow work, especially in raspberry time; but he could think of no other way to get the money while he had the cows in charge, so he had worked all through the berry season and through nutting time, and now had all he needed except fifty cents.

Nuts were very scarce now and he could think of only one more grove, and that a long way off, where he could hope to find any. That very day he had gone to his hiding place hoping that he had made a mistake and perhaps, after all, the whole sum was there. After changing his mind a great many times as to where he should keep his money safely, he had decided to put it in a tin cracker box and to hide it under the oats. They were kept in a deep bin in the barn built with a high wall in front, and a little sliding door at the bottom. This he called his bank. To enter it he took off shoes and stockings, rolled up his trousers, climbed a ladder set up against the wall, and jumped down into the soft grain. At first he had worn his shoes in, but when his mother wondered how they got so full of oats, he was afraid they would betray him. He had nailed some boards onto the in-

side of the bin so that he could climb out easily.

Today he had been very much disappointed, for no matter how often he counted the little silver pieces, there was never more than seven dollars and a half.

So when he sat with his mother that evening, she said, "Max, it is time to keep the cows in the yard now and you needn't be away from me all day any more." "O! mother!" he cried, "one day more, just one! I must go tomorrow. There is a place Jep and I want to go to so much!" "All right," she said, "one day more, then."

So the next morning they drove the cows over the familiar road, down the lane, across the bare lots and past the woods now brown and still except for the rustling of the squirrels and the screaming bluejays.

They left the cows in a wide green meadow and he and Jep went on across a little river where he knew hickory trees and hazel bushes were plenty. Here he spent the whole day beating down the few he found on the branches, and hunting through the grass for such as the squirrels and chipmunks had failed to carry off. When it was time to turn homeward he was ready to cry with disappointment; he had not half enough nuts and this was his last chance. Jep was more anxious to go home than Max, and scampered on ahead while Max called up the cows and followed.

As he dragged his tired feet along, he heard sudden yelps and frantic barking which lasted so long that he turned into the woods to see what had happened. Jep was standing up against an old oak trying his best to climb up after a squirrel that had fled to the top branches, and there was chattering furiously. Jep was wilder than ever when he saw Max, and whined and scrambled so comically that Max laughed at him and held him up to prove that he was no climber. As he leaned against the bark it gave way with a crash and left a great hole which they nearly fell into. When he looked in he grew as excited as Jep had been and capered about for joy, for there inside the hollow trunk he saw a lot of nuts—more than he had found all day. The squirrel was still scolding and jerking his tail up and down in his angriest manner, but now Max had no thought for him or for Jep. He took all the nuts and put them into his

pail, and though it made a heavy load he started gaily off thinking, "Now I've got the money;—no more worry about that. Good little Jep you showed me the secret, didn't you?"

This brought to mind his own secret—the precious tin box hidden in the oat bin. What if he should find that some one had stolen it? Yes, Stolen, for no honest fellow finding it by chance would take it. The very idea made his heart beat fast. He began to hurry to make sure that all was right when his attention was again called to Jep, who was still yelping at the old tree where he had the angry squirrel besieged.

"Poor little fellow," thought Max, "I suppose you are mad at me, too; beside being driven from your home you saw me take all your nuts. Your nuts,—well, they were yours, but now they are mine. You must have been a long time getting them together. Of course you think it mean of me, but I need them so much."

He felt troubled by this time and doubtful what he should do, so he sat on the grass and looked first into his pail and then at the angry squirrel. At last he went to the tree and put back the nuts, fastened the bark in place as well as he could, and hurried off. He must find some honest way to earn his money, and he was glad that not even a chipmunk could call him a thief.

Next morning he went to his uncle, told him all about his disappointment, and begged him for some work about the store.

"Of course," his uncle said, "there are plenty of things you can do to help one here, and here is the fifty-cents in advance, since you may be trusted. Run now and buy the cape that suits you best, and come to me when your mother can spare you."

Max was as happy as a robin in May that night, for he had no hidden treasure, he had no secret from his mother, and she had a beautiful new cape. When he kissed her good night, she said, "You are a darling child to think of it, and to work so hard for me, and how glad I am that Mr. Squirrel will enjoy his own."

X.

TITMICE.

I wonder how many of you children know the jaunty little crested Tomtit? He is one of the Titmice and I must tell you how well

I know them and how well they have come to know me. Last fall I put up a shelf hinged to my study window. The first cold day I put some cracked walnuts on it. Pretty soon I heard something squeaking like a mouse; I looked out and there sat four, eating out of a big walnut. After this two or three of them came every morning. Sometimes they would try to fly off with a nut so heavy they would drop it, but they always picked it up again and went on. I thought it would be fine if they would eat out of my hand, so one morning when they came they found nothing on the shelf. I saw them and took some nuts in my hand and held them out of the window. One of the Titmice flew by once or twice and looked at me. I kept so still I hardly looked at him; then he lit once on my hand and flew away, but in a minute or two he was back and this time he took a nut with him. After that, the others came and they would eat out of my hand any time. It was great fun. You know St. Valentine is Love's Saint, and on his day one of my Toms brought a mate with him and fed her. Until February they had only squaked like mice, but then they began to sing and we have heard "Peto, peto, peto" almost every day since then.

Abbie Vredenburg,

Curran, Illinois.

Our Birds and Their Nestlings is an attractive book by Margaret Coulson Walker, of Des Moines, Iowa, just published by the American Book Co. It is intended as a reading book for children, but older readers will find much in its pages to interest them. There are several excellent colored plates and numerous text illustrations from the photographs of well known bird students.

"Begin near home; go through the garden first, then to the nearest field and the bit of marsh-bordered wood. Do not go farther than where you may walk without ceremony or fuss. Never make a laborious tour of the bird-quest, or think that you must live in a tent remote from people, in order to name the majority of our every-day birds."—Bird-Craft, by Mabel Osgood Wright.

Does the Quail sit up and whistle in a disappointed way,
Or hang his head in silence and sorrow all the day?

James Whitcomb Riley.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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NATURE STUDY IN THE SCHOOLS.

IV. Aquaria.

Nature study can hardly be carried on successfully throughout the year without two pieces of apparatus—an aquarian and a terrarium. The latter name is a new one to some, while the former suggests a costly and troublesome thing to others. A few suggestions may help to change these ideas.

A terrarium or vivarium is simply a cage in which living land animals can be kept. It is easily made. Any teacher, especially if she have the help of an interested boy, may possess this indispensable article. There should first be found a shallow box for a bottom, perhaps three inches deep; 18x24 inches is a convenient size for the sides. Next, upright posts about eighteen inches long should be secured to the corners. An old crate can usually be found for the purpose, or a box from the grocer can be utilized.

On the frame tack wire netting; and have a cover of the same for the top, with one corner loose so that it can be lifted up. Paint may improve the appearance of the cage but it cannot add to its usefulness. When all is finished, cover the bottom with a thick layer of clean sand, and put over it some good earth. Have a stone pile in one corner. Sink in a shallow granite ware or earthen dish and you have a miniature pond. Plants may be started in the earth. The terrarium is now complete and ready for occupancy. It is especially useful in the fall and winter when the hibernating of animals is to be illustrated. Toads and frogs and insects can be made very comfortable in it.

An aquarium means a larger outlay, but it amply repays the cost. Aquaria can be purchased, but they are often unsatisfactory. The common globes distort the vision; those with square frames often leak. Rather, let the interested teacher make one for the school room. The boys and girls will help; they may want some for themselves. If the teacher or any of the pupils can do a good job of soldering,

the frame can be made at home; if not, a tin-smith will make one for a small amount. It should be made of angle tin; care must be taken that the corners are true, and that plenty of allowance is made for the glass and cement. A large aquarium is not as desirable as several, or even one, small one. Select standard sizes of window glass for the sides and bottom; 8 x10 inches is best.

The next thing is the cement. Get a pound of putty and two ounces each of red lead and litharge. Mix them together thoroughly, then add a little raw linseed oil, just enough to make a stiff mass. Fill this in the frames carefully, set in the glasses, and cover over the spaces when the edges meet with cement. Set the aquarium aside for three weeks to dry. At the end of this time, paint the frames and clean the glass.

To fit up the aquarium, get first some coarse sand. Wash it until the water runs off clear. Put two or three inches of this in the bottom with some stones. Next, provision must be made for some plant life. A common water plant, the Elodea, is good because it lives over winter. An umbrella plant is easy to get and it grows readily in an aquarium, supported by stones. When all is ready, fill with water slowly, and you have a piece of school room furniture which will be a never ending source of pleasure and profit to teachers and pupils alike. It can be used for various purposes. Clams, snails, water insects, fish and tadpoles can here be seen in their natural surroundings. Of course the aquarium can be used dry as a terrarium.

A common mistake is to suppose that an aquarium needs much care and frequent change of water. If the plant life is sufficient, not too much nor too little, the balance of wastes will be preserved and the water need not be emptied more than once a year. Nor is it hard to get the proper balance of plant and animal life. Do not place the aquarian in a strong light, else algae, little green water plants, will grow on the glass and foul the water. A little water should be added to replace the loss from evaporation.

A terrarium and aquarium amply repay the trouble of keeping them. It is surprising how many uses they will serve in the nature work. Full and interesting discussions of the subject will be found in Dr. Hodge's Nature Study and Life.

R. M.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT.

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month. Illinois Children sending to Mrs. Wm. M. Scudder, 165 Buena Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin Children to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton, Wisconsin. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By The Wayside one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Mrs. Scudder or Miss Marshall.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Bossert, Librarian, 719 Franklin St., Milwaukee.

A set of colored bird slides with a type-written lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham St., Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

REDWINGED BLACKBIRD.

The Redwings are among the most attractive members of the Blackbird family, in their black soldier coats with epaulets of red. Other birds belonging to this family are the Orioles, Bobolinks and Cowbirds. While a few straggling Redwings are sometimes seen in the spring in the city parks, whole flocks of them may be found in the low meadows and wild marshes. They get into the plowed ground, too, and follow the farmer as he plants his grain. Many farmers dislike them for this, though the birds really do much more good than harm, as they go about the field feeding on grubs and insects.

There are other things for the parents to do aside from providing food and cleaning house. Sometimes the sun shines hot on the nest. Tender nestlings cannot endure this, as the parents well know, hence one of them, usually the mother, broods over them during that part of the day when the sun burns over the nest.

Snakes and hawks are their worst enemies. Their nests being low, it easy for these foes to invade their homes.

Flying in larger flocks than any other birds, the voices of Blackbirds are familiar to all of us—in the springtime especially, and again in the autumn as they gather together for their annual pilgrimage to the south. In the nesting season they are usually seen only in pairs.

They come in such large flocks, that, as they pass over us, we seem to be under a heavy cloud, and their voices, as they come to us out of the distance, are sweet and beautiful. Each bird sings but a simple "con-quer-ee," but when every one adds his mite to the general chorus, the effect is indescribably fine, at least to one fond of the music of the air. Circling about several times and descending with a whirl, great flocks of them alight among the low bushes in our meadows and among the reeds in our marshes at sundown in late August or early September. The sound made by the wings of this mighty mass of bird life, as it rises in beginning its flight, is like thunder. As the great black cloud fades away in the distance, we feel that for months we shall see them no more. *From Our Birds and Their Nestlings, Walker.*

Letters about the Redwinged Blackbird should be sent to the secretaries before November 10.

PRIZES AND BADGES.

Was the Bob-White too hard a subject for the Wayside boys and girls to write about this month, or were they too busy starting in with the new school year? No Bob-White letters came. The Wisconsin badge for the month is sent to Mae McIntyre and the Illinois prize goes to Elmer Ryan. Their letters appear first.

Chicago, Sept. 20, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

I am nine years old, in fifth grade. This summer some robins built in a big tree in our back yard. I had just got through putting on water on the flowers and grass and other things. This was about eleven o'clock in the morning. They set to work getting mud in the grass. The female would get little pieces of twigs, etc., and the male got mud. When the female got back with her load she waited til the male got back and she took mud and smeared it around.

Yours truly,

Elmer Ryan.

Portage, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

The bird season is nearly over, so I am going to write about two swallows that built their nest in our barn about two months ago. It took them about a week to build the nest, which was built chiefly of mud and sticks and lined with feathers so as to be soft for the little birds.

I think swallows the wisest birds there are. After the nest was made the female bird laid six small speckled eggs, and after about two weeks there were six little swallows in the nest.

I used to climb up sometimes to see it, but the birds set up such a cry, and nearly flew in my face, I had to get down.

One day when I was in the barn the old bird got so frightened at me that she flew into a beam, but she did not get much hurt, only frightened.

Sometimes I would put food up near their nest, but they never took any, I guess they were afraid.

I hope they will come again next year.

Mae McIntyre.

Aged 12.

Deer Park, Wis., April 28.

Dear Wayside:

One day when I was coming to school with my teacher I heard a bird singing. I asked her what it was. She said it was a song sparrow. It had a black spot under its neck, a gray breast and a brownish gray back striped with black. I have seen a lot of song sparrows this spring and I have only heard two sing the same song, but it might have been the same one I saw the day before. I haven't seen a song sparrow's nest that I can remember. I might have seen one, but did not know what kind of bird's nest it was.

One day when two of our schoolmates were coming to school they saw a slate colored junco hopping on the ground. They ran and picked it up. It opened its mouth and wanted something to eat. They gave it some of their bread. It was awful hungry and ate all they gave it. They brought it to our school and put it in the waste basket with sticks across for perches. It had that for a cage the first day. That evening our teacher let it out so

it could run around the school room and so it could get fresh air. But when we came back in the morning we couldn't catch it. It ran up one aisle and down the other so we let it run around the way it wanted to. We thought it would die at first but now we let it run around the school room. I think it got hurt by flying against the wire fence because it had a hole in its breast and a broken wing. The wing hangs on the floor when it runs. It runs up the aisles and under the book case, but when we come near the book case it will run away. When it gets a chance it will run and sit on the rungs of the teacher's chair.

One day when the door was left open the bird got out into the hall then there was a chase, two or three went out into the hall and got it in again, before it got down stairs. One morning when we came in, the junco was sitting on the basket. It jumped down and ran over to the teacher's chair and then back to the basket and began to chirp. There are perches on the basket and when it gets there it thinks it is at home. It seemed to be very happy when we came back Monday morning. It stayed here Saturday and Sunday alone and I suppose it was lonesome for being here alone so long. It has a whitish gray breast and is black on its head and shoulders and slate colored all over the rest of its body. There are white feathers in the side of the tail. It is very happy and I think it will learn to fly. It can fly as high as the desk now. We have had it ten days now. I am in the Sixth grade.

Your friend,

Aged 12.

Ruth Larson.

Austin, June 13, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

I thought I would write to you about the experience we had.

Two summers ago mamma threw a few pair of shoe strings out on the back porch. I happened to be looking out of the window and a few seconds later I saw a bird come and sit on the porch. Then he got one shoe string and carried it away.

The next time I saw him coming I got in back of the curtain, because I knew if he saw me he would fly away. He came back two more times and each time he came he took one shoe-string. Later on I went out to see if I could not find the rest, but I could not. I went in the house and did not think about

the nest any more. About a week after my brother came in and said he had found the very nest that the bird had taken the shoe-strings for. We went out and he showed me the nest, and sure enough it had the shoe-strings in with the twigs and other things.

Your truly,

Aged 12.

Lydia Dosselman.

Durand, Wis May 28, 1904.

To The Wayside:

I am a member of the Spring Creek branch of the Audubon society. A few years ago a pair of kingfishers built their nest in the Creek bank. We found the nest when it had the eggs in it. The hole in which the nest was, was about two feet deep and six inches across. I was unable to learn what the nest was built of, it being so dark.

When the eggs hatched and the birds were a few days old we took the little birds out, while the old ones were away, to play with. The little ones were slow and dumpish and would peck at us every chance they got. Sometimes the old ones would come back before we would put the little ones back and then the old ones would fly at us and peck at us. But while they did not care to have us boys use their little kingfishers for play toys they did not seem to be afraid of us, for they built in the same place three successive years.

Aged 13.

Robert Allison.

If Robert is going to be a loyal member of the Audubon society, he will not again take young birds from their nests to play with them.

Here are some boys and girls who are willing to stand up for the rights of the birds, and help them in their trouble.

Austin, June 14, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

Last week I was out in the prairies and there were some boys a little ways away from me and they told me to come over there and there was a meadowlark's nest.

It had five eggs in it. The boys said that they were going to put a stick down in the ground so that they could tell where it was. But I told them not to because some one might take the eggs away.

I went on and as I was coming back I saw there were only four eggs left and I ran after

the boy. I asked him if he took the one egg that was in the nest and he said he did.

Then I was going to scar him, so I said to him, "I will take you to the police station and you will get arrested." So he said to me, "Please let me go. I won't do it again."

Yours truly,

Aged 12.

Emil Christensen.

Durand, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

I am a member of the Spring Creek branch that belongs to the Audubon society and I am going to tell you about a little owl. One morning my brother found a little owl nearly frozen to death; he put on some gloves and went out and caught the owl and brought it in the house. In about an hour the little fellow began to move around and soon was all right. But its feet were swollen, and my brother put some linament on, they seemed to be very sore. He took the owl out and it flew to a hollow tree. I hope the little owl will get well. I think we would be awful lonesome without them. I am going to protect them. So goodbye.

Minnie Dewitt.

Aged 11.

Durand, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

I am a member of the Spring Creek branch of the Audubon society. One night in winter I heard a chirping at the door, I went out and there was a little bird nearly frozen. I brought it in the house and found it to be a swallow. Its body was gray and its tail was long and very black. Its feet were frozen. I put in near the fire. The next day about noon it appeared better and I let it out and it flew away and I never saw it again.

Yours truly,

Aged 13.

Jennie Smith.

Niebull, Wis., July 7, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

We have organized a small Audubon society here and have now thirty-two members enrolled. We conduct our meetings according to parliamentary rules. We have our meetings on the first and third Saturdays of each month during vacation, and during school we have it along with our regular work.

Bird study is now very popular and I hope that it may become prevalent. As a general

rule, we all love the birds. The birds are the farmers' best friends. Sometimes we think they are a nuisance, but how we would miss them if their singing were completely silenced. We would soon wish their return.

We know that some birds appear to be very destructive, and among these are the crow and hawk. The hawk is much dreaded because it sometimes takes young chickens. And the crows have few friends because they pull the corn. But we know also that they make up by destroying insects of the field.

It may be set down as a safe rule that most of our birds do more good than harm and our aim should be to encourage them and not to destroy them. It surely would be a large number if we were to estimate how many insects a single bird would destroy each year.

If birds are encouraged to build around the farm, they will do their share in destroying noxious insects.

With all good wishes for you all,

Christina S. Petersen, Sec'y.

Hammond, Wis., June 6, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

One afternoon my brother and I went out doors to look for the different kinds of birds. We saw five robins, thirteen blue birds, twenty blackbirds, six crows and a downy woodpecker. One day last week when I went down to the cemetery, I nearly stepped on a brown thrush's nest. The nest was on the ground between two graves. The old bird was sitting on the nest and when I came up close she flew to a tree near by. There were four eggs in the nest. I went away because the old birds was scolding me. I didn't tell any one about the nest. I was afraid some one would rob the nest. Decoration day I went down to the cemetery and the nest was empty.

Iva McCullough.

Appleton, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

Last July I was at my uncle's farm, and growing close to the house was a little fir tree. A tree sparrow had built its nest in it and one morning I went to look at it and I saw that it was not there. We thought the cat

must have got it for when I looked on the ground the shells of the eggs and the nest were lying there. I took up the nest; we thought the cat had not got the mother bird so we put it in a bigger tree, but she did not come back.

Aged 9.

Elfrieda Hampel.

About three years ago we put out a bird-house, and last year we put out two more and every year we have many bluebirds. My sister and I watch all the birds we see. This year the bluebirds had to fight the sparrows to get the box. About two weeks ago the bluebirds kept flying against our neighbor's window. Now what do you think it wanted there, did it see itself or something in the window? I think the bluebird is so pretty, he is all blue with only a little brown on his breast. ..

One winter the bluebird stayed here all winter.

Adolph K. Wuerker.

Aged 8.

Alton, Ill.

Necedah, Juneau Co., Wis., March 30, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

I saw a very beautiful bird, it has a very pretty head. It has a blue head and a very black back and it flies around saying "Bob-white, Bob-white." When I was coming to school three of these birds were in a tree and they flew away saying "Bob-white, Bob-white."

Yesterday I saw a blue bird and it flew and lit on our bird house.

Agatha Desbouillons.

BUILD IN A TAM-O-SHANTER.

Lately, Miss Claudine Schlaich cleaned a white Tam-o-Shanter and hung it on a pole under a clothes line to get out the smell of gasoline. The gasoline smell did not seem to be at all objectionable to a pair of wrens who began building in it and by the time Miss Claudine wished to take it in it was filled with twigs, and the wrens as merry as such little fellows can be, were singing happily to think that they had found such a fine house. The wrens were not disturbed, and are enjoying the whitest home in which they ever lived.—Mrs. O. Gaffron, in Plymouth Review.

By The Wayside

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VOL. VII

NOVEMBER, 1904

No. 5

THE FALL MIGRATIONS.

MARY DRUMMOND.

I.

A rush of wings through the darkening night,
A sweep through the air in the distant height.

Far off we hear them, cry answering cry;
'Tis the voice of the birds as the Southward fly.

From sea to sea, as if marking the time,
Comes the beat of wings from the long, dark
line.

O strong, steady wing, with your rhythmic
beat,
Flying from cold to the summertime heat;

O keen glancing eye that can see so far,
Do you guide your flight by the Northern star?

The birds from the North are crossing the
moon,
And the Southland knows they are coming
soon.

II.

With gladness and freedom and music gone,
Another migration is passing on.

No long, dark lines o'er the face of the moon;
No dip of wings in the Southern lagoon.

No sweet, low twitter, no welcoming song;
These are birds of silence that sweep along.

Lifeless and stiff, with the death mark on it,
This fall migration, on hat and bonnet.

And the crowd goes by, with so few to care
For this march of death of the fowls of the air.

A bier for dead birds—has it come to that—
Must this be our thought of a woman's hat?
—Exchange.

A WHITE ROBIN.

The people of a little town in Illinois were one season favored with a very rare sight. It was noised about that there was a white robin in a certain clump of maple trees near a residence. A pair of robins had raised a brood of albinos, one or two of which were mottled with both red and white, while one of them was entirely white. Seldom does this occur among birds of the air. There are a few records where robins, blue birds, field sparrows, blue jays, flickers and crows have shown this freak of nature.

In Cleveland, Ohio, an albino robin returned for three successive seasons.

In some cases one or two feathers have been white or abnormal, but rarely do we find a bird so immaculately and solidly white as this one seen in the little country village.

It was pure white from the tip of its bill to its toe nails, having beautiful red eyes, being plump in form, healthy and strong among its fellows. The Junior Audubons have much to study in the line of plumage. In the spring it is easy to detect all of the returning birds, for their colors are very vivid and strong, but in the fall migration it is not easy; the old birds are faded somewhat and the young birds, especially the warblers, have not donned their perfect dress.

By the time this article appears the fall migration will be nearly over with. Most of the little creatures will have found their winter homes way down South, living in flocks so as to protect themselves and uttering not one single note of song. Bird song is of very short duration. By the Fourth of July many have ceased to prolong that grand exuberance of melody which bespatters the fields and resounds among the trees at earlier periods.

There are only four months of perfect song periods, March, April, May and June. It is

rather sad to realize this short period of bird-song within our Northern ornithological domain. Birds that are left to us to sing longer are, among a few others, the jenny wren, the wild sparrows, the indigo bird, and the dickeissel.

Bird nesting and raising of the young are in full evidence in the month of June, after which moulting begins. After this, they retire to cool and sequestered spots and soon flock together to prepare for their long journey to the South and the tropics. The writer saw in Porto Rico, during the winter months, the little American red start who was simply staying there as a visiting traveler.

One of the results of the white robin's appearance was the formation of a large Junior Audubon in which over 318 members were enrolled from two of the public schools. The children began to wear their buttons and carry their cards which made them sworn protectors of the birds.

The girls watched like hawks (without wings) the cats and those boys who were in the least prone to use the sling shot, and there was a marked difference in the general treatment of the cause among all the boys and grown people, old and young.

In cases where kind persuasion could not be used by kindly talk, the fine of the state authorities of five dollars for the killing of each song bird was threatened.

In studying the parents of this particular white robin, it was noticed that there were patches of white feathers of an unusual number on the rump of one of the birds. The female appeared to have more than the normal amount of white colorization.

Now comes another attractive fact, the next season the first pair of robins which appeared among those identical maples were the ones who had nested there the year before. They could not be mistaken. There was the female with her superabundance of white plumage.

This proved the return of the songsters to their old habitat, which fact is fast becoming more and more a fixed certainty among all of our birds.

A broken legged robin returned three successive years to an old orchard in one of the towns of Minnesota.

I suggest a problem for solution. Can any of the readers of "The Wayside" throw any light on the subject? How many years will a bird or pair of birds return to their old northern home? Or, to put the question in a somewhat different form, how long do our native songsters live and what are the means by which the question can in some way be decided?

G. Buffett Pratt.

Chicago.

BIRDS.

"There's a merry brown thrush
Sitting up in a tree
He's singing to me!
He's singing to me!"

When December's storms are raging and the cheery "zeep, zeep," of the nuthatch and merry song of the chickadee have changed to plaintive calls for food, no human hand is outstretched, for "loving eyes see not, and ears hear not," these our little "brothers of the air."

'Twas in May when the six-year-old came from the primer and first grade, with the astonishing information that the oven bird built its nest on the ground with a little roof over its head, and wouldn't I show him the oven bird? It was with considerable embarrassment that I confessed I had not the pleasure of an acquaintance with the oven bird.

Was then informed that the indigo buntings were to be seen in the Estey lot. Wouldn't I show him the indigo buntings? Again, with confusion, I had to confess that I was not only not on speaking terms with the buntings, but did not ever remember to have heard of them. I resolved at once to make the acquaintance of the Bunting and Oven families.

The first step was to buy a bird book and the next, to send out a general invitation to the birds by establishing a free lunch counter and bath. The sparrows must have carried the news as they were the first to arrive, but the others came, robins, thrashers, flickers, cat-birds, grosbeaks, woodpeckers, chipping sparrows, vesper sparrows, grackles and orioles. In June and July they brought the little ones for food and drink.

Houses were placed on the clothes posts, and were at once taken possession of by blue birds and wrens.

The 13th of May was a most exciting day. The willow tree at the back door seemed to be filled with the most brilliant bits of color, some clear black and white striped like a zebra, some black with yellow spots, some yellow with black spots, some with hoods and some with masks.

Work was suspended. The entire family, convening to a small window in an upper chamber, all lost in wonder and amazement, incapable of identifying them from a book, fearing every minute would be the last of them, the "lady from Philadelphia" suggested that an expert from the Eugene Field School be sent for.

With her aid we were able to identify the following: Black-throated green warbler, blackburnian warbler, chestnut-sided warbler, black poll warbler, Wilson's warbler, yellow warbler, black and white warbler, also the leart fly-catcher, a grosbeak and a wood thrush.

So began our acquaintance with the warblers. The Canadian warbler, yellow-rumped warbler, and black-throated blue warbler, have since been identified in the same tree, also the golden-crowned kinglet, martin, junco, yellow-billed cuckoo, goldfinch and two owls.

A small wooden tray 6x4x1 inch made by this same six year old boy, and set outside on a window-sill, filled every morning with food, has brought the winter birds to our window, chickadees, nuthatches and downy woodpeckers. Last winter they ate from this tray 12 pounds of sun flower seed, 2 pounds of hempseed, and many pounds of suet.

Many other birds than the ones herein named have been identified in other places, but this narrative is strictly confined to one small lot in Roger's Park.

So, led by little child, some of the wonders and beauties, with which the All-Father has surrounded us, have been revealed.

Mrs. D. W. Redfield.

Rogers Park, Ill.

WHAT OLD BIDDY ADOPTED INSTEAD OF CHICKENS.

Old Biddy had made several efforts in raising a family, but after all her endeavors no chicks came forth to satisfy her motherly heart.

Finally, old Puss came into the barrel where Biddy had brooded so many months and sheltered there her family of little kittens.

Old Biddy became foster-mother to the kit-

tens. She protected them under her warm feathers and shielded them from all danger.

Gusta, Pussy's little mistress, made several attempts in gaining the friendship of the kittens, but old Biddy with her fierce clucking and spreading of wings would not allow any intimacy with the family.

Old Puss alone was allowed to make occasional visits to feed her little ones.

It was only by the cruel interruption of the man that took the kittens to the watery grave that the peace of the family life was ended and Biddy was again left in despair. S. S.

Within the past few days there has been built one of the neatest and cosiest little homes within the village limits, for which the village board has issued no building permit. The house is built a short distance south and exactly in front of the electric power house. It stands very close to the Peabody Creek. It is two stories high, having a peaked roof and slanting sides. The house is built of a peculiar composition and is the only one of that material within the village limits. There are no windows in this cosy little home, but two doorways lead to the outer world.

The only person who has watched the swift progress of the erection of this tiny little home is Supt. C. W. Eggleston who will kindly point out to you the location in the willows of the winter dwelling place of two very cute, very sleek brown coated little muskrats.

—Guy O. Glazier, in Dells Reporter.

THE SONG SPARROW.

LaCrosse, Wis., April, 1904.

Dear Wayside:—The song sparrow was rather late to make its appearance in this vicinity this year. It was not until the 27th of March, that, while strolling along a railroad track, I heard the announcement of his arrival. When I first found him he was diligently scratching among the dry leaves in search of insects. He then flew to the top of a small bush, where he raised his little head skyward, bulged out his throat, and then poured forth his sweetest melody of song. After he had finished his song, he flew silently into the thicket, where he began his endless search for food again. These birds have the peculiarity of pumping their tails as they fly, which adds greatly to the velocity of their flight.

Yours truly,

Isador Rehfnss.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS.

V. Earthworms.

In the earthworm we have a conspicuous illustration of the fact that lowly, despised, and seemingly insignificant animals are sometimes among the most useful to man. Charles Darwin says in the conclusion of his book, "The Formation of Vegetable Mould," which after twenty years is still the classic on earthworms. "The plow is one of the most ancient and most valuable of man's inventions; but long before he existed the land was in fact regularly plowed, and still continues to be plowed, by earthworms. It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly-organized creatures." This is the conclusion of the great scientist after patient observations extending over a period of twenty years, and from data collected from various parts of the world. Hence it would seem worth our while to know something about this humble friend of man.

One use for the earthworm every school boy has demonstrated practically, the cruel one which has given it its other names, the angle-worm or the fish-worm. That it has any other use in the world, few people know. Perhaps there is no common animal of which most people are so ignorant. Its very name "worm," is often incorrectly used. It is time that at least this much zoology be known, that everything that is long and crawls is not necessarily a worm, and beneath our notice. It is time, too, that certain popular fancies be cleared away, such as the fable that worms rain down. A little observation will point to a reason why they are often found on the walks after a rain.

Earthworms tunnel into the earth some distance to make their burrows. In doing this they swallow large amounts of dirt, from which they extract the organic matter, their food. Their castings are thrown out at the mouths of the burrows in little mounds which may easily be found. They will also drag in

pieces of dead leaves for food or to line their holes. All this work helps to make better soil. The tunnels loosen the earth so that water and air may more easily enter; organic matter from the surface is carried down, and the soils are mixed, and the castings enrich the surface layer. Darwin calculated that an average layer one-fifth of an inch thick, or ten tons per acre, was added each year to the surface.

In making their burrows they may injure young roots, so that they are not wanted in flower pots.

It is very easy to keep earthworms in the school-room, and very profitable work can be done with them. In the fall ask the pupils to bring in a number, the largest they can find. Put the collection in a box of good earth or in flower pots, and give them moisture. Let the children examine them in the nature study period. This can be done without breaking up the school or making much work for the teacher. The children will be greatly interested; they will show little if any repugnance for them. Let them find out how many rings or segments the body has, how the upper and lower sides differ, and the two ends. Do they notice the upper lip by which it feeds; can they tell you how it moves; and where its little bristles are—and many other interesting facts? The teacher should know all of these things, and more, and be able to tell the pupils something of the life history, and most important of all, show them how to find out for themselves the economic value.

A simple piece of apparatus will enable the teacher to demonstrate to the pupils the effect of the earthworm upon the soil. Have a tin-smith make a frame of zinc which will support two pieces of window glass vertically and hold them about an inch apart, with an opening at the top. In the case thus formed carefully pack some fine soil from the vicinity—clay and sand and vegetable mould in successive layers. Put a half dozen worms on the surface, and they will begin operations at once. The frame may now be placed in a support. The sides of the glass must be covered with black cloth, as earthworms do not like the light. Keep the soil moist. Let the pupils lift up the cloth occasionally, and in the course of a few weeks they will see that the dirt has been tunneled through and mixed. Some of the burrows will be right up against the glass. This model is from Dr. C. F. Hodge, of Clark University.

R. M.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT.

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois Children sending to Miss Ethel E. Hooper, 541 N. State St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin Children to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton Wisconsin. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By The Wayside one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Miss Hooper or Miss Marshall.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Bossert, Librarian, 719 Franklin St., Milwaukee.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewriter lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

RUBY-CROWNED KINGLET.

Crown with partly concealed crest of bright red; rest of upper parts grayish olive green, brighter on the rump; wings and tail fuscous, edged with olive green; two whitish wing bars; tail slightly forked, the middle feathers shortest; under part soiled whitish, more or less tinged with buffy. Female without the red crown patch.

When the leaves begin to turn you will notice numerous very small olive green birds flitting about the terminal twigs of trees and lower growth in the woods, orchards and hedgerows. They resemble warblers but are much tamer, and have a habit of nervously flitting their wings every few seconds.

You will not hear them sing much at this season, and there is little in their voice or appearance to tell you that they are among the most famous of the feathered songsters.

The May morning when first I heard this kinglet's song is among the most memorable of my early ornithological experiences. The bird was in the tree tops in the most impassable bit of woods near my home. The longer and more eagerly I followed the unseen singer the greater the mystery became. It sounds impossible that a bird which I supposed was at least as large as a blue bird could escape observation in the partly leaved trees. The song was mellow and flute like and loud enough to be heard several hundred yards; an intricate warble past imitation or description, and rendered so admirably that I never hear it now without feeling an impulse to applaud. The bird is so small, the sound so rich and full, that one is reminded of a

chorister with the voice of an adult soprano.

(Chapman, *Hand Book of Birds*.)

Letters about the Ruby-Crowned Kinglet should be sent to the secretaries before Dec. 10.

PRIZES AND BADGES.

The Illinois prize letter for the month is Lowell Gildner's. The Wisconsin badge goes to Bessie Armstrong.

THE ILLINOIS SECRETARY'S LETTER.

My Dear Wayside Children:—

When you read this letter November will be with us and the summer birds will be gone. All but their memories, and I am sure you all have pleasant things to remember and tell us about.

I want to tell you of my trips to Great Duck Island, off the coast of Maine, where a large colony of herring gulls breeds every year. Once I went in a sail boat and though we started early we didn't have much time to see the gulls. You know how "time and tide wait for no man" and so, you see, the winds and tides don't care one bit how much you want to see herring gulls and their nests. They blow if they are winds and ebb and flow if they are tides without the least consideration for your feeling. So, just as we were getting a good look at the gulls, the call came from our good Captain Robinson and we had to set sail for home; but not before we had seen the lovely creatures in their dress of soft gray and white, flying and swimming by the hundreds. One pretty sight I must tell you of. We were eating our lunch in such a desolate place—all rocks and sand and seaweed—with the sea all about us, when right down amongst us flew a little humming bird. Such a tiny, tropical creature the dainty little atom seemed, and it was wonderful to think of the long journey he had taken to get there. Our Captain Robinson is a good skipper and knows how to sail his boat well, but the little humming bird has a better compass than any sailor and has rules we know nothing about. Here are some lines Captain Robinson gave me to tell you how to steer your boat. What do you think the humming bird would say to them?

"If you make two lights ahead,

Port your wheel and show your red.

If on one hand the green appears,
 Starboard your wheel and you'll clear.
 If on your port tack you do steer,
 It is your duty to keep clear
 Of every light you see ahead,
 No matter whether green or red.
 But green to green or red to red
 Is perfect safety—Go ahead!"

What do you suppose two little humming birds, with all their "green and red" flashing in the sunlight, do when they meet each other on their sails through the air? Well, the next time we went to Great Duck, we had more time, and the keeper of the light-house, Mr. Stanley, who is the warden who looks after our friends the gulls, took me down on the rocks and showed me their nests. Such uncomfortable little cradles for gull babies as they looked! If the mother gulls didn't have such soft feathers and did not take very good care of their eggs, I am sure they would be all smashed to little bits long before they were hatched.

How I wish I could show you the picture I saw that day. Far away we could see the beautiful Mt. Desert mountains and nearer at hand the smaller islands. The sea stretching far away and the rocky shore where we stood, and then, all above and around, the hundreds of gulls: in the trees, on the water and rocks, and flying through the air; the old ones, white and gray, and the darker young ones. Mr. Stanley told me the old birds taught the young ones many things, and spoke of the cry of warning they give when there is danger. He told of one instance when the mother bird gave the cry as she flew past a young one perched in a tree; the young one did not stir. Again she flew by it, uttering the cry more loudly. Again the young one did not stir. The third time she flew past giving the cry, and this time she struck the young one sharply with her wing as if she said, "Do you understand me now?" and this time the stupid little fellow did understand and off he flew.

Well, there are ever so many things I would like to tell you about, but I'm sure the editor will think I am trying to write you a book instead of a letter.

I am hoping some of you will send us some letters telling what you have seen this summer. I shall be quite disappointed if I don't have to give a book to some Illinois child for

writing a good letter about taking care of birds.

Cordially your friend,
 Mary Drummond,
 Secy. for Illinois

ILLINOIS PRIZE LETTER.

Chicago, Oct. 31, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

I go to the Julia Ward Howe School. I am 9 years old. I would like to tell you about two little sparrows that built their nests in the eaves of our porch. They were bound they were going to build a nest. First they would bring some straw, then they would bring some grass and feathers. When they would bring these things we would pull it down because they were such a bother. We pulled it down ten times. But finally they got their nests built, so we let it stay. So they hatched their eggs and went away. I must close.

Yours truly,
 Lowell Gildner.

WISCONSIN PRIZE LETTER.

The Robin's Nest.

The fire escape comes down from the room up above our. There is a place about four feet from the steps with a railing along it that comes out under the window. Under this platform about one foot and a half is a ridge about three inches wide. A robin built a nest there. Two or three days after, we looked out and we saw one little light blue egg. Two mornings after there were two more.

The next morning the robin was sitting on the nest. We did not go near there for a few days. One morning when I came into the school-room, all the girls were looking out of the window. I went down and I asked what was the matter. One of the girls told me that there were three little birds in the nest, and when I looked all I could see was three big mouths. When we made a little noise they would open their mouths. They were not pretty, for they had not a feather on them, and it seemed as if they were all mouths. In a day or two they had a little soft down on them and in about a week they were covered with feathers. The mother was very proud of them.

But one morning we were very much disappointed to see the nest empty. We knew they

had flown away. When they went away some of the boys knocked the nest down and tore it up.

Bessie Armstrong.
Aged 12. Kilbourn, Wis.

Chicago, June 13, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

I thought I would like to have my letter of the birds published in the Wayside. The other day I saw a large robin flying to a nest which was built right on a house. There was a robin in the nest and the other robin had a mouthful of food for the little ones.

Another day I found a bird that had broken its leg in a wire fence. I brought it to the house and set its leg. First I put some salve on a piece of cloth, and then I put an a little stick tied on with the cloth. After a few days, I let it go and it flew away.

Yours truly,
Aged 12. Oliver Anderson.

A Flock of Quail.

One day I was out in the potato field I look-over in the woods and there was a big flock of quail. They were walking along so funny. They went through the potato field. They were eating bugs off of the ground. There were some more quail over in another field and they were calling for the others. The quail is brown. They have their nest on the ground. They have twelve to fourteen eggs.

Stanley Parsons,
Aged 12. Kilbourn, Wis.

Madison, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

I have been a member of the Audubon Society for a year.

There are robins, blue birds and blue jays in our yard. The robins have grayish backs and red breasts. The blue birds have blue backs and brown breasts. The blue jays have blue backs and barred tails and caps on their heads. One morning a few weeks ago there were a lot of robins in the yard under an apple tree. On the tree was a lot of frozen apples; they were eating them. In our yard are two evergreens and the birds come and eat the little berries off of them. I am going to put a box up on the house and see if I can get a pair of wrens.

Josephine Maher.

Wren.

The wren is a very pretty little bird. Last year my brother built me a bird house and a pair of wrens built in it. He put the house on top of the shed. The nest was made of string, straw, sticks and some old dried leaves, and a few feathers of chickens. Every day these wrens would go out to find something to eat. When one came back the other flew away, and that is the way they kept on. Mamma and I used to watch them go back and forth to find something to eat and get things to make the nest of.

One day when the wren was setting on the a house, a sparrow came by and chased it away. Then the sparrow flew into the house. I went out and chased the sparrow away. When the sparrow was gone, the wren came back.

After a couple of weeks, some boys tried to rob the nest, but mamma saw the boys, and she called them away, but they must have robbed the nest, for we never saw any little birds come from the bird house, and the parents seemed distressed. The old birds stayed only a few weeks longer, and then they went away. It was getting toward fall and I guess they went south.

Amanda Schulz.
Aged 12. Appleton, Wis.

The Redwing Black Bird.

The red wing blackbird is found all over these parts. He is not as large as the robin, about 9½ inches long. He is black all over except one spot on his wings which is bright red and orange. It seems to be on the shoulder when his wings are closed. He makes a very pretty sight when he is flying. The red wing's mate is a very modest looking bird in stripes of brown and black.

She walks about looking for insects. She is so busy about her work that she hardly sees anything else. The nest is in a marsh or wet place because they are very fond of water. The song is a loud and sweet one, as they go flying about high in the sky. Their nest is made in a branch of a small bush. It is a very pretty and comfortable nest. The red wing blackbird arrives early in March and leaves early in November.

Mabel Hill.

Durand, Oct. 31, 1904.

The editor wants to remind the boys and girls that the best letters are those that tell

what they have found out about birds, or other animals. The Wayside wants original observations to print. In writing, the directions on the first page of the School Branch Department should always be closely followed.

Poynette, Wis., October 22, 1904.

Dear Wayside:—I thought I would write to you before the bird season is over. As I was going to school the other morning I saw a couple of red winged blackbirds. They were sitting up in a big tree by the side of the road and they were singing very sweetly.

Yours truly,

Sadie Thiessen.

Age 9 years.

Letters have been received from Sadie Thiessen, Poynette; Evalyn Van Stratum, Harold Babb, Elfrieda Hampel, Winnifred Rouse, Appleton; Lydia Doepke, Grover Olson, Belle Bement, Alfred Anderson, John Radlund, Martha Belter, Hattie Belter, Henry Field, Fay Brown, Natilie Snider, Henry Marlow, Lester Rothe, Kilbourn; June Johnston, Spring Creek.

Mrs. Scudder has been obliged by illness to resign her position as chairman of the Junior Department of the Illinois Audubon Society. The society has been most fortunate in securing the services of Miss Ethel Hooper of Chicago, who will now carry on the work.

THE STUDY OF BIRDS.

An outline for the use of Schools prepared for the Illinois Audubon Society by Alice Hall Walter.

WINTER.

Indoor Work.

1. Talks on Bird Families continued, emphasizing adaptation of structure to flight and procuring food; the bill, tongue, tail and feet; environment and color of plumage. (See Chapman's Bird Life; Fanny Hardy Eckstorm's The Bird Book.)

January: Humming birds; Swifts and

Goatsuckers; Woodpeckers; Kingfishers and Cuckoos.

February: Owls, Hawks, and other Birds of Prey; Pigeons; Grouse, Partridge.

March: Plover, Snipes and Sandpipers; Rails and Coots; Herons and Bitterns; Ducks, Geese and Swans; Gulls and Terns; Loons and Grebes.

2. Start an Audubon Society or Reading Club holding half-hour meetings weekly.

3. Start a school or Audubon Society library, to be added to yearly.

4. Visit a museum if convenient. Mount the Mumford colored plates to hang up in school-room.

5. Add the "winter visitors" observed, to school record. Reports of pupils.

6. Let the pupils compile a school scrap-book of prose, poems and pictures about birds.

7. Give the Illinois Audubon Society's illustrated lecture. Invite friends.

8. Send for the traveling libraries of the Illinois Audubon Society.

Outdoor Work.

1. Hang out pieces of salt pork and suet. What birds like this food?

2. Start an Audubon Society or Reading Club it?

3. Do you see birds in a snow storm? or on very cold days?

4. Do you find any holes in the bark of trees? If so, on what trees? how are the holes arranged? how many holes? how high up from the ground are they? what shape? who makes them?

5. Do the birds sing in winter? What time of day do you see them?

6. Why do "winter visitors" come south? Do birds suffer from the cold?

7. What do birds find to eat in winter?

8. What birds come first in March? Where from? Where are they going?

9. Do any birds go away in March? If so, where?

10. Identify the Junco, Bluebird, Crow, Tree Sparrow, White-breasted Nuthatch, Shrike, Sapsucker, Cardinal, Song Sparrow, Cowbird, Downy Woodpecker.

By The Wayside

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VOL. VII

DECEMBER, 1904

No. 6

COLD DAYS.

I.

Do you guess, little birds, how we long
For the gay flitting sight of you? Now
That the icy trees, empty, belong
To the wind driven torrents of snow.

II.

Do you guess how kindly fate treats you?
As the warm pleasant world bright with flow-
ers
At the end of your airy flight greets you
With God's gentlest gift, sunny hours.

III.

Your nests you have left us to prove
That you think of our land as your home.
The snow sprinkled Christmas trees love
Them as they hang there like gifts for a
gnome.

Ethel E. Hooper.

GRAY SQUIRRELS.

Gray squirrels are friendly creatures and may be tamed very easily, being much more gentle than the red ones.

Near our house there are many of them living among the trees, although it is in the town and within a block of the electric cars.

Boys stone them, I regret to say, and I have seen even men leave their wagons to throw stones at a squirrel sitting on our window sill or running up the elm by the gate. Luckily that kind of man or boy who will throw stones at a squirrel is generally the kind who cannot aim well, so the squirrels are not hit.

Dogs chase them, but as soon as the squirrel is out of reach on a tree, it generally turns about, faces the dog and watches his vain endeavors to jump up to the squirrel. Often it has seemed to us that the squirrel was laughing at the dog and thoroughly enjoying the whole performance.

Cats lie in wait for them and spring on them, and occasionally get the tips of a bushy tail, but I have seen a big yellow cat turn and slink under its owner's piazza when a squirrel suddenly stopped and faced it.

Blue jays have a standing quarrel with them and when five or six of these big birds, with their strong beaks and wings, attack one poor squirrel it will lead them a chase over the trees, leaping from a bough of one to a branch of another, until it reaches some well known hole into which it can crawl and there be safe.

In spite of all these enemies, and all are abundant here, the squirrels are very tame. They come on our window-sills, climbing up the trumpet-creeper, for nuts, water, and any food we may give them. The mother squirrels are almost always more trusting and friendly than the fathers or the babies, and soon learn to come when we call them, to eat from our hands, and even to enter the house and climb into our laps.

We put nuts on the sill of one window and when all have been taken the squirrels stand up and peer into the room. If no one is there they go away, but if they see one of us they tap on the window with a fore-paw until that person comes with nuts. Then they can hardly wait for the window to be opened, and as soon as the space is wide enough in comes a gray head, and tries to get a nut from the handful ready to be put on the window-sill.

Sometimes we hear a little tapping at the

door and open it to find a squirrel sitting up ready for nuts.

Many times I have been on the grass or the path and felt a touch on my foot, and there would be one of the Bunnies calling my attention to his presence. I have found them on my desk when the window was open, on my mother's bureau investigating the pins in her cushion, and often on the railing of the piazza or the fence waiting for some one of us to appear.

Some of the squirrels have been tame enough to go to walk with me, running along the fences or walls, and even along the sidewalk when no dogs were near, and one old mother squirrel used to spring from the elm tree to my arm, and sit there as I walked up the street, thrusting her head into my coat pocket and up my sleeve in search of acorns or nuts.

In the spring, when the early elm-seeds began to fall, she brought her babies to see me as I sat on the piazza, and was as fond of them as any cat of her kittens.

Unlike most wild creatures this squirrel rather liked having me stroke her head and back, and would rub along under my hand to show me that she wished to be petted.

After a time the other people on the street fed and called the squirrels and they grew too tame for their safety where dogs abound, and several were killed. In one house a basket of nuts was always kept in an upstairs room to which a vine made a ladder for the squirrels. One night one of the family was very tired and went to bed early, and very soon was heard calling for one of the others.

"What on earth is in my bed and pillows?" was the question.

Examination showed that nuts were between the sheets, under the sheets, in the pillow cases, under the pillows, between the edges of the mattresses, and in all the corners. The basket in the next room had been emptied by the squirrels, who had then hidden the nuts for future use, not knowing the habits of men and the uses of beds and pillows!

The next day it was found that nuts had been hidden in the waste-basket, under the rugs, in the corners, behind some of the pictures, and under the lounge.

The squirrels carry away and bury more nuts than they eat, though we have seen one mother eat thirty-two almonds at a sitting. Sound nuts they bury in the ground, after

their hunger is satisfied, or hide in some crevice or crotch of a tree. Cracked nuts they are more likely to eat, and wormy ones they will not touch.

I think that gray squirrels will never bite the hand that feeds them unless they are suddenly frightened or hurt. All I have known have been very gentle with us, though they drove each other away from the sill in a manner to be excused only by the "struggle for existence" to which every wild creature is born. Let a red squirrel appear and the grays all flee far more hurriedly than from each other.

Water is more of a treat to our squirrels than nuts—because they have stored away so many nuts—especially in cold weather. I have seen them eat snow to quench their thirst, as jays do, but both much prefer a dish of water. One winter five grays came for food and water, and our window sill was the scene of a stage procession, for no two would stay there at the same time. One would seize a nut and flee with it to escape the next comer who, in turn, would whisk down the vine at the far end of the window to make room for number three, and so they would pass up and down as long as the nuts lasted.

The blue jays learned to hunt for the nuts which the squirrels tucked under the edge of the board walk, and often carried them off, cracked them with their powerful bills, and ate the kernels.

In summer these squirrels have nests made of great bunches of leafy twigs in the fork of some high branch of a tree, and often they live in these nests all winter, coming out in all sorts of days except the very cold ones when they become torpid and need no food. Sometimes they leave the leaf-nests in the autumn and go to a hole in a tree for the winter.

Each squirrel seems to have a favorite path over the branches, and almost never uses the way of another squirrel, unless he is chasing that one, or is himself chased and must go where he can escape most easily.

Gray squirrels have become very popular within the past few years, and are tame enough to feed from almost any hand in Central Park, New York; in the Common, Boston; in Springfield, Massachusetts; and in Madison Wisconsin, where they are—or were—protected by law, and doubtless in many other places of which I have not heard.

In one place the kindly people have cracked the nuts for the squirrels for so long that now the squirrels have lost the habit of their ancestors—if not the power—and will not try to open a sound nut for themselves. They have become pauperized, dependent on the bounty of others, and unfit to get their own living, and the moral of this is: It is not always true kindness to make life easy for anyone,—even for squirrels!

C. G. S.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BLUE BIRD.

Once a long time ago, years and years ago, when this world was all bright and birds and bees and flowers were all prettier than now, there lived a little girl whose name was Winogene, which we know means bright or brilliant. This little girl lived with her brothers and sisters in a great cave.

One bright day when all was smiling and bright, the little girl or Winogene as we will call her, put on her pretty red dress and blue shawl and said she would go for a walk, but would be home soon. So out of the cave and across the valley she went singing a sweet song. All of the time she wandered on and on picking flowers in her shawl, for it was so bright and warm that she did not need it.

After a little while it began to get cool and the sun went down, and Winogene did not know where her home was. So she laid her flowers on the grass and put her shawl around her and laid down to sleep, for she was not afraid because there were no beasts or anything that would hurt her.

But while the little girl had been singing and wandering all day some one had heard her—some one who was aged and leaned on a very long staff. This person had on a funny cap and was dressed in a long grey cloak. She was a fairy that did not like to have people be merry and good-natured, so she was following Winogene to turn her into something that would not be so happy. Azubah, for that was the name of this strange personage, found Winogene asleep on her bed of flowers. So pretty was the little girl that Azubah's hard heart was softened, so she touched Winogene with her staff and she immediately turned into a beautiful bird with a red breast and the rest of her body blue like her shawl.

In the morning when she awoke she flew up and began to sing for she was happy still.

Now we see her come to us each spring with her little red breast as full of happiness as can be and she always has a merry song. We call her the blue bird.

Freda I. Fisher.

HOW WE MAY HELP THE BIRDS.

How often has the question been asked, "How can we help the birds?" In summer the birds find plenty to eat, and we find them destroying grubs and insects that are very injurious to our best trees and garden, but in the cold weather all is so different. The ground is covered with a thick blanket of snow, which often covers the tops of the highest weeds, upon which our snow birds and other birds of the same family feed. If these helpful birds cannot get food enough to keep up a good high temperature within their body, they will freeze. We cannot afford to part with them, so the only thing to do is to provide them food.

Rather than lose our little friends, I am sure we would all be willing to go out into the fields, shovel away a little snow, place a board and scatter seeds of any kind upon it.

The snowbird is but one example. There are at least ten other species of birds to be found in every part of the United States, all of which need to be cared for. When the trees are covered with snow and sleet, what would the chickadees and the nuthatches and the woodpeckers and the jays do for food? We must tack up suet or fat of any kind on the tree trunks high enough to get the birds out of harm's way, and also hang a basket of cracked nuts and crumbs upon the trees.

If we all feed the birds during the hardest parts of the long cold winter, and keep them well supplied with good fresh food, we will no longer need to ask, "How can we help the birds?" Then their numbers will increase, and our troublesome grubs will decrease.—S. D. Robbins, in *American Ornithologist*.

Named species of birds, 13,000.—F. M. Chapman.

Named species of plants, 200,000.—Britton & Brown.

Species of insects, 300,000 (30,000 in America).—M. V. Slingerland.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS.

VI.. The Winter Birds.

We are very apt to think that spring and summer are the only times of year in which to study and enjoy the birds, that all of them fly south in winter and leave us. So we put away our bird books and opera glasses and forget all about them. As a matter of fact, there is no time of year so favorable for a beginner in bird lore as winter. In spring, the multitudes of birds in the full of the migratory season is very confusing, and one becomes discouraged trying to learn the large number of unfamiliar forms. Then the air is full of song, and it is only the trained ear which can distinguish all. When the trees begin to put forth their foliage, the birds are much concealed, and this adds to the difficulty for the beginner. But in winter all is different, and conditions are more favorable for commencing study. Most teachers of nature study are beginners, and if they would add to their small stock of bird knowledge, and begin the systematic study of birds with their pupils, let them begin in winter.

For the winter is by no means birdless. There are half a dozen or more kinds one may see almost any day even in the dead of winter,—brave little fellows who manage somehow to find food enough to keep them alive and seemingly happy, during our coldest months. They are friends well worth knowing, for they are industriously at work eating seeds of weeds and picking out larvae of injurious insects from the bark of our fruit and shade trees. There are the blue jays to cheer us with their bright colors, the hairy and downy woodpeckers, the crows, the acrobatic nuthatches, the industrious brown creeper, the cheerful little chickadees, the snow bunting; we may even be fortunate enough to see the pine and evening grosbeaks.

This is a very short list, but a good one to begin with. There is no foliage to intercept

our view. The leafless shrubs and the white background make the forms stand out more clearly than at any other time of year. The notes are few, clear and distinct. And then, too, the scarcity of food and shelter may drive them near our dwellings. From our own windows we may see them, and on our short walks we may learn to know well the few winter birds. And before one can make any progress in identifying birds he must know some few birds well.

Everyone knows nowadays that birds are of enormous value to man in helping to keep down noxious weeds and insect pests. There is no time better suited to interesting ourselves and the children in some active form of help for the birds. In spring and summer when food is abundant, they are indifferent to our bounty; in winter they are ready to accept it cheerfully and repay us amply. It is believed that birds are driven to seek southern climes chiefly by the scarcity of food and not by the extreme cold. If this be true, we have it in our power to do much toward keeping them with us all winter. Every household and every school should give this matter some attention.

To scatter crumbs from the table on the snow at the back door is not going to do much good; it is only attracting the English sparrow. A little intelligent thought suggests that, as many of the birds we want are insect eaters, suet, bones, and nuts are better food for most. Then our much petted tabbies must be watched and the food put where it will not prove to be a death trap. A shelf on a window, or in the crotch of a tree, supplied with cracked nuts, crumbs and grain; a basket of scraps fastened to a tall shrub; bones and suet tied to branches of trees, are suggestions made by experienced bird students. Whoever has not spread some bounty for the birds in winter knows not half the pleasures of bird study.

Teach the children to know the winter birds by all means. Teach them also how to attract them about the home, and thus help our little feathered friends in return for the help they are rendering us.

R. M.

The editor would be glad to receive for publication in the January number the list of birds which any of the readers may have kept, the results of their bird observations throughout the year.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT.

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois Children sending to Miss Ethel E. Hooper, 541 N. State St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin Children to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton Wisconsin. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive *By The Wayside* one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Miss Hooper or Miss Marshall.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Edna Edwards Librarian, 845 Prospect St., Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewriter lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

BLUE JAY.

"Eastern North America to the Plains, and from the Fur Countries South to Florida and Eastern Texas." This is the summary of the land inhabited by the blue jay. Such is the distribution assigned to this, one of the gayest of birds, both in dress and temperament.

What an example of adaptability! For the blue jay lives in all parts of the country, where he is to be found throughout the year. Such a diversity of environment starts at once a chain of speculation almost fantastic. Were he like man, how varied would be, for instance, his dress! The Fur Countries, the great land about Hudson Bay, suggest Eskimo-like habiliment; "Eastern North America to the Plains," would necessitate seasonal changes of garments; and the southern regions would presume a wardrobe wherein light and gauzy materials would largely figure. Yet our blue jay dons his suit of blue and white, with some black decorations, and wears it with seeming comfort over the whole area.

The language of these blue-crested beauties changes with the many conditions that surround them in their countless homes, built from the wilds of Canada in almost every square mile of country till they reach the land of orange and pine.

Personally, I have had the pleasure of making the acquaintance and even the friendship

of these jolly birds in many localities, and I have always been struck with what a widely different attitude this bird seems to regard man under varying conditions.

From my relationship with blue jays out-of-doors, and a greater intimacy established with those who are members of the bird family in my laboratory, I am inclined to believe that they are not only sincerely affectionate, but their disposition toward other birds in general is a kindly one.

While certain characteristics seem to be common to all blue jays, a greater familiarity with them will sustain the assertion that they have much individuality. They are great mimics, frequently deceiving one by the excellence of their efforts. Attracted by disagreeable or harsh noises, the result is often comical. I knew one in the woods, living in the vicinity of a lumber camp, who delighted and amused himself by hours with simulating the sound of a coarse saw hewing it way through the wood.—*Wm. E. D. Scott, in the Outlook.*

Readers of *By the Wayside* are invited to send in letters about the blue jay. It is particularly desired that answers be given to this question, "Is the blue jay helpful or harmful to man?" Letters should reach the editor before January 1.

PRIZES AND BADGES.

The Illinois prize letter for the month is from Clifford Lindberg. The Wisconsin badge is won by Rosetta Ball.

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

Dear Wayside Boys and Girls:

I have read of a pretty custom in Norway which I wish we might introduce into Wisconsin and Illinois. At Christmas time the children have a tree out-of-doors for the birds. Instead of toys and candy, they load it with all kinds of things which the birds like to eat—suet, crumbs and seeds. The last number of "Bird Lore" tells the story of a family in New York who tried this kind of a tree

last Christmas, and eleven kinds of birds came to feast off from it. It was placed on a veranda where it could be seen from the inside. Instead of popcorn there were strings of pumpkin seeds. Small baskets filled with seeds of various kinds were hung on securely. And there were loose cord bags, in the shape of stockings, stuffed with cracked nuts. Suet and bones were tied on the branches.

Who will make a Christmas tree for the birds this year? Write to the Secretary about the success of your Christmas party.

Very sincerely your friend,

Ruth Marshall,

WISCONSIN PRIZE LETTER.

Roberts, Wis., Nov. 23, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

Once upon a time there was a robin under papa's work bench. There were two wheels quite close together and she would hop about on her tip toes for material to build her nest. For many days she was up and at work before I was ever out of bed. When she would find a cord she would bring it to those two wheels, and wind it about and then tie it in a knot with her feet. Then she would fly out and sit on top of the bench and sing cheer-up, cheer-up, che-che. After the nest was made, I would look in every day, till after awhile there were four blue eggs, and for two long weeks she rarely left the nest. When the birds were out she was busy all day long finding worms for them. But one day a storm came up and the mother robin was drowned. The little birds were helpless and so I gathered some worms for them, but I did not know how to feed them and they died.

Age 13.

Rosetta Ball.

ILLINOIS PRIZE LETTER.

Chicago, Nov. 17, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

I live at 533 Alma Street, Austin, Ill. I think I will write about the ruby-crowned kinglet as it is the bird for this month. It has a dark greenish color, back more of an olive. It is four and one half inches in length. A light breast, ring about the eye and its wings are barred with white. There were two of them that staid around our house. They had a nest

on one of the window sashes. We tried to take the nest away but the father bird flew at us and came very near my eye. So we let it stay, and one day she flew off the nest and there were two little eggs. It has a ruby-crown patch. Yours truly,

Clifford Lindberg.

11 years old. Julia Ward Howe School.

Waumadee, Wis., Nov. 25, 1904.

Dear Wayside.

I would like to tell you about two blue jays, who built their nest in our elm tree. My sisters often put hair and wool on the apple tree near it. At last the pair of blue jays took the hair and wool and made a nest of it. The nest was made with sticks around it and hair and wool inside. The next time that we looked in the nest after it was finished there were four little eggs in it. The next time we looked at the nest the eggs were broken, all but one. We often saw the two birds again, but they never made another nest that we saw.

Your friend,

Laura Ochsner.

Aged 9.

THE ROBIN.

The robin is a very well-bred bird. He is also a handsome bird. His breast is red and his back is brown. He never picks at seeds or plants. And now I will tell a story of a robin that lived in our yard.

One day as I walked home from school I saw some children looking at a robin and her family. I went into the house and looked out of the window.

I saw the father and mother bird feeding the little ones. They were making a great noise for they wanted to see which would get the first mouthful. There was a sickly bird and he sat in a corner of the nest while the others made the noise.

After they had their breakfast they would fly about and play. The little sick bird died the next day. The mother and father felt very badly. The next week I came home from school and mamma said that the robins had flown away. The rain and wind had beat against them so that they had to move to another home. The next day a blue jay came and looked into the nest and then flew away.

The nest stayed there a long time until the rain and wind blew it to pieces. The birds have never been back for I suppose they have found a better home.

Natalie Snider,
Age 11. Kilbourn, Wis.

Necedah, Wis., Nov. 6, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

The red-winged blackbird has a kind of a golden red on the wings. They have a bill like a robin or common blackbird. It is a perching bird. It is about as big as a robin. Its song is not a song; it is a warble. They have their nests in marshy places. They are sometimes called the marsh blackbird, because they stay on the marsh in the summer. They raise their young, then they go south. They come in the spring. Sometimes they come in the fields and eat things in it, one is rice. They are larger than the common blackbird or cow blackbird.

DeWayne Adelbert Fisher.

Tinley Park, Ill., Feb. 26, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

I saw an owl this morning. It flew from the high trees. It scared me, it made such a noise. Three other children saw it too. It flew over to a post and sat there. It flapped its wings and looked at us with big eyes. It was not very big. The owl was about a foot long. It had a big head. It was light brown with a white breast. Its wings were big ones. The post that it flew to was a long post near a barn. The owl was a little scared.

Yours truly,

Aged 13. Cena Christiansen.

Chicago, Ill., June 3, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

One day as I was going to school I saw a blue-bird's nest, which was built in a little house made by a man. When I went along I thought I would sit on the sidewalk and watch the blue-birds. The father bird went out after food while the mother bird was sitting on her eggs, and before the father bird had come to the nest a sparrow flew in, and the mother bird got out of the nest and started fighting with the sparrow. While they were fighting the

father bird came and saw them fighting and started in too. Then I watched them for a long time, and after a time the blue-birds got the best of the sparrow. I think that the sparrow went in there because he saw the father bird fly out. The sparrow thought that he could go in and take the nest, but he was fooled and so he flew away.

Yours truly,
Oscar Frisen.

Aged 13.

Westfield, Wis., Nov. 17, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

A little while ago I found a bird in my room. It was a very small sparrow. If it had not been for my cat I would not have seen it. I was in one of my rooms and the cat was in the other room. All at once I heard a rustle and there was a sparrow. I took it and let it fly. There was not anything so special about the sparrow only it was so small.

Yours truly,
Florence S. Round.

Aged 9.

Durand, Wis., Nov. 29, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

I am a bird lover. Teacher made a bird table; she took two chalk boxes and nailed them to the school house and then put a board on top of it. It is across the window. We put crumbs on it. A lot of little birds came and began to eat while school was keeping. It made us laugh to see them. They were chickadees, and were singing very sweetly. I love the birds.

Aged 10. Esther Brotzman.

The noisy jay
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food.
—Longfellow.

"All Nature is so full that that district produces the greatest variety which is the most examined." White's "Selborne," 1768.

Protection—"Those who protect the birds are wise; those who persecute them otherwise."—C. A. Abbott, M. D., "Days Out of Doors."

Deer Park, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

One day as I was going out into the woods with two other boys I saw two glistening eyes in a hollow tree. First I thought it was a squirrel, but then we went and hid and the animal came out. It was brown on its back and white all over under. It had a short tail with a white tip on the end of it. Its body was about six inches long and about one inch through. Its legs were short and brown with white toes. It had long teeth and kept its mouth open and looked very fierce and ugly.

Then we came back and set our trap. We waited about a half an hour hidden in the brush, but it did not come out. Then we went home for dinner and in about an hour came back to the hollow tree where the animal was. When we came near we heard a squeaking and the rattling of a chain. When we came up to the tree we saw the animal caught in the trap. Then we loosened the trap from the tree and started for home. But it bit at the trap and gnashed its teeth so we had to kill it. We were afraid it would bite us. After we killed it we met a man and we asked him what it was and he said it was a weasel.

Weasels kill chickens by catching hold of their necks with their sharp teeth, and sucking all the blood out of it.

Aged 13.

Harold Hanson.

Necedah, Wis., March 30, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

I saw about a hundred robins this year. I have seen two flocks of ducks. Juneau County is about full of crows and I have seen about six chicken-hawks. When there was snow on the ground the chickadees used to stay around the house. The chickadees would pick worms out of the wood. But now the chickadees are gone.

Aged 13.

Anna Frederika Williams.

Durand, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

I thought I would write a toad story. The toads are good to kill bugs and other insects

that would do more harm than they do, but I would not like to keep one.

Some people keeps a toad to destroy bugs in the garden. I have seen a toad; they are muddy brown color; they have big eyes, they have a big mouth, they have lumps all over their back. Some people say if you pick up a toad it will make warts on your hand, but I don't believe it. I am a bird lover too.

Aged 7.

Jannette Johnston.

Spring Creek, Wis., Nov. 29, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

This summer when there was no school I watched the birds. I saw many kinds of birds. I found the robins are thickest in August. Five weeks ago I saw four flocks of bobwhites. Three or four days ago I heard a beautiful sound. I looked out of the window and I saw a bird on a large oak tree. It was a chickadee. He wasn't singing "chickadee," he was singing "chickday." He was a very small bird with black on the breast. Dear Wayside, I love the birds and want to protect them.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Mary Yarrington.

Send a year's subscription to *By the Wayside* to some young friend for a Christmas gift.

"They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the corn-fields drive the insidious foe
And from your harvest keep a hundred harms."
—Longfellow, "The Birds of Killingworth."

Loss to crops annually caused by insects and rodents, \$200,000,000.—Wm. Dutcher, Treasurer American Ornithologists' Union. \$400,000,000, estimate of M. V. Slingerland, Assistant Professor of Entomology, Cornell University.

Letters have been received from Mabel Walker, Westfield; Ralph Warner, Janette Johnston, John Mace, Mary Yarrington, Durand.

By The Wayside

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VOL. VII

JANUARY, 1905

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Photograph by Mrs. H. H. Bennett.

THE BLUE JAY.

The most striking point in the study of the food of the blue jay is the discrepancy between the testimony of field observers concerning the bird's nest-robbing proclivities and the results of stomach examinations. The accusations of eating eggs and young birds are certainly not sustained, and it is futile to attempt to reconcile the conflicting statements on this point, which must be left until more accurate observations have been made. In destroying insects the jay undoubtedly does much good. Most of the perdaceous beetles which it eats do not feed on other insects to any great extent. On the other hand, it destroys some grasshoppers and caterpillars and many noxious beetles. The blue jay gathers its fruit

from nature's orchard and vineyard, not from man's; corn is the only vegetable food for which the farmer suffers any loss, and here the damage is small. In fact, the examination of nearly 300 stomachs shows that the blue jay certainly does far more good than harm.

—F. E. L. Beal, in Yearbook of Dept. of Agriculture for 1896.

OUR AQUARIUM.

It was made last summer, during the long vacation by the big brother, who first studied the subject of tanks in the Boys' Handy Book and the Scientific American. It is of rather unusual proportions, being 26 inches long by 21½ wide and 7½ high, and it cost a little over four dollars, the plate glass being the most expensive item. After the cementing was done came the proud moment when it was pronounced water-tight, and then followed many pleasant excursions for big brother, little brothers and other members of the family. Sand and stones were brought from the shore of Lake Michigan, cray-fish and minnows from the little streams around Wauwatosa, plants from above the Cement Works on the river, and a tiny mud-turtle came from Pine Lake to join the happy family. The installation of these things was an absorbing and delightful occupation and the Head of the Family became so much interested in caring for the little forest of water plants that one day when a lady asked him how his garden (meaning the out-of-doors garden) was getting along, he startled her by replying: "Oh, it is growing splendidly, but every now and then a fish comes along and bites off one of my trees!" As a matter of fact we found that the cray-fish were great sinners in this respect, making so much trouble that in spite of their comical appearance and funny ways we soon took them all out.

At the beginning our largest fishes were two broad, flat-sided ones (I am sorry that I cannot give any of the names) that soon became very tame, taking flies out of our fingers. They were wonderfully quick, but as they refused any other food, and as we did not want them to starve and die, we took them up to the lake, as the fly season waned, and set them free. Up to this time, although we had greatly enjoyed the aquarium, it had been a very troublesome thing to keep clean. Every morning we found a bluish scum on the surface, and daily skimmings and siphonings were necessary to keep it presentable, but with the departure of the two big fishes everything changed, the water remaining clear and beautiful from day to day.

We had grown fond of the friendly, hungry, little mud-turtle, but as the days grew colder he lost his appetite and seemed to want to hibernate, so we took him out to Washington Park and let him swim gaily out into a muddy lily-pond.

The aquarium has now settled down to winter conditions. Over the bright clean sand in the bottom wave the graceful little water plants. In one corner is an arch built of bright stones and crystals and this spot is much enjoyed by the inhabitants. At the other end, nearest the window, a great Chinese lily is growing and blossoming. The family consists of a bull-head, a dozen tiny minnows, a dear, modest little stone-roller, a very aristocratic slim gray fish, named Frills, on account of his exquisite ruffled fins, and some gay gold-fish, Dandy, Sparkle, and Silvertop. The bull-head thinks that winter is the time for rest and spends most of his time lying on his side in the sand, under the edge of a stone, sound asleep, but the others are all very lively and tame, and beg for food very prettily, putting up their little noses whenever we approach. Their morning meal is of fine bread crumbs, which are greedily eaten by all but Frills, who, however, amuses himself by catching them and spitting them out again, whereupon they are devoured by the others. Frills will eat nothing but meat, which he prefers raw, and which he will take only while it is passing through the water. When it has settled on the bottom it has no further interest for him. The meat meal comes at noon, and is partaken of by all. We doubtless give them more food than they need,

but it is so amusing to see them that we do it for our own pleasure.

Our Angora kitten, Miss Muffet, likes to walk about on the edge of the aquarium. She watches the fishes with great interest and often takes a drink, but does no harm. Most of the fishes are afraid of her, but saucy little Sparkle sometimes keeps just under her nose and blows bubbles at her.

Once a week we siphon off the dirt that collects on top of the sand, and fill the aquarium with fresh water. This small amount of work keeps it in perfect condition, and we are all agreed that it is a great source of pleasure in the house.

E. G. P.

RED SQUIRRELS.

My earliest remembrance of red squirrels is of a visit at the house of an aunt where a large hickory tree was not far from the nursery windows. My cousin and I could not have been more than six years old and we were fascinated by the red squirrels which haunted this tree, and longed to have them come nearer to us. We planned to tame them, and patiently gathered nuts and acorns and made a clothes line of them from the tree to a trellis which reached to the room of the piazza below the nursery windows. Many a time our line of nuts was scattered by the older children at play, or the gardner at work on the lawn, but we replaced it every time, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing the squirrels come to the trellis, having eaten their way along our trail of nuts.

Then we put nuts on the bars of the trellis, trying to make each one project a little over the edge so that it could be seen from below, and after a time the squirrels really climbed the trellis and came on the roof where we had an ample store of nuts for them. From roof to window sill was a short step in the training, and we had the pleasure of seeing the wild little creatures sit there and eat their nuts. They never took nuts from our hands and we never tried to touch them, and before the next nut season the tree had to be cut down and the squirrels disappeared.

Red squirrels are by no means as friendly and companionable as grays, nor are they as gentle. They are very active, very nervous, very quarrelsome, and, I am sorry to say, very destructive of bird's eggs and nestlings. I

have seen a red squirrel climb to a robin's nest and carry off a young, unfledged robin, afterwards eat it at a safe distance from the nest, and many times I have seen robins fly, screaming, at the squirrels which had gone to the nests, and drive them from limb to limb of the tree, then from one tree to another. Indeed I once saw two robins drive a red squirrel down a tree to the road and down the road for nearly a quarter of a mile, darting at his head first on one side and then on the other, until he finally rushed up a tree and found safely in a hole.

Once I saw a very tame red squirrel climb a small maple to the nest of a pair of thistlefinches, almost at the top of the tree. The mother bird was on the nest and began to scream and in two minutes the surrounding trees were full of small birds, phoebes, vireos, chebes, English sparrows, song sparrows, and thistlefinches, all screaming and calling. Still the squirrel stayed by the nest, and a chipping sparrow flew over to see what was the matter. After one good look at the situation Chippy darted off and soon came back with a robin. This changed everything for the robin pounced on the squirrel and drove him down from the tree, then flew away and the small birds dispersed. In ten minutes or less the squirrel tried it again, and again the chippy summoned a robin who drove him away. Still a third time he tried, but this time two robins came with the chippy and drove him away down the road.

This squirrel used to eat the soft early pears and sweet apples and spent much time in the cherry trees until robins drove him away in order to feast on the cherries themselves.

In the early spring red squirrels will gnaw holes in the bark of sugar maples to lap up the sweet sap which oozes from the holes.

They will drive away gray squirrels who seem to be much afraid of them in spite of their smaller size.

Red squirrels live in holes in trees—or in attics or barns—and stuff these holes with fibres, wool, cotton if they can get it, or any soft, warm material they can find.

The food of all young squirrels, after they are weaned, seems to be maple and elm seeds, until their teeth are strong enough for acorns and chestnuts, then the harder nuts. They like animal food too, and will eat caterpillars, insects and young birds.

They have a harsh bark when frightened or angry, and a queer call which is often mistaken for a bird note. This seems to be used when they are feeling pleasant.

In taming them, as in taming gray squirrels and chipmunks, I have found that a low, quiet talking to them helps. It seems to excite their curiosity a little and to reassure them. There is nothing stealthy about a person who talks to them, while one who is entirely still and silent seems to impress them with more fear. They can be lured into a superficial acquaintance through food and water, but I have never been able to gain their friendships as I have that of their gray cousins. C. G. S.

Come, busy Nuthatch, with your awl,

But never mind your notes,

Unless you've dropped your nasal chords,

And tuned your husky throats.

—Ella Gilbert Ives.

This extract from a private letter to the editor shows how one enthusiastic teacher has found time for bird study.

"There is considerable interest in bird study in the 1st year class in the high school. You know I did not feel that I could undertake it as an extra, but I have done it in connection with reading. We have read in Burrough's *Birds and Bees* one day in the week. I have colored plates of most of our common birds. At present we are having one short essay a day on some particular bird of the particular girl's or boy's choice. After they finish one they choose another, and so we keep on. We always have the colored plate illustrating the bird of the day, and such illustrative material as they can furnish. I encourage them to talk very freely of their own personal observations and they are as enthusiastic as one could wish. We devote ten or fifteen minutes of the period to this at the beginning of the reading recitation and then we must devote the rest of the time to our spelling and reading from Grandfather's Chair, except Friday, when we read from *Birds and Bees*. Some of the class have joined me in hanging out feeding places for the winter birds. The December Wayside was worn thread-bare by being passed about among the members of the class. I may decide to take it for the Friday reading after we finish *Birds and Bees*, in which case I will ask each member of the class to subscribe,—thirteen or fourteen members."

BY THE WAYSIDE

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NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS.

VII. Domesticated Animals.

Now that the season of ice and snow has come, and the winter's torpor has settled upon most things animate, the teacher of nature study will find a fitting period for directing the pupils' attention to the important subject of domesticated animals. As an introduction to this theme, let us consider two very significant truths. Man probably took his greatest and most important step in civilization, not when he invented written language, but when he domesticated animals. Without their help, a little thought will show us, he would still remain a savage. Consider, too, that the child's first experience with nature comes through his contact with pets. These considerations should give the proper point of view in framing a rational series of lessons for school work.

The number of domesticated animals is small, and the forms are well known and familiar. It is a singular fact that nearly all of them were tamed at periods of great antiquity, and by the Aryan people of Asia. This field of human endeavor seems to have been almost neglected in the last centuries of the life of the race.

As man has gained so much in the past by the help of these humble friends, so the child gains immensely by early association in a sympathetic relation with them. The child's great desire for pets has a deep significance. Whatever will deepen this attachment is a real gain.

In the nature study course there should be found room for one domesticated animal each year in the lower grades. The cat and dog should come first; they are commonly the first pets. The dog has been longest domesticated, and he is the most intelligent. He has followed man everywhere: from his close companionship he has learned to understand man best, and his devotion is proverbial. Of the cat not so much can be said in its favor. Prof. Shaler of Yale, our authority on domesticat-

ed animals, says that the cat "is the only animal that has been tolerated, esteemed, and at times, worshipped, without having a distinctly valuable quality." Its usefulness is limited, and its propensity for killing birds and its proneness to carry disease make it doubtful whether children should be so often allowed to keep it as a pet.

The horse is the next most familiar domesticated animal, and the teacher need have no trouble in planning for several successful lessons upon it. Then there are rabbits, fowls, swine, cattle and sheep.

In all of these lessons there must be a skillful selection of just the right points to present to the children. It is not the learning of anatomical facts, but the establishing of better relations between the child and animals that should be the object of the lessons. A good way to begin is to ask each child to write or tell the names of the pets he has kept. Next, ask how they cared for them, and encourage them to tell about their habits, and give incidents to illustrate their peculiar traits. This if well directed will be profitable. The teacher will need to bring out certain points and to emphasize others. What kind of care is best for each, and what are the traits which have made it useful to man? For older children it will be very interesting to give the origin of the various domesticated forms. Have them learn the laws in regard to cruelty of animals. Then read or tell them famous stories of animals and direct them to read others if they are old enough. For the composition class ask them to write stories of their own experience with their pets.

The teacher will find useful for reference and help in presenting this subject the papers of Prof. N. S. Shaler, and the nature study books of Dr. C. F. Hodge and D. Lange.

R. M.

Another teacher writes an encouraging letter to the Wayside.

"Never before have I witnessed as much interest and enthusiasm in any society that I have been a member of, and never have I experienced a keener pleasure than that which our little band have by their interest and devotion for birds imparted. The Wayside is a welcome guest and if it is bringing as much pleasure and benefit to the other branches of the society, it is certainly a noble work."

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois Children sending to Miss Ethel E. Hooper, 541 N. State St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin Children to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton Wisconsin. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive *By The Wayside* one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Miss Hooper or Miss Marshall.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Edna Edwards Librarian, 845 Prospect St., Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewriter lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

WHITE-BREASTED NUTHATCH.

The white-breasted nuthatch is a constant resident throughout nearly all of its geographical range, which covers eastern North America from the Gulf of Mexico, north to British America, and westward to the Rocky Mountains. It is easily identified by its acrobatic appearance, as it travels in any direction upon the tree trunk in its search for insect food; by the black and bluish-gray colors of the plumage of the upper parts; by the pure white of the plumage of the underside of the body, and by its peculiar nasal yank or more frequently a twittering note, both uttered as the bird creeps along the tree. The notes are uttered, no matter what the position of the bird may be. The White-breasted Nuthatch is easy to identify, for it "assumes attitudes no bird outside his family would think of attempting."

With other members of its family, the White-breasted Nuthatch has the habit of wedging nuts, and sometimes grains of corn, into crevices of the bark and then hatching them with strong and rapid blows of its sharp bill. It hammers the nuts to pieces, not for the purpose of eating the softer parts, but rather to obtain the insect larva that may be hidden within. It searches diligently under the scaly bark, among the lichens and in the crevices for small insects, larvae and insect eggs which may be hidden there. Always searching through the daylight hours, during winter or

summer, rain or shine, this interesting bird performs a service to the horticulturist the value of which cannot be estimated. With its near relatives it destroys a vast number of insects that are not captured by other birds.

The White-breasted Nuthatches are devoted parents and during the nesting season rarely go far from their home. The nest is usually placed in a cavity excavated by the birds in a tree, at a considerable height from the ground. The laborious work of chiseling the excavation is shared by both sexes. The cavity is prepared for the reception of the eggs by a copious lining of feathers, moss, fur and other soft substances that will form a soft bed.—*From Birds and Nature.*

PRIZES AND BADGES.

The longest bird list for 1904 has been received from Leo Egelberg. A year's subscription to *By the Wayside* is sent to him in recognition of his excellent work as an observer. The Wisconsin badge for the month goes to Ruth Noel Bennett. The Illinois prize letter is written by Myrtle Pokorney.

WISCONSIN PRIZE LETTER.

Kilbourn, Wis., Dec. 26, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

Last winter we put out some suet on a bush outside the dining room window and so many of the birds came that we put out a basket on the same bushes with the scraps from the table in it.

A lot of the birds came. The first bird at the basket was a chickadee, but the blue jays were not long in finding it. Then there were nuthatches, hairy woodpeckers, downy woodpeckers and the sparrows came also.

The blue jays were the whole thing for a while. Whenever a blue jay came the other birds flew away. But when the hairy woodpeckers came they drove the blue jays away. On snowy days the woodpeckers made holes in the bottom of the basket to get the food out of.

After a while we made some pictures of the birds at the basket. One of the pictures will be published in *The Wayside*. One of the pictures was a blue jay with his mouth open.

In the middle of the winter there was a robin and in the early spring there were sapsuckers.

When they had got the food sometimes they would fly to a tree to eat it.

Aged 9. Ruth Noel Bennett.

ILLINOIS PRIZE LETTER.

Julia Ward Howe School, Chicago.
November 30, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

There is a very small bird about four and one-half inches long with a bright vermillion spot on the back of its head known as the ruby-crowned kinglet. I do not remember ever seeing one but I am quite sure I have seen a golden-crowned kinglet which is very much the same, four inches long and one of the smallest birds in the United States. The ruby-crowned kinglet never shows its vermillion spot until it is about one year old.

His song is thin, very much the same as a tinkling of a wire. On their way to the north in spring they stop here in April, and in autumn as they are coming south they also stop in November.

This being the last day of November, I rather think the ruby-crowned and golden-crowned kinglets are gone, but the crows, blue jays and the sparrows are still here.

Yours very truly,
Myrtle Pokorney.

Waumandee, Wis., Dec. 20, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

I have taken notice of quite a number of birds this summer, but as the blue jay is the bird of this month, I will try and write something about it.

The blue jays are very quarrelsome and rob other birds of their eggs. They are larger than the blue bird. Their color is blue. They also have some white. On their heads they have a little tuft of feathers which is blue and white. They stay all winter in some places but in others they go away.

Near our house is a creek. Here we could hear the blue jays screaming all day long.

I saw a pair of blue jays building a nest in an elm tree near our house. They were very busy birds, gathering sticks and other things to build it. They also took the strings

and cotton which we put on the trees and fences. The nest was made of the sticks outside and the cotton inside.

Sometimes, after the nest was finished, when we looked in it the mother blue jay would be sitting on it. After a time there were three eggs in the nest. The eggs were quite large. They were green with brown spots on them.

But one day, when we looked in the nest, the eggs were broken.

One time I saw a blue jay. It had a piece of cotton in its mouth. It was flying to an oak tree in which a robin was building a nest. When it came there it started chasing the robin. Then the piece of cotton fell to the ground.

Your friend,
Aged 11. Olive Ochsner.

Durand, Wis., Dec. 30, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

One Sunday morning I went out early in the morning and the blue jays were scolding me. I did not know what was the matter, but I went up and told mamma about it and she said that she saw a little blue jay in the grass. The old birds were trying to teach the young one.

Aged 8. John Mace.

Durand, Wis., Dec. 29, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

Tuesday we had a terrible snow storm, and after the storm was over I did not see any more chickadees and the wind blew all day and drifted the snow. I wonder where they have gone. I hope they aren't frozen. I wish I could help them.

Aged 9. Hallie Allison.

Chicago, December 13, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

This summer there was a robin's nest in a tree in front of our house and one day a blue jay came to rob the nest but the male robin killed the blue jay. One day there was a whole lot of chiping and my brother and I wondered what was the matter and just then a blue jay flew out of the tree and we saw that a baby robin was in its claws.

Yours truly,
Aged 9. Willard V. Compton.
Julia Ward Howe School.

La Crosse, Dec., 17, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

I send below a list of birds that I have identified during 1904:

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Bob-white. | 44. Herring gull. | 87. Blue-winged warbler. |
| 2. Pine grosbeak. | 45. Short-billed marsh wren. | 88. Chestnut-sided warbler. |
| 3. Chickadee. | 46. Coot. | 89. Wilson's thrush. |
| 4. White-breasted nuthatch. | 47. Hermit thrush. | 90. Wilson's warbler. |
| 5. Brown Creeper. | 48. Osprey. | 91. Woodcock. |
| 6. Hairy woodpecker. | 49. Myrtle warbler. | 92. Maryland yellowthroat. |
| 7. Evening grosbeak. | 50. American bittern. | 93. Indigo bunting. |
| 8. Gold finch. | 51. Ruby-crowned kinglet. | 94. Red-headed woodpecker. |
| 9. Blue jay. | 52. Purple finch. | 95. Red-bellied woodpecker. |
| 10. Snow bunting. | 53. Chipping sparrow. | 96. Wood pewee. |
| 11. Barred owl. | 54. Towhee. | 97. Northern waterthrush. |
| 12. Downy woodpecker. | 55. White-throated sparrow. | 98. Golden-winged warbler. |
| 13. Great northern Shrike. | 56. Pied-billed grebe. | 99. Black poll warbler. |
| 14. Junco. | 57. Mallard duck. | 100. Canadian warbler. |
| 15. Redpoll linnet. | 58. Marsh hawk. | 101. Magnolia warbler. |
| 16. Crow. | 59. Horned grebe. | 102. Black-throated green warbler. |
| 17. Tree sparrow. | 60. Sora rail. | 103. Red-eyed vireo. |
| 18. Prairie horned lark. | 61. Chimney swift. | 104. Great blue heron. |
| 19. Robin. | 62. Bank swallow. | 105. Least fly catcher. |
| 20. Blue bird. | 63. Blue-winged teal. | 106. American crossbill. |
| 21. Bronzed grackle. | 64. Bonaparte gull. | 107. Lark sparrow. |
| 22. Red-winged blackbird. | 65. Winter wren. | 108. Red-breasted nuthatch. |
| 23. Canada goose. | 66. Barn swallow. | 109. Night hawk. |
| 24. Fox sparrow. | 67. Cow bird. | 110. Scarlet tanager. |
| 25. Phoebe. | 68. Brown thrasher. | 111. Black-billed cuckoo. |
| 26. Song sparrow. | 69. Black and white creeper | 112. Cape May warbler. |
| 27. Lesser scaup duck. | 70. Palm warbler. | 113. Cliff swallow. |
| 28. Tree swallow. | 71. Baltimore oriole. | 115. Bobolink. |
| 29. Yellow-bellied sapsucker. | 72. King bird. | 116. Common tern. |
| 30. American raven. | 73. Yellow warbler. | 117. Blackburnian warbler. |
| 31. Purple martin. | 74. Rose-breasted grosbeak. | 118. Nashville warbler. |
| 32. Rusty blackbird. | 75. Black tern. | 119. Mourning warbler. |
| 33. Flicker. | 76. Wood thrush. | 120. Least sandpiper. |
| 34. Mourning dove. | 77. Oven bird. | 121. Yellow-headed blackbird. |
| 35. Meadow lark. | 78. House wren. | 122. Great-crested fly catcher. |
| 36. Logger-headed shrike. | 79. Redstart. | 123. Ruby-throated hummer. |
| 37. Vesper sparrow. | 80. Warbling vireo. | 124. Cedar wax wing. |
| 38. Wilson's snipe. | 81. Cat bird. | 125. American white pelican. |
| 39. Golden-crowned kinglet. | 82. Prothonotary warbler. | 126. Yellow-billed cuckoo. |
| 40. Field sparrow. | 83. Yellow-throated vireo. | 127. Least tern. |
| 41. Swamp sparrow. | 84. Sharp-shinned hawk. | 128. Least bittern. |
| 42. Kingfisher. | 85. Black-throated blue warbler. | 129. White-rumped sandpiper. |
| 43. Killdeer. | 86. Spotted sandpiper. | 130. Wood duck. |
| | | 131. Little green heron. |
| | | 132. Ruffed grouse. |
| | | 133. Sparrow hawk. |

Respectfully,
Leo J. Egelberg,

Aged 16.

Maywood, Ill., November 30, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

The other day I saw a flock of geese and some hunters tracing up the flock of geese. The first thing they knew the geese had all lighted upon the river and the hunters had shot at them and they all went under the water.

Aged 12.

George Warde.

Maywood, Ill., Nov. 30, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

One day I was walking through a large field and I saw a little bird fly from the ground. I looked around and on the ground I saw a little bird's nest. It had four little white eggs with brown spots on them. The eggs were warm. The bird was brown and black. It was a meadow lark.

Aged 11.

Verra Port

A BLUE JAY'S NEST.

This summer two blue jays built a nest in an old apple tree in our yard. Every day for four days the mother bird laid an egg in the nest. Then she began to sit on the eggs.

The mother bird sat on the eggs for a long time. At last the eggs hatched. Then the birds threw the egg shells out of the nest. For a long time the little birds had no feathers. After a while they began to have little feathers. When they were hungry they would open their mouths very wide.

I went every day to see them. It made the old birds very angry to have me look at the little birds. One day when I went to look at them the little birds were gone. I never saw them any more. I suppose they had flown away.

Aged 11.

Belle G. Bement.
Kilbourn, Wis.

Deer Park, Wis., April 29, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

One morning we were out haying and we took up a cock and under that cock there were nine rabbits. We kept them a while, but my brother let them out, and when we were har-

vesting we saw one of them. But it was big then and I tried to catch it but it ran away.

Second Grade.

Owen Knerr.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT BIRDS

When I go out to feed the chickens and ducks in the morning, I see different kinds of birds. One day a little blue bird came hopping on the fence and then it flew over to a little house my brother had fixed for the Jenny wrens and it tried to get in but the holes were too small. Just before the last snow storm a flock of blue birds came from the south and I was so glad to hear their sweet voices again because I thought spring was here. And then the snow and wind came and I wondered where they had gone to, and what they had to eat and whether they had frozen or starved. Last summer a pair of chippie birds built their nest in a peach tree near our cistern.

Our neighbor's maltese cat came over and climbed the tree and caught the mother bird and tore her nest down and two of the tiny blue eggs fell on the walk. The father bird felt so distressed and cried so pitifully and kept calling for his mate that it made my heart ache. And since then I saw the cat walking off with a beautiful blue bird in his mouth. And now I can not love cats because they are so cruel.

Aged 9.

Grace A. Fiedler.
Alton, Ill.

Letters have been received from Edward Gaylard, Rosetta Ball, Mary Williams, Alice Urelins, Ruth Bjorn and Enna Winch, of the Julia Ward Howe School, Chicago; from Agnes Hector, Elsie Gesch, Helen Heinemann, Elmore Mensior, of Maywood, Ill.; and compositions on birds from Rhea Curdie, Walter Hefner, Cora Wuerker, Clara Fiedler, Elizabeth Dorman, Gladys Bockstruck, Myrtle Brown, William Stritmatter, Myrtle Volz, Minnie Uebelhack, Thomas Bushell, Nellie Higgins, Adele Sotier, Lucy Rippe, Fay Scott, Charles Clark, Eva Devenue, Walter Uzzell, Lucile Chamberlain, Frances Richards, Isabell Brooke, Alice Joesting, Johannah Fox, Nora Hinderhan, Laval Evans, Bessie Brockstruck, Helen Bangert, Anna Schwartz Ruby Russel, Pearl Shearlock, Sophie Giles, of Alton, Ill.

By The Wayside

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VOL. VII

FEBRUARY, 1905

No. 8

THE BIRD'S REPLY.

Now I'll sing you the live long day

Of the dear Southern lands of the Sun,
Where the trees are all strange and grey
And the flowers are never done;

And the air is so soft, and the wind of the
night

Rocks our cradles in shadow and gentle
moonlight.

Oh, I sing of our longing for home!

As we waited and watched for the Spring;
For the time of new leaves to come—

For the long steady flight on the wing
When guided by love, without glancing below
Straight on to our nests with our mates we
all go .

Oh, I sing of my own little nest!

My feathers are soft and warm,
And I know I'm a welcome guest
After the snow and the storm,

And my dear little mate is sitting close by,
And is resting, and happy and shy.

—Ethel E. Hooper.

EARLY BIRDS.

The birds I mean are the ones that make an early start in the morning; not the ones that come early in the spring. These birds did not seem to be in any hurry to catch the traditional worm, but devoted their whole energies to singing. They seemed to think that the first hours of the day, or rather the last hours of the night, were the best in the whole twenty-four. One night in May I happened to wake up at a quarter past two, when I heard a catbird begin to sing softly to himself in the darkness, almost as if he were afraid of waking up the other birds.. He soliloquized thus to himself for an hour or more, when the other birds woke up and drowned his voice with their chorus.

The robin is often the first fellow to be astir, Mr. Early-and-Late someone has called him. You will often hear his rapid "what-what-what?" after dark, when the other birds are all sound asleep, and then before the sun has so much as peeped above the horizon there he is again chirping away as if he had not slept a wink all night.

I once heard of a man who shot a robin because it woke him up too early in the morning singing that beautiful song of his. I suppose that same man would like to lock the sun up in a closet if he could, till nine o'clock in the morning.

Birds that I am used to hearing about the place don't wake me up when they sing, but it's a curious thing that when a new migrant sing outside my window, up I jump, out of a sound sleep. I was so startled one morning by hearing a loud, ringing whistle close to my window, "Cher-o-kee, cher-o-kee, cher-o-kee," it said. He whistled the same three notes over and over in such a rollicking way that it made you feel gay just to hear him. It was a Carolina wren, I knew, for I had heard him down in Georgia, but never here on the shores of Lake Michigan. Have you ever seen him? He has such a short tail that bobs over his back as our house wren's does, only he has a long dark line through his eye, which makes him look quite different.

Perhaps some morning in February you will hear a sweet meandering warble from some tree near your window. It won't last long and the singer will be off before you can say "Jack Robinson," but if you have a chance to see a striped bird with a tinge of deep red to his feathers, and a sharply forked tail, you will know it is a Purple Finch. He is a glorious singer, but a Wandering Jew of a bird, never staying long enough in one place to let us get acquainted with him .

Once I heard a Maryland Yellow Throat begin his "witchery, witchery, witchery" be-

fore daybreak. He kept saying it over and over from a thicket that edged a field in front of the house, and it certainly was a scene of witchery as the dawn slowly crept over the hills and the stars went out one by one as the soft light stole across the sky. But I don't suppose he was thinking of the dawn at all, but was probably eating his breakfast down there in the hazel bushes and snatching a worm in between each song.

You will often hear one bird singing all alone this way in the early morning, but wait a little and the whole chorus will soon begin, and then there is such a rush and tumble of bird notes that you can hardly tell one from the other.

We do not often have English sparrows where I live, but sometimes these noisy fellows intrude into our quiet woods and then their squaking is a prominent feature of the morning chorus. I heard one at 4:15 one morning chirping with a persistence worthy of a better cause. He went on and on and I finally began to count the chirps. When I had counted up to 1121 I gave it up and went to sleep. I woke at 6:15 and the same bird was still holding forth. I counted 360 consecutive squacks and then concluded to get up and forget the fellow.

One wild, stormy night, when the waves were roaring up and down our shore I heard the piercing "peep-peep" of a sand-piper up there in the dark sky.

On still nights I often hear the "honk-honk" of wild geese flying over Lake Michigan. How do they know which way to fly, I wonder!

If you have trees around your house go outside some warm summer night in May or June and you will hear occasional sleepily little peeps and twitters, and then you will realize that there are numbers of tiny birds up there in the dark leaves, dreaming just as you do in your sleep.

I often wish that in early summer everybody would go to bed at 8 o'clock and get up at four, and then we would not have to miss any of the interesting things that are going on out in the woods and fields.

Ellen D. Farwell.

A BIRD GAME.

I heard of a very nice party given by some members of the Audubon society where a guessing game was played that I shall try de-

scribe to you. Each child was given a card with pictures on it to suggest the name of a bird. One card had a patch of blue color, and a drawing or outline of a bird; this was the blue bird. A picture of a nest and an incubator with chickens just coming out, pasted on one card meant nuthatch. The robin was represented by the picture of a boy with the name Rob, and an inn; and so on.

The cards were passed around and the children tried to see which could guess the most names of birds from the cards.

There were 12 children and 12 cards. The hostess suggested that this made one bird for each month in the year. They might call the blue bird April's bird. She asked how many children have birthdays in April? Wouldn't it be nice for these to take the blue bird for their birthday bird and watch it and learn all they could about it during the next year? She went through the list until she had found the birthday of each child.

The hostess then said that a fairy bird had flown to her shoulder and whispered to her a fairy message, and that though there might be a mistake about there being a fairy bird there was no mistake about the message; and the message was that the children were to hunt over the rooms for some surprises that were hidden around them. They found nests made of evergreen and filled with candy eggs. And then the children all went home with their little nests and a copy of "Bird's Petition" written out for each one, and tied with ribbons.

I have heard, too, of Easter nests made of little cakes scooped out, frosted and filled with candy eggs.

Will you show this to your teacher and ask her if she won't get up some game like this for you?

E. E. H.

A Dakota Racer.

Our neighbor at the hotel was a gentleman from the country, big, robust, of aldermanic build, and a curious mixture of Yankee shrewdness and Irish wit. He had prospered in this world's goods and had seen a bit of the world. His manners and his morals were not above reproach, but the instincts of a naturalist and a sportsman he had, and these quite won our hearts.

"Talk about them coaching meets I see when I was in Los Angeles last winter, why I could show them California fellers some sport that

was sport if they'd come up to my place in North Dakota. Why, they'll take one of them little half starved sickly looking rabbits they got out there, and start their big well-fed blooded dogs after 'em, and run 'em to the finish. Rabbit's sure to get killed, anyhow. 'Taint fair. Often thought I'd like to fit out a course, say three mile long, and then put on one of our big Dakota Jack rabbits. They're big, bony, nice, long legged fellows, twice or three times as big as the Cotton-tails round here. Ears as long as that," measuring with his knife, his chief table implement, the length of the vinegar bottle in the easter which always adorns the table of the country hotel, "yes, full five inches long. They're colored just like their surroundings, gray in summer and white in winter. They'll crouch down on the ground, an' lay their long ears out in front, an' let you come within two feet of 'em before they'll stir. You can't see them, neither, till you get right onto them."

"Pretty good runners?" we ventured, encouragingly.

"Well, of course, there's young rabbits and old rabbits, and I never see a blooded dog after one of 'em. But I've had lots of fun with one old jack rabbit that used to live in a straw-pile on my place. I used to get my pack of seven dogs after him, just to see the old feller run. Had one white dog thought he could run some. Rabbit used to enjoy it, too. Why, I've seen him sit and watch us coming toward him. When the dogs come pretty near, he'd light out a little, till they'd all got started. He'd look back over his shoulder till they'd all got in line, and he 'bout two rods ahead. Then when everything was ready, he'd let out a link or two, and then another an' another. I watched 'em once or twice till I got the course—always led the same way, through the woods, 'long a stretch of smooth, hard road, and 'round home again by our elevator. When I knew the track, I'd start the dogs off, then take the short cut over to the elevator, and see the finish. Down they'd come, Jack first, the white dog about eight rods behind, and then the others about eight rods behind him. There was just a streak of rabbit an' then a streak of dog. Then the rabbit'd make for the elevator to get under it, and I'd call the game off, an' the rabbit got the race. Never'd let the dogs go near that building. 'Twouldn't be fair; he'd won the race, an' was entitled to the honors. Like to see a race

like that when there's a chance for the rabbit."

"Did the dog ever catch him?" we put in again, as we rose and filed out of the dining room.

"No, never come anywhere near it. You see that rabbit could run just as fast as he wanted to. Many a time I've had some fun, seeing them two race it. That's a kind of sport I like."

R. M.

ALBINO SPARROWS AT KILBOURN.

There is within the village of Kilbourn, Wis., a freak of nature among the feathered tribe that flutter among trees or build their nests in the cornice of the store buildings. It is a pair of albino sparrows. They are of the English sparrow family and live, act, and chirp as do their mates; but unlike the others they are of a light creamy color, and contrast vividly when seen hopping about with their little brown companions. Where they came from or where they were raised is still a mystery. In the past three or four years they have been seen by many people in different parts of the village, and have been known to raise a family of little birds each year, but always the young are brown and gray the same as the original English sparrow.

Guy O. Glazier, Kilbourn, Wis.

Here is an extract from a recent letter written by an appreciative subscriber in Antigo.

I read the little paper and pass it on to do more work for the birds. I have been studying birds for four years and now know by heart over one hundred. It is a very fascinating study to me. Have had a Northern Shrike in my yard all morning and have been watching him scare those little ruffians, English sparrows.

Do you know the story of a Japanese maiden who, finding that a morning glory had twined about the handle of her bucket would not break it, but went elsewhere for water? Sir Edwin Arnold's translation or verse about it is:

"The morning glory
Her leaves and bells has bound
My bucket handle round
I could not break the bands.
Of those soft hands.
The bucket and the well to her I left,
Lend me some water, for I come bereft."

E. G. P.

BY THE WAYSIDE

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All communications should be sent to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton, Wis.

NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOL.

VIII.. The Trees in Winter.

To many the idea of studying trees or any plants in winter is incongruous; even high schools until a short time ago gave courses in botany only in the spring and fall. That plants can be alive, even growing, in winter is hard to believe until one investigates the matter. Of course we soon learn that many plants in this region simply cease their activities and go into a dormant or resting state on the approach of cold weather. Why do buds begin to open so quickly in the first warm days of spring and why does the sap begin to run before the snow is gone if trees are not really alive all winter? Large numbers of plants, among them most of our trees, form their buds in the late summer and fall, make all things ready, then conserve their energies, lop of all superfluities like leaves and go into a resting state for the winter months.

Cut some twigs from various trees and keep their ends in water in a warm room. You may get a little foretaste of spring in the opening of the buds. You may even get the blossoms of the apple and plum long before their time. Any home and any school can do this. The children may be asked this question, Is light or heat the more important in causing the unfolding of the buds.

So far from its being a very unfavorable time to study trees, winter is really the best time to begin. For when their activities commence we see little but the foliage; in winter we see best their other characters. The general form of the tree is a character we must learn before we can become familiar with it. It will enable us to recognize a tree at a distance. How much of the beauty of a landscape is due to the forms of the trees in it. And at no time do trees show their characteristic forms so well as in winter. Look at an elm, its wide triangular top, drooping limbs ending in a tracery of fine branches against a

background of winter sky. Now contrast the maples, and notice the difference in shape of the top, in branching, in position of twigs. You can understand why winter is the best of times to learn the forms of trees. Point out these things to the children; they may observe them on their way to school or even from the windows.

Then there is the fascinating study of buds, each tree having its characteristic kind. What is a bud, anyway? A little branch, stem, leaves, even flowers, folded and packed with the greatest skill. Are flowers and leaves in the same buds? Which open first? Notice what protection is given these tiny structures. What wrapping of hardy scales and packing and waterproofing of wax.

The arrangement of buds will help greatly in identifying trees. Notice that nearly all trees have either the opposite or the alternate arrangement of buds; that is, two buds come out opposite each other from the same point (node) on the stem, or only one. Follow the twig up and see how the buds on the upper nodes lie with respect to the lower, and think of the reason for this. Which method of arrangement does the elm follow? the maple? Children may be interested in these points by asking them to bring to school as many kinds of twigs as they can. (Don't let them injure or disfigure the trees in doing this; branches should be cut, not broken off.) Then let them sort the twigs into two piles according to the arrangement of buds. The next step, to identify all kinds is made easier. The maples and elms are perhaps best to start with; teach a few kinds thoroughly, and the others will come easily.

Then there is the bark of the tree to study, the maple? Children may be interested in rough or smooth? What do the cracks in the bark mean and is there any peculiarity about them? Sometimes the bark is the part which reveals most quickly the identity of the tree, and what time so good as winter to learn this?

Of the "evergreen" or cone-bearing trees there is much to be said. Their leaves are peculiar and their fruit is the cone. Their appearance is much the same to us at all times. To start with, notice the arrangement of the needle leaves of the pines and the spruces. You will soon learn them as classes. Then, this well known, knowledge

(Continued on last page)

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois Children sending to Miss Ethel E. Hooper, 541 N. State St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin Children to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton Wisconsin. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive *By The Wayside* one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Miss Hooper or Miss Marshall.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Edna Edwards Librarian, 846 Prospect St., Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewriter lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

CHICKADEE.

The black capped chickadee is the commonest and most generally distributed member of the Titmouse family.

Throughout the greater part of its range the Chickadee is found at all seasons, but it is with winter that these merry little black and white midgets are generally associated. Their tameness, quaint notes and friendly ways make them unusually companionable birds; one need not lack for society when Chickadees are to be found. Many of their notes are especially conversational in character, and in addition to the familiar "chickadee" call they have a high, sweet, plaintive two or three noted whistle.

The Chickadee nests about the middle of May, selecting some suitable cavity or making one for himself in a decayed trunk or limb and lining it with moss, plant down, and feathers. The eggs, five to eight in number, are white, spotted and speckled, chiefly at the larger end, with cinnamon or reddish brown.—

Chapman, Bird Life.

Letters about the Chickadee should be sent to the secretaries by March. 1.

ILLINOIS SECRETARY'S LETTER.

My dear new Wayside Friends:

I am going to write my first letter to you about a great horned owl that a boy I know caught and kept as a pet. I wonder if the name "great horned owl" means much to you? Perhaps you have heard one of these lovely

birds hooting 'way off in the woods in summer; they are sometimes called "hoot owls." They are very large indeed, and they have large yellow eyes, long ear tufts that look much more like ears than horns, I think, and they are mottled all over, buff and brown and white. They are the softest thing I ever felt for their feathers are long, thick and downy.

These great horned owls lay two large white eggs early in the spring time, one of which hatches out some time before the other does, so that one little owl is quite strong and flying about when its twin is still very much of a baby. So one day in May when some boys were looking for the young owls, one owl kept far off being able to fly very well; the other spread his wings for what was probably his first flight, and sailed slowly to the ground. The boys threw a coat over him, picked him up, and carried him home without any trouble. They kept him just a year, first in a piano box with wire netting stretched across the open side, and later they gave him the freedom of the stable loft.

When first caught the young owl had already outgrown his baby down of white, and being nearly full grown in spite of his being so helpless, he wore a summer coat of buff or pale yellow. In the fall he looked just like any fully grown hoot owl.

He was always ready to eat and ate everything offered to him. Rats, mice and English Sparrows he liked particularly and even June bugs, but he lived mostly on butcher's meat. He never seemed to tear any of his food and swallowed everything whole. He did not even hesitate to gulp down a red squirrel.

He never grew at all tame and never got to like anyone, at best only tolerating visitors. When left alone by day he sat motionless, his feathers drawn close to his body, and his large eyes nearly closed. But if a cat happened to pause before his box he was excited at once, and stared hard at the cat till it turned tail and ran off. The owlet puffed himself up when people came near him, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other and breathing hard through his open beak. Sometimes

he snapped his beak viciously and made a clucking, quarrelsome noise.

The boys kept him for a year; and one evening when one of the boys was feeding him the owl crouched down, snapping his beak, and puffing out his feathers till he looked very fierce. Suddenly the owl threw himself from the perch that was about level with the boy's head and rushed straight at the boy's face. He ducked his head just in time so that the owl missed him, just striking his back and flying way to the other end of the loft. The boy ran out of the barn, and decided to let his cross pet go. So a few days later they bound the owl and carrying him into the woods, let him go near the place where they had caught him. At first he flew stupidly a few feet and settled on the ground. The boys stirred him up and he rose and flew heavily to the top of a dead tree and that was the last the boys saw of their great horned owl. They hoped that he knew how to take care of himself in spite of having lived in captivity all of his life.

I hope that he did too, don't you? And now will you please write me about some of your pet birds? I'd be very glad indeed of any letters about your pets.

Your sincere friend,

Ethel E. Hooper.

Wisconsin Prize Letter.

Rio, Wis., Jan. 30th, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

One day last summer a phoebe built a nest on our porch. She built on the post. First she brought a lot of mud and then she lined it with horse-hair. Then she laid the eggs. There were five of them. They were white with brown spots. She sat about two weeks, I think, on the eggs. She would sit in her nest and watch us when we went out on the porch. One day we saw that the eggs had hatched, and there were five little birds. Their mouths were open most of the time. They kept the mother bird busy getting food for them. One day one of us took a chair and climbed up and tried to get one of them out of the nest.

One day we thought that the nest was too full so one of us climbed up and took two of them out and put them on the fence. The old mother bird watched us, but she didn't

seem to care. As soon as we put them on the fence they flew away. We never saw them after that.

That same summer a mourning dove built in the orchard. There were only two eggs in the nest. The nest was made of small twigs and it was flat.
Aged 7. Ellis Cutsforth.

Chicago, Dec. 13, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

I am going to tell about the bluejay. It is a very mean bird. It will do all the harm it can do other birds. It is a very pretty bird, but is very harmful. It has a black collar and on the head of the male it has a crest. The female has a crest too, but it is not so large. The wings and tail are deep blue. They are white-tipped and black-barred. It has a harsh noisy call-note. It stays the year around at Lincoln Park.

Yours truly,

Urelius.

Rio, Wis., Jan. 27, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

One day this summer when I was walking in the yard, I saw a robin on a branch of a tree. One day I wondered if the robin had any little ones, so I thought that I would climb up and see. In the nest were four little robins. The little robins opened their mouths wide when they saw me. The big robin flew over to the other side of the tree and sang. In two or three days I thought I would see if the little robins were there yet. When I went out in the orchard there was one little one on the post, and one on a pile of straw, and the third on the ground. I took them and put them down back of the barn, because I was afraid the cat would get them. I could not find the other one. When I was in the house I saw the old robin sitting on the tree.

Yours truly,

Aged 10.

Vina Carney.

The Blue Jay.

The blue jay is blue and white. He is quite a large bird, and builds its nest out of paper, cotton and sticks. It is a destructive bird and is very mean. There were some little wrens which built in a hole in the bricks of a house. When the eggs were hatched there were five little birds. There were two jay birds sitting in a tree, and they went into

the wrens' nest and took the little wrens out of the nest and ate them. The blue jay is not a very tame bird. The other day there were two blue jays sitting upon the limb of an apple tree. One of the birds would fly up to the other and make a funny noise, and then it would pick the tree to get out the worms, then fly into the tree again. At first I thought they were fighting, but I watched them a while and I found one of them was feeding the other.

Lelia Tribble,
Aged 13. Alton, Ill

The Wren.

Last summer I thought I would attract the birds to my home, so I built a little house. Soon after I had it built, my uncle came in from the country and wanted me to go out with him. I went and stayed about a week. When I came home, I found a wren building a nest in the house. I watched them for a long time. The boys told why they came to my house. They had built a nest before and just when the mother bird was ready to sit on the eggs, the nest was robbed and the birds built a new nest in my house. The mother bird didn't lay any eggs for it was getting pretty late in the year, so they went south. I hope they will come again this year. I belong to the Audubon society and am very thankful if I can protect the birds.

Perry Roudebush,
Aged 12. Appleton, Wis.

Portage, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

Last winter I scattered crumbs in front of our house, and some blue jays came and gathered them, so this winter I hung out some suet and scattered some bread crumbs too. Some little cedar birds, come every day and gather them, but some times blue-jays chase them away. Blue-jays and Butcher-birds are very cruel to birds smaller than themselves. There was a nest of Butcher-birds near our house, and one day my little canary bird was out on the porch in his cage, when all at once we heard a fluttering and we just got out in time to save our bird for a butcher-bird had got him around the neck and would have killed him in a short time if we had not come to the rescue.

Aged 13. Mae McIntyre.
Maywood, Ill.

Nov. 30th, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

There is a little place on the front porch. A little sparrow sleeps there at night all winter. Now there is another little bird comes and sleeps there now too. Every winter they come and sleep there. Good bye.

Aged 10.

Agnes Hector.

The Robin.

May is the month when birds come and build their nests, and flowers bloom, and all fruit trees are in blossom. In our neighbor's yard two robins build their nests in a pear tree. I washed my dollies' clothes and hung them out to dry, and a little robin came and took some of the clothes to build its nest with. And in course of a little while it had some baby robins in its nest, which pleased me very much. Every morning I threw out some crumbs for the mother robin to feed her baby birds, and they grew to be big birds, and they flew away and that was the last I saw of them.

Moreland Marie Rintoul,
Aged 8. Alton, Ill.

The Bluebird.

About three years ago we put out a bird-house, and last year we put out two more and every year we have many bluebirds. My sister and I watch all the birds we see. This year the bluebird had to fight a sparrow to get the box. About two weeks ago the bluebird kept flying against our neighbor's window. Now what do you think it wanted there? Did it see itself or something in the window?

I think the bluebird is so pretty. He is all blue with only a little brown on his breast. One winter the bluebird stayed here all winter.

Adolph K. Wuerker.
Aged 8. Alton, Ill.

Kilbourn, Wis., Jan. 21, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

As I was coming from school the other night, I heard a little peeping sound. I looked around and saw on the trunk of a tree a bird with a white breast, and quite a long slim beak. Its back was a grayish blue and white. I knew by a picture I had seen that it was the White Breasted Nuthatch. The bird was running up and down the tree looking for food. Then it flew to another tree

and did the same. This time he had something in his beak. It flew on the top of our house with it and hopped around a little while. Then he ate what he had and flew out of sight.

Yours truly,

Aged 12.

Fay Brown.

Some Things I Know About Robins.

When the robins came from the south this spring there was one pair that seemed more friendly than the rest. They would come right up close to us and would not be the least bit afraid. They would hop, hop and hop, along and then stop and listen for a worm. We noticed that they were building a nest, and one night the wind was raging, and it blew the nest out of the tree. The next day I went out in the garden, and I saw something blue on the ground. I went over to it and picked it up and there I saw it was a robin's egg. I put it away for a few days, and a dear little fellow came to our house and wanted to see it. I showed him the egg. I had it in a little basket. The little boy was so excited that he pushed my arm and the egg fell out of the basket and broke. The birds were not discouraged, for they went to work and built another nest, and had some baby birds. One evening as papa was digging in the garden, the old birds came and picked up worms as papa spaded the ground, and then they would fly up to the nest and feed the young robins.

The next morning we heard the old bird crying so pitiously. We felt as if we had taken a Rip Van Winkle sleep, and had slept from the nineteenth of April to the twentieth of December for we awoke to find everything covered with snow. But it was the twentieth of April and the birds were cold and hungry. So after it stopped snowing, my sisters and I took brooms and a shovel and cleaned the snow off the roof of the chicken house, and put some wheat and corn on it for the birds to eat, but I fear the young robins are dead.

Clara Fiedler.

Aged 11.

Alton, Ill.

Here is an interesting report from an Illinois Audubon society.

Maywood, Ill., Jan. 31, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I thought I would write and tell you about our Audubon Society we have started. There

were fifty-two members in it when we started some time last November, and more are coming in right along. We have a president, a secretary, a treasurer, and a committee of six. We elect new officers every four months, and if a child is absent three times in succession he is dropped from the society and has to pay a cent to enter again; also each child pays a cent every month that we use for getting papers and books. We used to meet at my mother's school, but now the parents of the children who are in the society asked us to their homes. So now we meet every Thursday at different houses, and we have pieces and talk about the birds, and mama reads the Wayside to us. After the pieces and when we are through, the people give us refreshments. The society last from four to half past. First the president calls for order and then our secretary reads our roll call, and we begin to recite our pieces. Last Thursday when we were talking about the birds one girl told us that she had taken her Christmas tree and sprinkled it with crumbs and put it outside where it was soon covered with birds. Another boy had filled little paper baskets with crumbs and hung on the Christmas tree and they were all gone the next day. We feed the birds at the back of our house and there is always a flock around the house.

Yours truly,

Juanita Reade.

The Trees in Winter.

(Continued from Page 60)

of other conifers will come very naturally and quickly.

The shapes of trees, their buds and their bark—here are three good points of departure in tree study. How large a number of persons there are, the majority easily, who cannot tell you the names of the trees in their immediate vicinity? Here is real practical knowledge that they have never gotten, and how much satisfaction its possession would have given! Let the children become acquainted with trees while they are in school, and they will never forget. There are probably twenty or thirty different kinds of trees within walking distance of the school. Here is work for the nature study periods in February.

"Studies of Trees in Winter" by Annie Oakes Huntington is a very helpful book upon this subject. ,

R. M.

By The Wayside

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VOL. VII

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No. 9

A WINTER SCENE.

(Written for The Wayside.)

When wintry winds sweep o'er the lea
And whistle through the forest drear,
The flying snow flakes in their glee,
Spread a soft white mantle far and near.

But swaying in the apple tree
The little bird we love so dear
A chering note from dainty throat,
Of darling little chick-a-dee.

The merry March winds laugh and play
O'er snowy ice-bound lake and stream,
The skies are blue, the sun's bright ray
Through fairy frost flowers give glint and gleam

See! perching on a bending spray
The saussy bird—so few esteem—
So pert and bright, a charming sight,
A jolly blithsome Connie bluejay.

Flora E. Kendall,
Westfield, Wis.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

Anthony looked around.

A moment ago there had not been a bird in sight (though of course, the day was thrived through and through with the notes of those who were out of sight). But now, in the path before the arbour, all facing towards it, there must have been a score of birds—three or four sparrows, a pair of chaffinches, and then green finches, green finches, green finches. They were all facing expectantly towards the arbour, hopping towards it, hesitating, hopping on again, coming nearer, nearer.

Susanna, moving softly, lifted the dragon-handled cover from the Chinese vase. It was full of bird seed.

"Ah, I see," said Anthony. "Pensioners. But I suppose you have reflected that to give alms to the able-bodied is to pauperize them."

"Hush," she whispered, scorning his economies. "Please make yourself invisible, and be quiet."

Then, taking a handful of seed and leaning forward, softly, softly she began to intone—

Tu-ite, tu-ite,
Uccelli, fringuelli,
Passeri, verdonelli,
Venite, venite!"

and so, da capo, over and over again.

And the birds, hesitating, gaining confidence, holding back, hopping on, came nearer, nearer. A few, the boldest, entered the arbour—they all entered—they hesitated, hung back, hopped on. Now they were at her feet; now three were in her lap; others were on the table. On the table, in her lap, at her feet, she scattered seed. Then she took a second handful, and softly, softly, to a sort of lullaby tune,

"Perlino, Perlino,
Perlino, Prismino,
Where is Perlino?
Come Perlino,"

she sang, her open hand extended.

A green finch flew up to the table, flew down to her knee, flew up to her shoulder, flew down to her hand, and, perching on her thumb, began to feed.

And she went on with her soft, soft, intoning.

"This is Perlino,
So green, oh, so green, oh.
He is the bravest heart,
The sweetest singer, of them all.
I'm obliged to impart my information
In the form of a chant;
For if I were to speak it out, prose-
wise,
They would be frightened, they would
fly away.

But I hope you admire
My fine contempt for rhyme and
rhythm.

Is this not the ninth wonder of the
world?

Would you, or could you believe,
If you hadn't seen it,
That these wild birds,
Not the sparrows alone,
But the shy, shy finches,
Could become so tame, so fearless?
Oh, it took time and patience.
One had to come every day,
At the same hour,
And sit very still.
And softly, softly,
Monotonously, monotonously.
Croon, croon, croon.
As I am crooning now.
At first one cast one's seed
At a distance—
Then nearer, nearer,
Till at last—

Well, you see the result."

Her eyes laughed but she was very careful not to move. Anthony, blotted against the leafy wall behind him, sat as still as a statue. Her eyes laughed. Her red lips, smiling, toyed delicious curves. And the hand on which Perlino perched, with its slender fingers, its soft modelling, its warm whiteness, was like a thing carved of rose-marble and made alive.

"And Perlino," she resumed her chant—

"Perlino Piumino

Is the bravest of them all.

And now that he has made an end

Of his handful of seed,

I hope he will be so good

As to favor us with a little music.

Sometimes he will,

And sometimes he just obstinately
won't:

"Tu-ite, tu-ite, tu-ite,

Andiamo, Perlino, tu-ite!

Canta, di grazia, Canta."

And after some further persuasion,—you will suspect me of meaning, but upon my word,—Perlino Piumino consented. Clinging to Susanna's thumb, he threw back his head, opened his bill, and poured forth his crystal song—a thin, bright, crystal rill, swift, flowing, winding in delicate volutions. And merely, how his green little bosom throbbed.

"Isn't it creditable?" Susanna whispered. It is wonderful to feel him. His whole body is beating like a heart."

And when his song was finished, she bent towards him, and—never, never so softly—touched the top of his green head with her lips.

"And fly away, birdlings, back to your affairs," she said. "Good-bye until tomorrow."

She rose, and there was an instant whirl of fluttering wings.

—From "The Lady Paramount," by Henry Harland.

AN ADVENTURE WITH AN OWL.

One bright moonlight night during the summer of 1900 a large owl flew to the top of a tree near our house. Our dog Dude was the first to see him. When I heard the dog barking I knew that something was the matter and went to see what the trouble was. On reaching the foot of the tree, I saw two large bright eyes watching me. I picked up a stick and threw it in their direction and a frightened owl flew away. After a short time he came back again and lit on the granary, near a dove cot. On one side of this were five or six holes. The owl tried to get in one hole and the doves flew out of the others. The owl tried to grab them but they were too quick for him. At last he caught one of them and flew to the woods with it. The next day I decided that he must have a nest some place not very far off and probably there were some young ones in it, so I strategized out. I took Dude with me but he was much more interested in chasing rabbits than in hunting owl's nests. As I was walking along I came to a large tree with a hole, from which protruded the head of an owl. I picked up a stick and poked the owl but he pulled it away from me. I became angry and grabbed him by the head. I had no sooner taken a hold of him than he had hold of me trying to pick out my eyes. Just then what should come to the spot but my dog Dude. As we seemed to be having some fun he thought he would like to help. He caught the owl and for about three seconds hair and feathers flew in all directions. Just as I was thinking how lucky I had been to get out of the scrape something grabbed me. The dog was getting mad. Suddenly before I could see what was the matter the dog jumped upon me and I fell.

I got up and looked to see what was the matter. I found out that another owl, upon hearing the noise of the former scuffle had come out of the hole and had grabbed me. I looked around. No more owls were in sight so I put my hand in the hole and pulled out two eggs. I picked up the two dead owls and with my eggs proceeded towards home. I put the eggs under a sitting hen. One of the eggs did not hatch but the other one did and grew to be a large bird. I named him Blinkey as he was a very quarrelsome bird. He had many battles especially with the old hens when he would try to steal their little chickens. He became very troublesome and we had to clip his wings. One morning he had a fight with an old turkey gobbler and was killed. Mother was not at all sorry that troublesome Blinkey was out of the way.

Millie Kinney,
Madison, Wis.

Second ward school.

ENGLISH SPARROWS.

There is much to say about the English sparrow, for and against. In the first place we must remember that, they like the colored race, did not come voluntarily to this country, but were brought for a purpose. If they have out-lived their usefulness, is it their fault? The complaint that they drive away song birds is often made. In some localities where they exist in large numbers there is no doubt but what they do. In that case the only remedy is to lessen the number, either with a shot gun or poison. January is a good month for the poison for then they are more likely to be the only bird, but it really seems cruel to kill them for their faithfulness. What would our winters be without the noisy cheerful little English sparrow. How glad we are in February to see them preparing for spring with their clean white colors and black bibs. They are without a doubt the only birds whose nests we do not welcome about our homes. Yet we cannot fail to admire their industry and perseverance. They will replace their nests as fast as they are pulled down. I once watched a pair build their nest in a street light. The next morning the man pulled it out and again they filled in the straw; again the man pulled it out. I saw this repeated every day for over a week, then I lost track of them. They are not ornamen-

tal, but they are never idle and must destroy many destructive worms and bugs. I quote the following praise although it is grudgingly given: "Occasionally English sparrows do some good; recently I saw several of them eating weed seeds, some of the birds clung to the stalks, while others picked up seeds from the ground or obtained what they could by flying upwards at them". We must admit that even the most disliked birds can be of use.

NIGHTHAWKS AT A FIRE.

When Mrs. J. Koebel's barn was struck by lightening and burned a few weeks ago, Mac Evans said that dozens of nighthawks were circling around over the fire. The barn was set afire about two o'clock; the night was very dark and the rain pouring, but in a few moments nighthawks were at the fire. It may be that the light attracted moths and insects and that it was these the birds were after.—T. Review.

During the summer Mrs. Evans noticed that nearly every evening, their cat went to a little hollow and sitting down waited for the nighthawks to appear. When these birds came, they flew back and forth over the cat, coming so close to her that they ruffled the fur on her back. When one came near she jumped at it but never caught, one, and from the birds' actions it appeared that they did it to tease the cat.

POET'S LOVE OF BIRDS.

The poems of Lowell are filled with references to nature in her many forms, and very often he wrote of birds, revealing the fact that he was familiar with many different species. In his essay entitled "My Garden Acquaintance," he mentions over forty kinds of birds with which he seemed to have been on close terms of friendship.

"The brown buds thicken on the trees,
Unbound, the free streams sing,
As march leads forth across the leas
The wild and windy spring.
"Where in the fields the melted snow
Leaves hollows warm and wet,
Ere many days will sweetly blow
The first blue violet."

—From Elizabeth Akers' "April."

BY THE WAYSIDE

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NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOL.

IX. The Toad.

The common toad is one of the best subjects for nature study lessons. There are several reasons for this. First of all, it has great economic value, more than is commonly known. Toads destroy an enormous number of insects and slugs which injure the garden. Their capacity for this service seems unlimited. While they are of such value to man, little is done to check their destruction, so often thoughtless or wanton. Let the children be taught these lessons.

Toads can easily be collected and kept the year around. The children will bring them if they are asked to. No one need fear to touch them; children have no repugnance for them until they learn it from their elders. There should be several toads kept so that the children may have an opportunity to know them well. Fit up some kind of a house for them—on an aquarium, or a wooden box will do. Have in the bottom a few inches of moist earth in which is sunk a dish of water. Keep them in a cool shady place.

Be sure that the lessons on the toad are the right kind. Do not spend valuable time in asking such foolish questions as "How many legs has your specimen?" or "Where are their eyes?" Let the children see how it makes itself at home in its new quarters; how its dull color and warty surface fit it into its surroundings. Then there are feeding experiments; perhaps these can best be carried on outside the school hours. What will toads eat? Is any one quick enough to see it catch its food? Then the pupils will notice how it breathes. And some day some one will see the shedding of the skin and what the toad does with it. There is no end to the interesting things to be found out.

DOWNY WOODPECKER.

The downy woodpecker is a very sociable little bird, more so than any of the other woodpeckers. Almost any day in the winter

or summer he can be seen about our homes busily boring holes into our trees, after the insects beneath the bark. Apple trees being his favorites. He himself is from six to seven inches long with black and white bars on wings and tail, and a narrow red head bar on the male and a white one on the female. He has no song only a harsh call note. His nest is built in holes in old trees and contains five small, white eggs.

Letters about the above bird should be sent to the secretaries by April first.

THE SONG SPARROW.

One morning I saw a song sparrow. I said, "Come little sparrow and I'll give you something to eat." Then I hung a piece of suet on a tree and went to school. At noon when I came home it was eating the suet. I threw out some string for it to use to build a nest. In the evening I threw out some bread crumbs and after it had eaten some, it seemed to say, "Thank you."

The bird is about six inches long. The eggs are of blue or whitish color. The song is like a whistle of a boy.

The next morning when I was playing with my little brother, I saw it again and it seemed to say, "Where's my breakfast?" Then I went into the house to get some bread crumbs, and it sang a song. The song sparrow has a beautiful song and I love it dearly.

Aged 11.

Inda Ross,
Appleton, Wis.

Chicago, February 15, 1904.

Dear Wayside:

I have only a little bit to write. But I will do the best I can. Last year a little sparrow brought some hair and feathers and some dry grass also and built a cute little nest in a popular tree near our house. It laid very cute little eggs. It hatched some little ones. Then it went away and I never saw it any more. After about a month a robin red breast came peering around the nest. It sat in the same nest that the sparrow had left. Then after the robin had laid some eggs and little ones hatched out. But I am going to tell you a very funny thing that after all (fnss) bad weather the little nest is there yet.

Yours truly,

Aged 9.

Majorie Huszagh.

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois Children sending to Miss Ethel E. Hooper, 541 N. State St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin Children to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton Wisconsin. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive *By The Wayside* one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Miss Hooper or Miss Marshall.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Edna Edwards Librarian, 846 Prospect St., Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewriter lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

THE WISCONSIN SECRETARY'S LETTER.

My Dear Wayside Readers:

I am sending you greeting this time from the land of sunshine and flowers and birds. Where spring is come already. The air is full of song; the birds and the songs are, most of them, new and strange to me. I miss especially the robin and the English sparrow; you will say that the last is a good miss, and so it is. Robins do not come here, I am told. I have seen but one and that was in an aviary. One day I saw dozens of meadow larks; they are slightly different from our Wisconsin form, and the song is even fuller and richer.

But the mocking bird could almost make up for the absence of the robin. He is a pretty, jaunty bird, showing much white on the wings and tail when flying. He is very sociable, and builds around the houses of San Diego. A lady at whose home I called pointed out to me a place in the rose bush climbing up the second story window where a pair of mocking birds had lived. She told me a pretty story about them, too. She was ill and confined to her room for two years. From her bed she could watch these mocking birds. After a while the female disappeared, and the widower bird lived alone in the rosebush. Before long, however, he brought home a new wife. But she evidently thought his quarters too public, for she insisted that they move to the other side of the house and build a new nest. Here they reared their young, and

came finally to regard that part of the garden as exclusively their own. They would swoop down upon the family dog when he came near, and frighten him away. There were bushes of logan berries near the nest, and these they would feed to their young. They seriously objected when anyone came near them, evidently regarding the fruit as their own. In the nesting season the males sing all night to their mates. We do not hear much of their song at this season. I have heard of persons so lacking in sentiment that they got up nights to shoo the mocking birds away from their windows. As though one ought not to be glad of a chance to be kept awake by such music!

The sea birds are a great delight, as they hover gracefully over the water of the harbor or skim the surface. There are great numbers of them, and many kinds. I am glad to see that they show little fear, for that shows that they are protected.

By the time this reaches you spring will be on its way to Illinois and Wisconsin. I hope that many of you have already several birds upon your lists, and that the boys and girls will write many letters to the Wayside about them.

Very sincerely your friend,

Ruth Marshall.

San Diego, Cal.

For February Prize Letter.

La Crosse, Wis., Feb. 3 1905.

Dear Wayside:

This is the first time I have written to you. I belong to the Audubon society and am interested in birds. Some weeks ago the trees in front of our school were full of Cedar Waxwings. A few days ago I was playing in the school yard when my little brother called my attention to a flock of waxwings. The cedar waxwing get its name from the wax like spots on its wings. It has a topknot and a yellow stripe on its tail which makes the bird very beautiful. As I was looking out of the school window day before yesterday, I saw a flock flying around in the hatchberry tree so merrily. This winter there were four brought into school. Probably they had frozen. This is the first year I have ever

seen so many flocks of wax-wings. It is very uncommon for the robins to stay in La Crosse all winter, but they are here this winter, in flocks.

Yours truly,

Russell Pope.

Illinoise Prize Letter.

Chicago, Jan. 19, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I am going to tell you now about the nut-hatch. The nut-hatch is about the size of a large sized sparrow. He is a lively little fellow. He has a bluish gray back and a white breast, his bill is brown and black. His call note is yank. yank, yank. He goes about on the bark just like the woodpecker.

Your little friend,

Mary Jackson...

Aged 12.

Julia Ward Hofe School.

La Crosse, Wis., Feb. 3, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

This is the first time I have ever written you a letter. I am going to tell you about a brown creeper that I saw one day just as I was coming home from school. I had gone up our steps and was going to open the door, when I saw what looked like a fat brown leaf rolling around the trunk of a tree. I crept down the steps very carefully and there was a brown creeper with beady eyes and a long, curved bill crawling around and around and pecking at the bark as though he had found some worms. He was so busy that he did not see me for nearly five minutes, until a big dog came barking along and frightened him. He looked up quickly, saw me and flew away and that was the last I saw of him.

Yours truly,

Albert Maurer, Jr.

Appleton Wis., Feb. 27, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I am going to write something about chickadees. Every day I put out some crumbs for the birds. I happened to have a few egg shells one morning, and I put them into the snow with the whole upwards. I put some crumbs into these egg shells, and the next day one of the neighbors came over she said that she saw some birds at the eggshells. So I went out to look, and saw

the birds. They were chickadees. Every morning I hear them call for some more crumbs. "Chickadee" I hear them say. They peck away merrily, and talk to each other until they are satisfied. I do not know what they mean but they seem to be saying "Satisfied, satisfied." as they fly away over fence and meadow. The chickadee is one of our winter birds. He wears a black bonnet, and a white bib around his neck. His breast is yellow and his back is a kind of greenish gray.

Aged 11.

Irven Schwerke.

Wheeler, Wis., Feb. 25, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

The history of Swallows. Some Swallows built their nests in our barn and I watched them till there were young ones in it, and one day a little swallow fell out of the nest on to the barn floor, and I picked it up and ran to the house and put it in a cage then I took the cage to the barn and I watched the mother bird fly around the cage trying to get in, but she could not, then I let the little swallow out and, and large number lows that build their nests in the barn The little swallow could not fly so I caught it and put it back into the nest and it did not fall out again. There were several swallows and when the little ones were hatched there was a whole flock of birds around the barn. The swallows generally have two or three broods a year; the swallow mostly resembles a robin only smaller. They are nice birds and are not mean like the crow and bluejay, they do not rob other birds' nests and kill the little birds.

Aged 12.

Fred W. Sager,

Wheeler, Wis.

THE ROBIN.

The robin is a pretty bird about ten inches long. In the spring he looks the finest because he is dressed in his brightest colors for the matching season.

Some times two males try to mate with the same female. They fight and quarrel with each other. The strongest one usually wins her. After they are mated, they build a home for themselves made of mud, straw and feathers. When the nest is built the female lays eggs in it. The robin lays four or

five eggs. She has two broods of children every year. Then she sits on the eggs to hatch them. While she sits on the nest the male leaves her and goes away. When it is time for the eggs to hatch he comes back to help the mother get food for the young. The little robins have no feathers when they come out of the shell, but look like a bunch of hair. Then the father and mother are kept busy all day finding food for the young robins. The mother has to chew the food for the little robins before she gives it to them. The robins grow quite slowly. When they are large enough to fly, the mother teaches them how. When they leave she lays eggs for the second brood. Then the mother sits on them and goes through with the same process as before. When the last brood has grown up, summer has passed, and the robins make their journey southward.

Otto Trentlage,
Appleton, Wis.

Aged 12.

South Maywood, Ill, Jan. 30, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

One night my sister and I were going home from school, we saw a big owl. We stopped to look at it and saw its feathers were brown and its wings were black. It had big brown eyes, and as we were going up to it, it flew away. We watched where it went and followed it until it flew so far that we could not see it any more. I think an owl is a very pretty bird.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Francis Engelmann.

Maywood, Ill.

Dear Wayside:

The bluejay has a blue back, a white breast, a crown on his head, a light purple head and two white spots on his back. He likes nuts, bread, bones and other things. While we were having our pictures taken last summer a bluejay was flying around us.

Yours truly,

Aged 11.

Helen Heinemann.

Well, spring is here and so are the birds. They can be seen flying in among the trees and bushes everywhere. We have been working in the woods this winter, and have learned several new things about the birds, that I didn't know before. Birds have been ar-

riving in large numbers from the south.

The chickadees, I guess, have gone north, but the robins, blue birds, wood thrushes, song sparrows, larks, and wild geese take their place which is agreeable to me.

Willie N. Williams,
Miner P. O., Wis.

Durand, Wis.

Dear Wayside:

I found a swallow's nest that had four eggs in it. The eggs were white with little brown spots on. The birds hatched but they did not look pretty at first. They just had a little hair on but a week after they had little feathers on. Soon they learned to fly.

Aged 8.

John Mace.

THE SONG SPARROW.

The song sparrow is about six inches long. He has a light breast which is streaked with brown and black. The song sparrow is one of our favorite singers. He has a note that is like a whistle of a boy. The female is almost brown, and the male is brighter. One morning when I was coming from town, I heard the song sparrow sing. I could not find him at first, but after a long look I found him in an apple tree. He was eating the rotten apples from last year. The boys around our house are making bird houses for the birds.

Aged 12.

John Loos.

Chicago, Feb. 15, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

The chicken hawk is a very cruel bird. He eats little chickens or kills them. Last summer I was on a farm and a chicken hawk flew down and was going to catch a little chicken when my uncle killed him. The chicken hawks are about sixteen to eighteen inches long. When a mother hen sees a chicken hawk she calls her chickens to come under her wings and they usually come.

Yours truly,

Aged 9.

Gladys Smith,
Julia Ward Howe School.

Summer Residents That Come in March.

Kildeer, Marsh Hawk, Sparrow Hawk, Red-shouldered Hawk, Phoebe, Red-winged Black Bird, Bronzed Grackle, Meadowlark, Song Sparrow, Robin, Blue Bird.

Birds Seen Since Jan. 1st, 1905

TOTAL 97 SPECIES

List of Birds Seen About Appleton.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Cliff Swallow | 48. White-breasted Nuthatch |
| 2. Barn Swallow | 49. Golden-Crowned Kinglet |
| 3. Bank Swallow | 50. Ruby-Crowned Kinglet |
| 4. Tree Swallow | 51. Woodthrush. |
| 5. Loon. | 52. Bluebird |
| 6. American Coot. | 53. Robin |
| 7. Wilson's Snipe | 54. English Sparrow |
| 8. Common Tern | 55. Swainson's Thrush |
| 9. Black Tern | 56. Warbling Vireo |
| 10. Killdeer | 57. Crow |
| 11. Mourning Dove | 58. Red-winged Blackbird |
| 12. Red-Shouldered Hawk | 59. Bluejay |
| 14. Belted Kingfisher. | 60. Scarlet Tanager |
| 15. Downy Woodpecker | 61. House Wren |
| 16. Hairy Woodpecker | 62. Black-throated Green Warbler |
| 17. Red-Headed Woodpecker | 63. Sapsucker |
| 18. Ruby-Throated Hummingbird | 64. Yellow-legs |
| 19. Flicker | 65. Bob-white |
| 20. Night Hawk | 66. Tree Sparrow |
| 21. Kingbird | 67. Ruffed Grouse |
| 22. Phoebe | 68. Snow Bunting |
| 23. Wood Pewee | 69. Slate-colored Junco |
| 24. Prairie Horned Lark | 70. Great Crested Flycatcher |
| 25. Baltimore Oriole | 71. Herring Gull |
| 26. Bronzed Grackle | 72. Mallard Duck |
| 27. Bobolink | 73. Cerulean Warbler |
| 28. Meadow Lark | 74. Hermit Thrush |
| 29. Cow Bird | 75. Prothonotary Warbler |
| 30. Song Sparrow | 76. Magnolia Warbler |
| 31. Vesper Sparrow | 77. Bay Breasted Warbler |
| 32. Chipping Sparrow | 80. Blackburnian Warbler |
| 33. White-Throated Sparrow | 81. Chimney Swift. |
| 34. American Goldfinch | 82. Purple Finch |
| 35. Rose-breasted Grosbeak | 83. Veery (Wilson's Thrush) |
| 36. Towhee | 84. Fox Sparrow |
| 37. Cedar Waxwing | 85. Lapland Langspur |
| 38. Loggerhead Shrike | 86. Pine Grosbeak |
| 39. Red-eyed Vireo | 87. Chickadee |
| 40. Yellow-throated Vireo | 88. Great Blue Heron |
| 44. Black and White Warbler | 89. Spotted Sandpiper |
| 42. Myrtle Warbler | 90. Brown Thresher |
| 43. Hermit | 91. Pine Warbler. |
| 44. Ovenbird. | 92. Orchard Oriole |
| 45. Maryland Yellow-throat | 93. Indigo Bunting. |
| 46. Cat-bird | 94. Yellow Warbler |
| 47. Brown Creeper | 95. Marsh Hawk |
| | 96. White-crowned Sparrow |
| | 97. Sevens Sparrow |

By The Wayside

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WISCONSIN AND ILLINOIS AUDUBON SOCIETIES

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VOL. VII

APRIL, 1905

No. 10

Matilda Ann.

Alive W. Robbins, in the Independent, New York.

I knew a charming little girl,
Who'd say, "Oh, see that flower!"
Whenever in the garden
Or woods she spent an hour.
And sometimes she would listen,
And say, "Oh, hear that bird!"
Whenever in the forest
Its clear, sweet note she heard.

But then I knew another—
Much wiser, don't you think?—
Who never called a bird a "bird";
But said, "the bobolink,"
Or "oriole," or robin,"
Or "wren," as it might be;
She called them all by their first names,
So intimate was she.

And in the woods or garden,
She never picked a "flower";
But "anemones," "hepaticas,"
Or "crocus," by the hours.
Both little girls loved birds and flowers,
But one love was the best;
I need not point the moral;
I'm sure you see the rest.

For would it not be very queer,
If when perhaps you came,
Your parents had not thought worth while
To give you any name?
I think you would be quite upset,
And feel your brain a-whirl,
If you were not "Matilda Ann,"
But just "a little girl."

A Bird Observatory.

All bird students will be interested in the new observatory which has just been establish-

life. A wealthy gentleman, C. C. Worthington, has endowed the institution and given the use of ten acres of his estate on the Delaware river. The place is in charge of Prof. N. C. D. Scott, of Princeton University, one of the foremost ornithologists in the country. His book, "The Story of a Bird Lover" is familiar to many of the readers of By the Wayside. Hundreds of birds will be kept here and studied, and it is hoped that many of the unsolved problems of bird life will be worked out.

At present the birds are kept in temporary quarters awaiting the construction of new buildings especially for their use. Birds from all over the world are here confined in roomy quarters under conditions as nearly normal as possible. There are huge flying cages, miniature forests and pools of fresh water piped from the mountains. The collection is one of the largest in the world, and the conditions particularly favorable for observing habits and life histories.

Prof. Scott has succeeded in maintaining very friendly relations with his charges. At his call hundreds of birds will come and cluster about him. He has trained the voices of some of them to a remarkable degree in imitating popular songs.

The opportunities afforded at Shawnee are probably more favorable than in any other place in the country for studying certain problems which have long attracted the attention of scientists. Most bird students have had to content themselves with simply identifying and classifying birds. Of late years there has been a growing interest in the habits and life problems of birds, but opportunities for observations have been meager. Now that the economic value of birds is receiving recognition, there is a practical as well as scientific demand for more information about the loving bird. Some of this informa-

tion will be gained only after years of patient observation and experiment.

Prof. Scott says:

"I have already met with success in some preliminary experiments at Princeton, but in the short span of my lifetime the definite results aimed at can hardly be accomplished. Science will have to await the new revelations which are destined to be the outcome of Mr. Worthington's establishment.

"Here are some of the main inquiries into bird life proposed to be practically worked out: The study and consideration of the bird as an individual. It is believed that by means of observation carried through the entire life of the bird much will be learned regarding matters which are now obscure, such as growth, habits, health, temper, etc. These will be daily reported. The study of the nature and cause of variations in different representatives of the same species. Changes in color and appearance, along with age, sex and season. Effects in color due to light, heat, presence or absence of moisture, and to food. It will be possible to draw conclusions as to what artificial conditions tend to produce certain colors. Heredity and what general characteristics are transmitted. Experiments in breeding birds and the possibility of establishing a new physiological species. The change of color due to moult, the periodic shedding and replacing of the coat—a vexer question, whether due to the wear of the feathers or whether the feathers themselves change in color. The leisure of birds how, acquired and employed. Instinct, habit and development of intelligence.

"One of the useful economic experiments carried on will be the breeding and the selection of certain species of birds for suppressing insects, so that when particular pests make their appearance in a community the agriculturist will have a natural remedy at hand, by introducing the appropriate insectivorous birds for the riddance of the plague. Another special investigation is to be made in the consideration of song. Do singing birds inherit the instinct of the method of song or is it acquired by imitation? To demonstrate this question, a series of exhaustive experiments will be arranged. A number of soundproof rooms have been constructed. In these a brood of young singing birds will be

shut up and entirely isolated. They will be reared by hand, and not allowed to see or hear any bird of their neighbors until they are two years old. At this age it will be taken for granted that habits are fixed and the notes they produce are natural, and not the outcome of imitating other birds. On the other hand, young broods will be secluded, so that they can hear no sound save a simple combination of bird notes, entirely foreign to their own, which will be played on the phonograph. If they learn and continue to use this song, it will go far to prove that imitation and not inheritance governs song in that particular species."

Professor Scott tells some of the interesting results he has obtained in his experiments. Two rose-breasted grosbeaks which had been reared by hand were placed in a cage near an Indian bulbul. The young grosbeaks abandoned their natural song and imitated the song of the bulbul very perfectly. Other experiments along this line gave similar results. wild birds have been successfully reared by tame canaries.

Bird lovers everywhere will await with interest the further results of this most extensive attempt to add to our knowledge of bird life.

R. M.

RUBY THROAT.

Little bright plumed humming bird
Flashing 'round the flowers
Like a ray of sunshine bright
In our darkest hours.

Tiny nest up in the pine,—
Dainty eggs of pearl,—
May no harm to you e'er come
By thoughtless boy or girl.

You bring us thoughts of other lands,
Lights from brighter clime
Like bits of glory from on high
You glow in summer time.

Gathering sweetness from each flower,
Teaching us to do
To gather sweetness from each day,—
Life's dearest flowers true.

Then hide your dainty nest of grey
Upon the pine tree's arm,

Too well we love your tiny form
To rob your life of charm.

Ivy Carpenter Fisher.

The following verses will be of some help in making out the school program for Arbor and Bird Day, which will soon be appointed by the governor.

BIRD AND ARBOR DAY.

(Air—"Lightly Row.")

Spring birds come, spring birds come,
From the sunny southland, come,
Glad we'll be when we see
Birdies on the tree,
In the warm bright days of spring,
Then so joyously you sing,
Light and gay, all the day.
Flitting on your way.

Gayly sing, gayly sing,
Happiness to all you bring.
Merrily, in your glee
Flying light and free,
Sweetest little trill and song.
Strains so sweet, you repeat.
Springtime friends you greet.

BIRD NOTES.

(Air—"Flowers That Bloom in the Spring.")

The robins that come in the spring, tra la,
Bring promise of gay summer time,
On merrily fluttering wing, tra la
So happy and blithfully sing, tra la
Of a summer with bright sunny skies, tra la
Of a summer with azure blue skies,
O, that's what we mean when we say that a
thing
Is welcome as robins that come in the spring,
O, flying merrily, singing cheerily,
Robins that come in the spring.

Flora E. Kendall.

In the March number of this paper there was a misprint in the title of the list of birds on the last page. The title should have read Birds seen since Jan. 1st, 1904.

EARLY CATKINS.

(By Georgina Frazer Newhall, in the Inter Ocean.)

Then saffern swarns swing off from all the
willers,

So plump they look like yaller caterpillars.

—J. R. Lowell.

This is to be a great month for "coming out" parties; I mean, the coming out of "buds." For instance, the Pussy Willows and the Poplars will present whole families. It is a season of interest to at least half the world when the Pussy Willows are out, for, despite many other signs of spring, it is upon these blossoms that popular attention centers, especially when they are at their most kitten-like stage. Whence they come or whither they go after this delightful period of their existence are questions which do not suggest themselves to the average observer.

It may be news to many that as far back as last August one might have found the very beginning of these demure little flowers. Even then, had one taken a needle and forced open the wrappers in which Dame Nature had enfolded them, a pocket microscope would have revealed the wee pussies, each ready with its stamens or pistils securely packed, awaiting the time when the mother tree should have discarded her leaves and been ready to give her attention to the new family.

Winds blew and rocked the small pussies, ghosts of flowers floated by, rains lashed, and frosts teased them; but through it all they flourished, swelling by slow and invisible growth, until, with the first hint of spring, they burst their leathery jackets and emerged, the "pussy willows" of delighted childhood.

But one may not be kittenish long, even though one be a Pussy Willow. There is always the business of life; and soon the Willows are decked in their silvery green or golden catkins, the former being an arrangement of pistils partly covered by fringed scales, while the latter contain the male or staminate flowers, whose yellow pollen is carried by the wind and insect to the waiting pistils of the female flowers and thus fertilization is accomplished.

Later when the woods are green, some of the Willows will again be furry, for the wee pods of the silvery catkins will open and set free their minute and multitudinous seed progeny, each provided with a little tuft of wool that may be used as a swing with which to fly, a boat on which to float, or a pillow upon which to fall. Willows, you see, have a far more adventurous life than we might expect from their very sleek aspect in the days of kittenhood.

BY THE WAYSIDE

Published on the tenth of each month except July and August.

The official organ of the Wisconsin and Illinois Audubon Societies.

Twenty-five cents per year. Single Copies 3 cts.

All communications should be sent to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton, Wis.

We have long felt that teachers did not realize how interesting and available material for nature study may be found among the caterpillars. It is with great pleasure that we announce a series of three papers contributed by Miss Caroline Gray Soule which will be of aid to teachers in their work and to other nature students. Much fuller information and pictures of the caterpillars may be found in "Caterpillars and Their Moths," the book written jointly by Miss Soule and Miss Ida M. Eliot.

Editor.

I.

Caterpillar-keeping for Schools.

Caterpillars are so easy to keep and so interesting in their changes that they are well adapted to school use. Their chief needs are clean homes, fresh food, and shady places. Their homes should not be crowded. They do not need much air but may be kept in health and comfort in closed jar or tin boxes, provided the boxes are cleaned out daily and not allowed to become damp—from wet leaves or other cause.

If the caterpillars are to be in sight all the time of course glass must be used, and an empty aquarium may be fitted with a cover, or the large, wide-mouthed jars used by confectioners may be substituted. I do not like the plan of earth in the bottom because the excrement of the larvae cannot be removed as entirely as from a jar which can be turned upside down if necessary. The jar should be cleaned once a day and dried if the sides seem moist.

The leaves should be twigs if possible as the caterpillars like the twigs to rest on, and usually the leaves keep fresher on them. All leaves should be put in water, like flowers, after they are gathered and before they are put in the "cage" as we will call the jar or box. They should then be dry, not dripping with water, but a few drops may be sprinkled on them for the crawlers to drink.

The cages should never stand in the sun,

should always be covered to keep the leaves from wilting, and the larvae should not be handled needlessly. They need no light and very little air, plenty of fresh air being given when the cages are cleaned.

Some caterpillars spin cocoons, some burrow in the ground to pupate, others spin leaves together on the ground or plant and pupate between them, and most butterfly-caterpillars suspend themselves on planks, fences, houses, or other supports, and there become shrysalids. A few caterpillars burrow into soft wood to pupate there. Only a good book or experience can tell you which process your larvae will go through, unless you know their species and have an "authority" to appeal to for information.

On the hickory trees you may find several kinds of beetles and aphids, some of which damage the trees greatly, the beetle-larvae especially as they feed on the fresh tissues inside the trunk and branches, or girdle the branches thereby killing them.

For caterpillars there are likely to be *Hal-esidota caryae*, while furry larvae with black tufts, down their backs; *Actias luna*, a large green one with red or yellow raised dots on each segment of the body and a transverse yellow line on the back of each abdominal segment; *Telea Poly Phemus*, much like *luna* but having a pearly V-shaped mark on its anal end; these spin cocoons.

There may be the larger and formidable-looking *Citherounia regalis*, called in the south "the horned hickory devil," green or brown with long horns and more or fewer hairs. He is also called "the regal walnut-tree caterpillar." This kind goes into the ground to pupate, as do the *Datanas* which may be present in large clusters, clinging to the twigs with their abdominal props and holding both ends of their bodies in the air and almost meeting over their backs. Branches stripped of leaves show the presence of the *Datanas*, *Angusii* and *Ministra* being the species most likely to be found on nut trees.

There may be several kinds of twig-like, looping caterpillars, *Catocalas*, which burrow to transform, and come out beautiful moths with the forewings like lichens and the hind wings vivid with bands of yellow, pink, or bright red, but sometimes clear black. The caterpillars are not what is known as loopers or geometrids, but closely resemble them

(Continued on last page).

SCHOOL BRANCH DEPARTMENT

Every Wisconsin School Branch is required to subscribe for at least one copy of BY THE WAYSIDE

Letters for this department should be written on only one side of the page, should give the name, age and address of the writer, and should be mailed by the first of the month; Illinois Children sending to Miss Ethel E. Hooper, 541 N. State St., Chicago, Ill., and Wisconsin Children to Miss Ruth Marshall, Appleton Wisconsin. An honor badge will be awarded for each state every month, preference being given to letters about the bird study for the month (which is always on this page), and to original observations. Any child who wins the honor badge twice will receive By The Wayside one year as a prize.

The wren button, which is the badge of the Audubon Society, costs two cents, and may be bought from Miss Hooper or Miss Marshall.

Any Wisconsin School Branch may, without expense, have the use of the Gordon and Merrill Libraries of bird books, by applying to Miss Edna Edwards Librarian, 846 Prospect St., Appleton.

A set of colored bird slides with a typewriter lecture may be rented from Prof. W. S. Marshall, 114 E. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis.

Illinois Schools may use, without expense, a library or a lecture with lantern slides, by applying to Mrs. Ruthven Deane, 504 N. State St., Chicago.

THE WISCONSIN SECRETARY'S LETTER.

My Dear Wayside Readers—

This time my letter will bear you greetings from northern California, where we are enjoying beautiful spring weather. There are frequent rains, so the hills are covered with flowers, and there are birds everywhere. What interests me most in the bird life is the variation between the forms here and those familiar to us in Wisconsin. There are many closely related species, but they are not identical. The meadow lark is abundant here as in the south, and greets us from the fence posts as we drive out into the country. In the wet lands we see the bicolored blackbird instead of the red-winged. His epanlettes are larger and of the most gorgeous scarlet, no buff showing. The feathers are spread beautifully in flying. But his voice is weaker, and he cannot say "kong-quer-ree."

One day I saw some horned larks, the Mexican, I think. They ran along in the wagon ruts on the road, always in pairs. They were quite tame and allowed us to come within five feet of them before they flew. The beautiful little house finch, commonly called the linnet, is everywhere, and its song is one of the commonest. I have had a glimpse of the red-shafted flicker, a gorgeous fellow who acts much like his cousin, the yellow hammer. And, alas, the English sparrow is here too, just the same little rascal that he is in the east.

I can only mention a few others that I have identified, the brilliant Steller jay, the little

Arkansas gold finch, the tiny Anna humming bird, which is larger than our ruby-throat; but my letter would be too long if I told you of them all.

So you see that I shall have some new birds on my list this year that I have not seen before. I hope that your lists are growing too, and that you are writing some good letters to The Wayside.

Very sincerely your friend,
Ruth Marshall.

Petaluna, Cal.

Purple Grackle.

About the time the red wings come, late in February or early in March we may expect the purple Grackles or Crow Blackbirds. They migrate in large flocks, and their chorus singing is quite as inspiring as the springtime concerts of the redwin. There are two kinds of crow blackbirds, known as the Purple Grackle and the Bronzed Grackle. The former has iridescent bars on the back and in the Northern States is found only east of the Alleghanies and south of Massachusetts; the latter has the back, shining brassy, bronze, without iridescence and in the nesting season inhabits the country west of the Alleghanies and north of Connecticut. The females of both species are smaller and duller than the males.

Grackles are among the few of our land birds who live in flocks all the year. They pass the winter and migrate in larger companies, but when nesting are in smaller bands or colonies. They generally select a pine grove, often choosing one in a cemetery, park or other locality where they will not be disturbed. This may result in a scarcity of food when the young are born, but, rather than abandon a locality, which experience has proved to be safe, they make long journeys in search of food for their nestlings. By watching the old birds one may then easily learn where they live. Their flight is direct and somewhat labored, and when going only a short distance they "keel" their tail feathers, folding them upward from the middle, an action which renders grackles conspicuous and easily identifiable when on the wing. On the ground they strut about with a peculiar walk, which in connection with their yel-

lowish white eye. adds to the singularity of their appearance.

The Grackle's nest is a bulky, compact structure of mud and grasses. It is usually placed in trees, twenty or thirty feet from the ground but the bird may sometimes nest in bushes or even in a woodpecker's deserted whole. The three to six eggs are generally pale bluish green, strikingly spotted, blotched or scrawled with brown and black. But one brood is raised, and when the young leave the nest they roam about the country, in small bands, which later join together, forming the enormous flocks of these birds we see in the fall.

—Frank M. Chapman in Bird Life.

Letters about the above bird should be sent to the secretaries by May first.

WISCONSIN PRIZE LETTER.

La Crosse, Wis., March 23, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

The downy woodpecker is a strong bird and is with us all the year. It usually builds its nest in the hollow of a tree.

Last summer I saw a downy woodpecker near its nest. The upper parts of this woodpecker were black and white, a spot of red on its neck, and under parts white. It was climbing very fast up the tree. It went half way up and then disappeared into its nest. The egg of this woodpecker is glossy white, like other woodpeckers.

Every time I have seen any woodpeckers they were not in flocks, but alone.

Aged 9 years.

Paul Egbert.

Illinois Prize Letter.

Chicago, March, 23, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

The downy woodpecker is smaller than the red-headed woodpecker. The downy woodpecker has some red on the back of his head, he has a white breast like the red-headed woodpecker, he has a sharp bill, a black back, spotted with white. I think the red-headed woodpecker is prettier than the downy woodpecker. I saw a robin a few days ago. He was out in the street eating something, the robin stayed in the street a little while, then he flew away into a tree and I saw nothing more of him.

Yours truly.

Aged 10

Hazel Riley.

La Crosse, Wis., March 24, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I am a member of the Audubon Society and like to study birds. I am to write about the downy woodpecker.

It is a bird six or seven inches long. It is medium sized, about like an English sparrow.

Its back is black, striped with white. Its tail is short and shaped like a wedge with its outer feathers white striped with black. The feathers between them are black.

It has a black stripe on the top of its head and a white band over and under its eyes. It has a red patch of feathers on the back of its head like a red cap.

Its wings have six white bands crossing each other. It is white underneath the wings.

I saw many downy woodpeckers last year, but haven't seen any this year as there are not many yet.

I saw one climbing the tree as fast as it could, pecking the bark as it went, trying to get a worm.

The woodpeckers most always build their nests in a hollow tree. Some woodpeckers stay with us all winter.

Aged 14 years.

Tillie Munson.

Necedah, Wis., March 25, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I put some worms onto a stump for the chickadees. I will tell you what birds I have seen in the month of February and March: 7 Bluebirds, 14 Blue jays, 14 Woodpeckers, 200 Crows, 12 Sparrows, 14 doves, 25 Chickadees, 24 Snowbirds, 6 Canaries, 1 Crane, 150 Robins, 4 Hawks, 1 Flock of Grosbeaks, 20 Wild Ducks, 40 Wild Geese, and 1 Prairie Chicken. The Downy Woodpecker eats worms, crumbs, and corn. Its colors are black and white. It has a long beak, long claws, short legs. It pecks holes in trees for its home, and pecks worms out of trees for its living. Once our cat saw a woodpecker pecking on some grubs. He sneaked up closer and closer, when the bird flew away the cat came to the house with his head down and looking disappointed. I think the downy woodpecker is a cunning little bird. I like to sit and watch them get their food. There was a rotten tree just below our place, and the woodpeckers had holes all over it. After a while the wind blew the tree down.

Aged 10.

Audre M. Fisher.

Chicago, Jan. 18, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

I do not know anything about the nuthatch, so I will tell you about the feeding of birds. I had a letter in the Wayside before. My brother put a birds' house into a big tree in our back yard this summer. We wanted the robins to build in the house. I feed the birds every day. The sparrows would fight the robins to build in the house. While the robins were away the sparrows would try to get the nest out. When one robin would be down getting things to eat that I had put there, the sparrows would go and fight the one robin and peck at him. We have a large house with three large lots and plenty of trees. My brother keeps pigeons and they fly around with the rest of the birds in the yard.

Yours truly,

Aged 10.

Elmer C. Ryan.

Allendale Farm, Lake Villa, Ill.,

Feb. 8, 1905.

My Dear Miss Hooper:

I am going to tell you now about the nuthatch that I saw. He was gray, and white and blue and yellow, and his other names are tree mouse and devil—downhead and when I threw a piece of bread to him on the porch he came and ate it, and I like to see him go up and down the tree. He looks like a mouse and I saw him from the school room window. I like him the best of the winter birds, and he does good for the trees; he kills the grubs and all of the boys like him and cats like him too. This is all for today.

Maurice Ellerton.

Waumandee, March 1, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

On the 26th of February I saw a robin. It was sitting high upon a tree. But it stayed only a short time and then it flew away. It was a few miles from Fountain City, a place about sixteen miles from here.

Near the same place I saw a pheasant. It was walking on the ground. When we drove past, it did not fly away.

While we were coming home I counted 35 birds' nests in the trees along the road.

Your friend,

Aged 11.

Olive Oschner.

Necedah, Wis., March 28, 1905.

Dear Wayside:

The birds are coming back again and they seem very happy. The robins, blackbirds, phoebes, ground sparrows, and hawks are mostly here. I saw the first robin March 17. The ducks and geese are coming back. I saw eight large flocks of geese in the last week and four flocks of ducks, they are mostly going north. This spring two quails got into my rabbit trap. One was dead but I tried to feed the other but it would not eat so I let it go. The birds will soon begin to build their nests.

James Pratt.

EARLY RISERS.

A student of bird life, who has been investigating the question as to the hour in summer when the commonest small birds wakes up and begins to sing, says that the green finch is the earliest riser, as it sings about 1:30 o'clock in the morning. The blackcap begins at 2:30, and the quail half an hour later.

It is nearly four o'clock and the sun is well up, before the first real songster appears—the merry blackbird. Then comes the thrush, followed by the robin and the wren, and last the house sparrow and the tomtit.

Thus it will be seen that the lark's reputation as an early riser is not deserved. In fact, he is a very sluggard, for he does not rise until after many hedgerow birds have been about for some time.

SUMMER RESIDENTS THAT COME TO WISCONSIN IN APRIL.

Loon, Great Blue Heron, American Bittern, Wilson's Snipe, Spotted Sandpiper, Mourning Dove, Kingfisher, Red-headed Woodpecker, Flicker, Crowbird, Vesper Sparrow, White-throated Sparrow, White-crowned Sparrow, Fox Sparrow, Purple Finch, Towhee, Barn Swallow, Cliff Swallow, Bank Swallow, Tree Swallow, Purple Martin, Brown Thrasher, Wood Thrush, Hermit Thrush.

Since the last issue there has been organized a school branch of the Audubon society at Spencer, Wis. There were over 28 at the first meeting which was held in the school house. Miss Harriet Howard was elected as manager and it was decided to hold meetings every two weeks.

BIRD EXCURSION, 1904.

Some of the girls and boys in our school and Miss S. went out to the cemetery Monday evening, May 2, to study birds. Of course we saw the English sparrow and the robin the first of all. You all know how they look. Then we went down Second avenue toward the Jewish cemetery. On our way we saw the meadow lark. The meadow lark has a yellow breast with black stripes, and a black bib on it. His back is brownish.

When we came to the Jewish cemetery we saw the cowbird, bronzed grackle, junco and the song sparrow. The cowbird has a brown head and the rest is black. The bronzed grackle has a brownish head and the rest is black. When the sun shines on him he is very pretty.

The junco has a white breast with slate colored vest. The rest of the body is slate colored also.

The song sparrow has a light breast faintly spotted, and a brownish back. He is one of our favorite singers.

Then we went down the switch track, and saw the gold finch. The gold finch has black on his head and wings. The rest of the body is yellow. When we came near the greenhouse we saw the crow. You all know how the crow looks.

As we went into the cemetery we saw a black and white warbler, and a blackburnian warbler. The black and white warbler is covered with black and white stripes. The blackburnian warbler has a yellow, black and brown back, and a yellow breast with black.

On our way through the cemetery we saw the blue jay, bluebird, phoebe, chipping sparrow and the kinglet.

The blue jay is colored blue, black, and white. He has a tuft on his head. The bluebird has a reddish brown breast and a blue back.

The phoebe has a grayish back and a lighter breast. He can move his tail up and down.

The chipping sparrow has a light breast and a grayish back. He has a red spot on the top of his head. The kinglet has a light breast a gray and white streaked wing with a grayish green back. The male has a golden crown.

By this time it was getting late, so we started home. The next day we made a list of all the different birds we had seen and

found we had sixteen in all.

Aged 11.

Mildred Pynn.

Caterpillar-keeping for School.

(Continued from page 76)

and have the same way of clasping a twig with the hind prolegs and standing out in the air like a twig.

There may be many smaller caterpillars, some living in folds of the leaves which they have rolled over and fastened by spinning, and called "leaf-rollers," others called "case-bearers," living in cases which they have made and drag about wherever they go to feed; others, genuine "loopers," or "measuring-worms," making small moths, some very pretty; and a few of the smaller spinnero.

Besides beetles and caterpillars there may be "walking sticks," each of which looks like a twig on long legs. They are very voracious and sometimes do much harm to the trees by defoliating them.

The butternut has beetles, aphids, the spinning larva, *Spilosoma virginica*, and a naked green caterpillar, *Smerinthus juglandis*, with a candal horn. This caterpillar is occasionally found on the hickory too, but prefers butternut and walnut.

Tree-hoppers and leaf-hoppers may be found on all nut trees.

On the chestnut may be found many of the larva on hickory and butternut, with several species of slug-caterpillars, pretty little things like boats upside down, green or brown; at least two kinds of spiny larvae, *Anisota stigma* and *Anisota senatoria*; and several kinds of *Apatela*, hairy caterpillars which spin oval cocoons stuck full of their own hairs. Several kinds of beetles feed on the chestnut also.

The walnut has much the same families of caterpillars for its guests, though the species may be different.

Several kinds of butterfly larvae are found occasionally on these trees, though not so commonly as to be considered "regular inhabitants."

Spider "harvesters," and ants may be found as they are usually where they may find animal food. All of them like the small caterpillars and aphids.

Nut trees are good hunting grounds if one can reach them.

Caroline Gray Soule.

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